The New Racketeer – America's Greatest Danger
By Will Irwin

WEEK
ENDING
JUNE 4, 1932

Liberty

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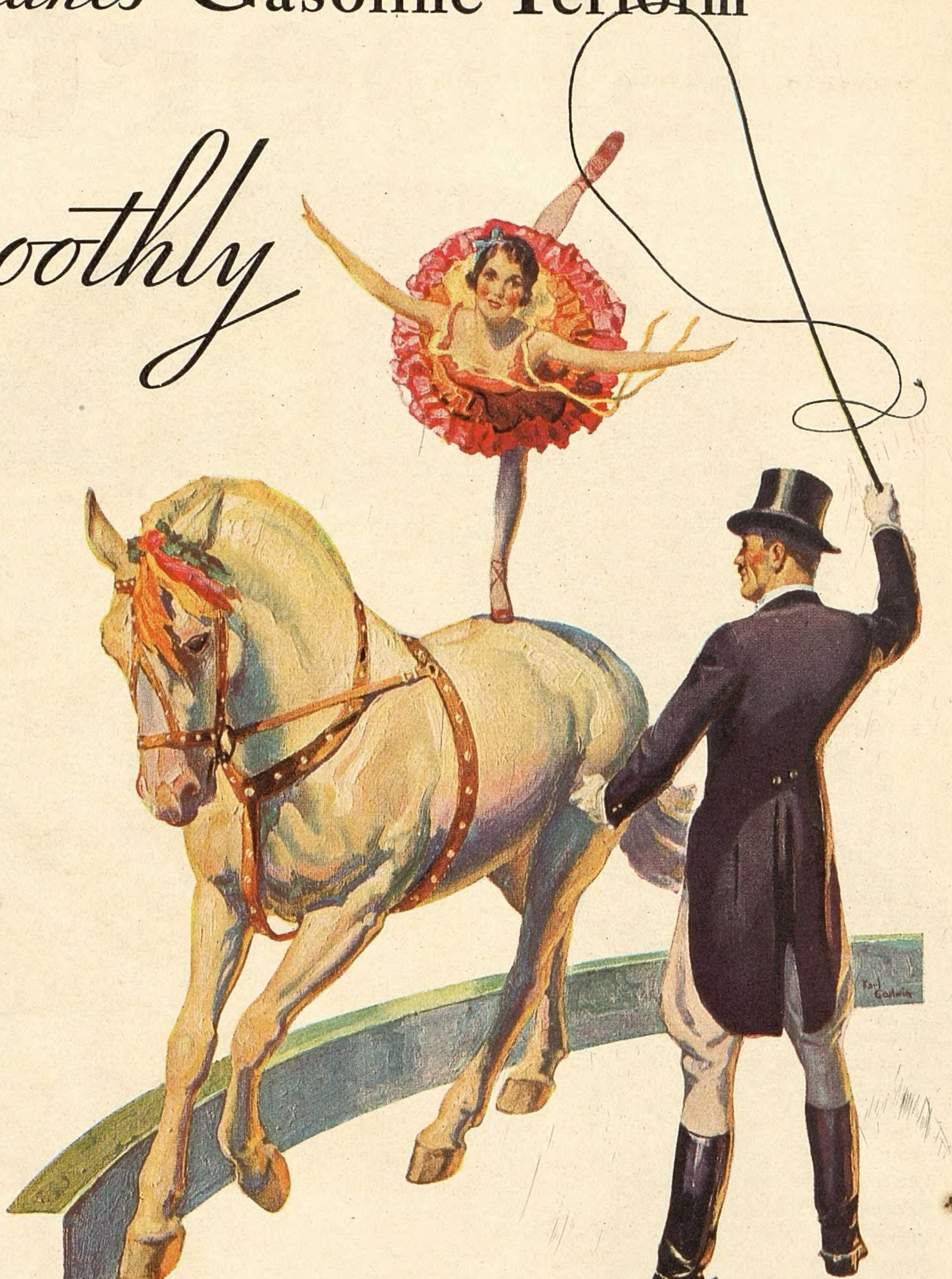
Am d Weekly

elip Thrasher

Ethyl makes Gasoline Perform *Smoothly*



NOTICE the pace of a circus ring horse. A dancer may balance on his broad back, or a clown may somersault over his tail, yet that smooth, even canter never varies. He is trained, as Ethyl Gasoline is trained, to keep an *even* pace.

Look at the pictures below. At the left you see *why* gasoline needs control. You see the uneven explosion that causes harmful knock, overheating, and loss of power. At the right you see the smooth, even power that Ethyl gives.

Whatever strain you put your car to, Ethyl Gasoline brings out its best performance—every minute that you drive.

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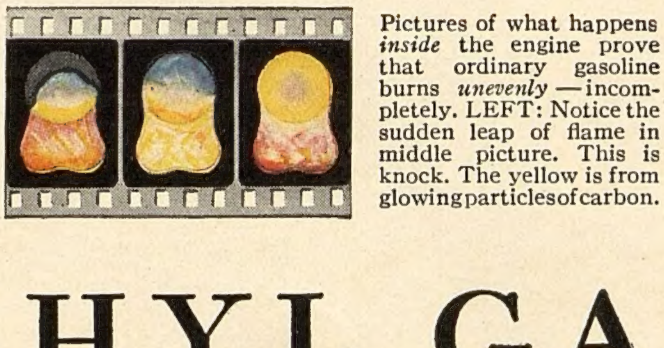
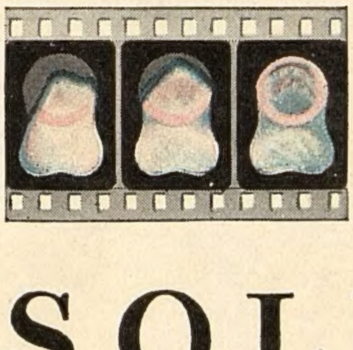


Pictures of what happens *inside* the engine prove that ordinary gasoline burns *unevenly*—incompletely. LEFT: Notice the sudden leap of flame in middle picture. This is knock. The yellow is from glowing particles of carbon.



Notice the cleaner (economical) burning of Ethyl Gasoline in pictures at the left. Notice the absence of "carbon yellow"—the freedom from wasteful, harmful knock. Ethyl Gasoline burns smoothly, evenly, *powerfully*.

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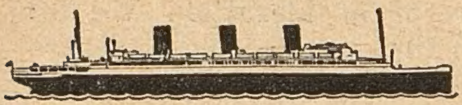
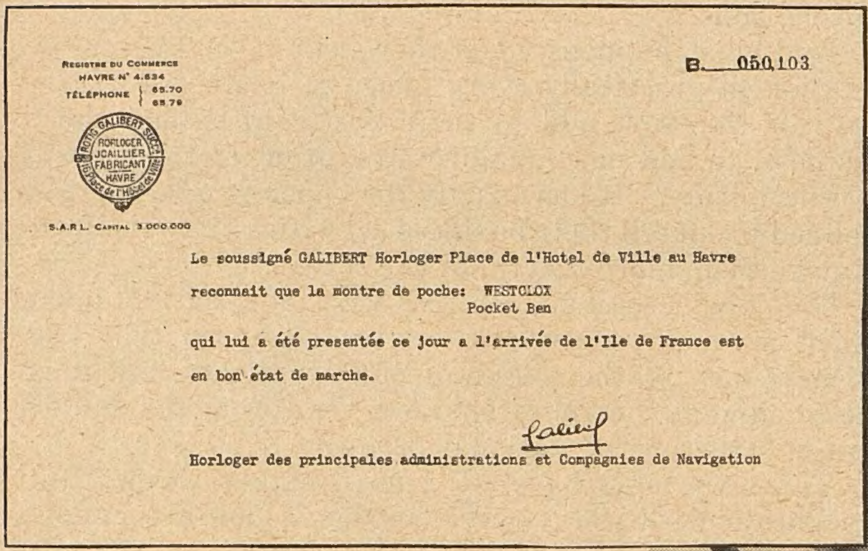
Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

LASHED TO PROPELLER SHAFT



POCKET BEN STOWS AWAY TO EUROPE



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Pocket Ben
qui lui a été presentée ce jour a l'arrivée de l'Ile de France est en bon état de marche.

Horloger des principales administrations et Compagnies de Navigation

"The undersigned, Galibert, watchmaker, Place de l'hotel de Ville, Havre, testifies that the pocket watch, Westclox Pocket Ben, which has been examined by him today on the arrival of the Ile de France, is in good running condition."

Keeps Accurate Time After Two Million Whirling Somersaults on the Ile de France

• • •

HAVRE, FRANCE. (*Special*). One of the strangest stowaways ever carried by a trans-Atlantic liner arrived in port today on the S. S. Ile de France. Pocket Ben, the daring watch of many adventures, was found lashed securely to the propeller shaft far in the stern of the boat!

The engineers of the liner who discovered Pocket Ben immediately took the watch to Monsieur Galibert, commissioner and controller of all the clocks and chronometers of the French Line. They told him Pocket Ben's story—six days lashed to a propeller shaft, whirling around 230 to 240 revolutions a minute—a total of *two million* somersaults!

Could Pocket Ben still maintain his record for accuracy and dependability despite this terrific six-day punishment? M. Galibert wound the watch, and gave it a thorough running test. Examining Pocket Ben after this test, the Inspector exclaimed enthusiastically, "Mais oui, le Pocket Ben est bon etat de marche!" Pocket Ben is in good running condition!

Pocket Ben has a reputation for withstanding punishment in tests like these, and in the service of millions of owners. That reputation has earned for Pocket Ben the title "The Shock-Proof Watch."

Discovered! Monsieur Allain, Le Chef Mecanicien Adjoint, with his second engineer, Monsieur Riou, find Pocket Ben after his amazing stowaway trip to Havre on the propeller shaft of the famous liner.

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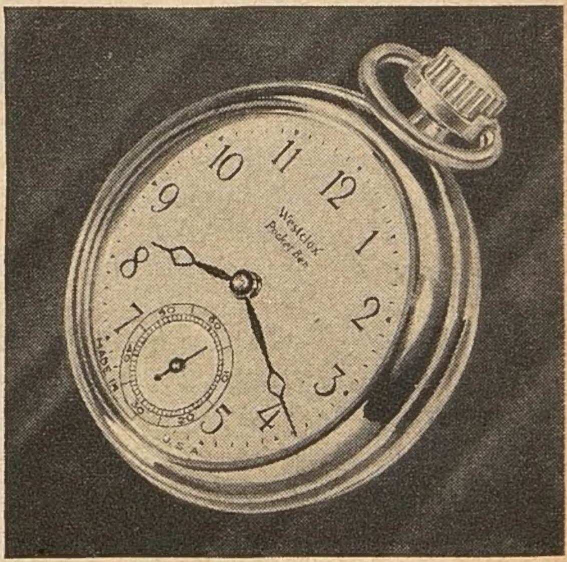

$1.50 Thinner, smaller and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, convenient pull-out set. Tested in three positions. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family.

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The Westclox Dax $1.00.

JUNE 4, 1932

Liberty

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

LET'S SOAK THE RICH!

Yes, that is the idea generally—soak the rich.

And at first thought almost anyone would be favorably inclined toward such a suggestion.

They are rolling in luxury while most of us may be finding it difficult to earn even a sufficient amount to pay for food. They don't feel the pangs of hunger; they and their dependents are apparently being supplied with everything necessary to their happiness.

But suppose we take a cold, unfeeling view of the situation and analyze the position of the rich in this government of ours.

They are in possession of all the wealth. Somebody earned these surplus riches at one time. Those who are enjoying inherited riches—who have received rewards that they have not earned—may deserve to be "soaked." And the men who have built up huge fortunes might in some instances be more liberal with their fellow men in these emergencies.

But nearly all wealthy men of today are wealthy only in name as far as actual money is concerned. To illustrate this thought: The writer knows a man who is reputed to be many times a millionaire who has difficulty in obtaining enough money to supply the needs of himself and his family. All of his money is invested in land; he cannot even pay his taxes. He is what we would call land-poor.

Nearly every wealthy man of today is in a similar position. He may own stocks and bonds; he may have an interest in many business enterprises; but it is often difficult for such men to raise what we call ready money. Often such wealthy men are really poor as far as their ability to find cash for any purpose is concerned.

Then there is another phase of this "soak the rich" idea that is worth careful consideration. We are suffering from a depression that has become so severe that people everywhere are afraid to invest their money. They hoard it, refraining from starting new enterprises or promoting business in any way; they cut expenses "to the bone."

And what happens when they hear about increased taxation in practically every phase of business? Does news of this sort add to their desire to extend their business, to add new employees or promote their business activities? It has exactly the opposite effect. It is inclined to curtail their business activities; it is inclined to make them more fearful of the future.

The business men are the very foundation upon which we must depend for national prosperity. The farmers may be the source of our prosperity, but it is the intelligent control of business that promotes, builds up the structure of national power.

Taxes we must have. We must expect them. But legislators with the "soak the rich" idea are simply killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

It is the rich who furnish employment. For when we speak of riches we mean big business and small business. That is where our riches are mostly invested.

This nation should recognize the business men of the country as salesmen who go out and build up good will; who carry the message of encouragement throughout the land; who must be depended upon in every emergency to promote the interests of these United States. They should never be slugged or soaked; they should be "petted" and given every possible consideration.

Suppose a huge corporation should adopt the policy of discouraging and taking every possible advantage of their salesmen whom they depended upon for selling their goods and promoting their business. We all know just how long such a corporation would be in business; such a procedure would soon bring bankruptcy.

And we have identically the same situation before us in this country. We are trying to "soak" the very people upon whom we depend for ultimate national prosperity.

If a business man is getting a huge income from his activities, this profit is his encouragement; he promotes his business and adds to the number of his employees. But if this income is heavily taxed, there is no encouragement for him to improve or increase his activities; if anything, he is inclined to lessen his business efforts.

So there you are. If we must slug business by soaking the rich, let us not be deceived. We are aiming sledge-hammer blows at the very men upon whom we must depend to get us out of the Slough of Despond into which we have sunk in this present serious emergency.

IN THIS ISSUE

The New Racketeer—America's Greatest Danger
Part I .... WILL IRWIN 7
An exposé of the terrorism that is strangling modern business

The Blue and the Gray and the Khaki—*A story*
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS and CORNELIUS BULL 12

Women of a Certain Age .... JENNIFER LEE 20
One of them tells why she can now laugh at wrinkles

When She Smiled He Turned Red—*A story*
LEONA DALRYMPLE 22

Crime, Sobs, and Thrills—*Movie reviews*
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 30

What the Republican Platform Must Stand For This Year
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK 31
Senator Simeon D. Fess indicates the party's chief planks

Kinship—*A story* .... CAPTAIN DINGLE 38

Goofy Olympics .... DR. SEUSS 44

Defying the Conventions .... ROBERT BENCHLEY 49

Half Past Midnight—*A short short story*
MILDRED HARRINGTON 51

Wild Hearts—*Part IV* .... VINGIE E. ROE 52

$500 Weekly Cross Word Puzzle Contest 60

To the Ladies! ...... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 62

Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (5); Vox Pop (46-47); Wise-Crack Prize Winners (48); Bright Sayings of Children (59); Cross Word Puzzle (61) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

In next week's issue—

THE REAL SINS OF HOLLYWOOD

An arraignment of America's powerful motion-picture industry

By

Theodore Dreiser

CAN A THIRD PARTY SUCCEED? NO! SAYS SENATOR BORAH

An interview by

George Sylvester Viereck

Also stories and articles by
Dorothy Black—Will Irwin—
Day Edgar—Rosita Forbes—
D. K. Findlay—Fred C. Green—
Ward Vernon

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who said "I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer"?

2—According to the Bible narrative, what woman caused Joseph to be thrown into prison?

3—What was the ancient name for China?

4—What is a timber line?

5—Who purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians in 1626?

6—Who was Paganini?

7—Of what British possession is Wellington the capital?

8—What is the Decalogue?

9—What is the derivation of the name November?

10—According to the Bible, what did Jacob see in his vision?

11—What is Michaelmas?

12—What marriage anniversary is celebrated as the Floral Wedding?

13—What particular ability is possessed by the mongoose?

14—What organ includes small bones sometimes called the anvil and the stirrup?

15—What novel introduces the character Rowena?

16—What does laconic mean?

17—What is plumbago?

18—What is meant by lip service?

19—What is the name for a lamb reared without its mother's aid?

20—What does the French phrase *jeunesse dorée* mean?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

"I certainly like the idea of looking forward to a life-long income"
Babe Ruth

His earnings are large today—but he knows better than to leave the future to chance. So Babe Ruth has bought a Retirement Annuity Policy with The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States, and says—

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The Retirement Annuity is but one of the many forms of Self-Income and Life Insurance service available through The Equitable.

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Your Retirement Annuity adopted by Babe Ruth may interest me.

My age at nearest Birthday is__________.

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Photograph above by Lansing Brown, 1932

Ethel Clayton *is lovelier than ever*

ACTUALLY growing more attractive every year! Look at these pictures—they tell you plainly that it *is* possible to keep youthful charm, to grow lovelier, through the years. *If you know the secret.*

Ethel Clayton does and she says: "I am 38 years old and don't mind admitting it one bit. No woman need fear added years any more—if she knows how to take care of her appearance.

"Women on the screen, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm, and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. For years now I have used Lux Toilet Soap and I think my complexion is younger looking than it was years ago."

This is Ethel Clayton's secret of complexion beauty—such a sure and simple way to guard and keep youthful charm!

It is Hollywood's favorite beauty insurance. No matter what your age, you will want to make it yours!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It is such a favorite with them that it has been made the official soap in all the big studios.

Lux Toilet Soap is so gentle—so beautifully *white*—that no other soap can rival it.

Broadway's favorite complexion care

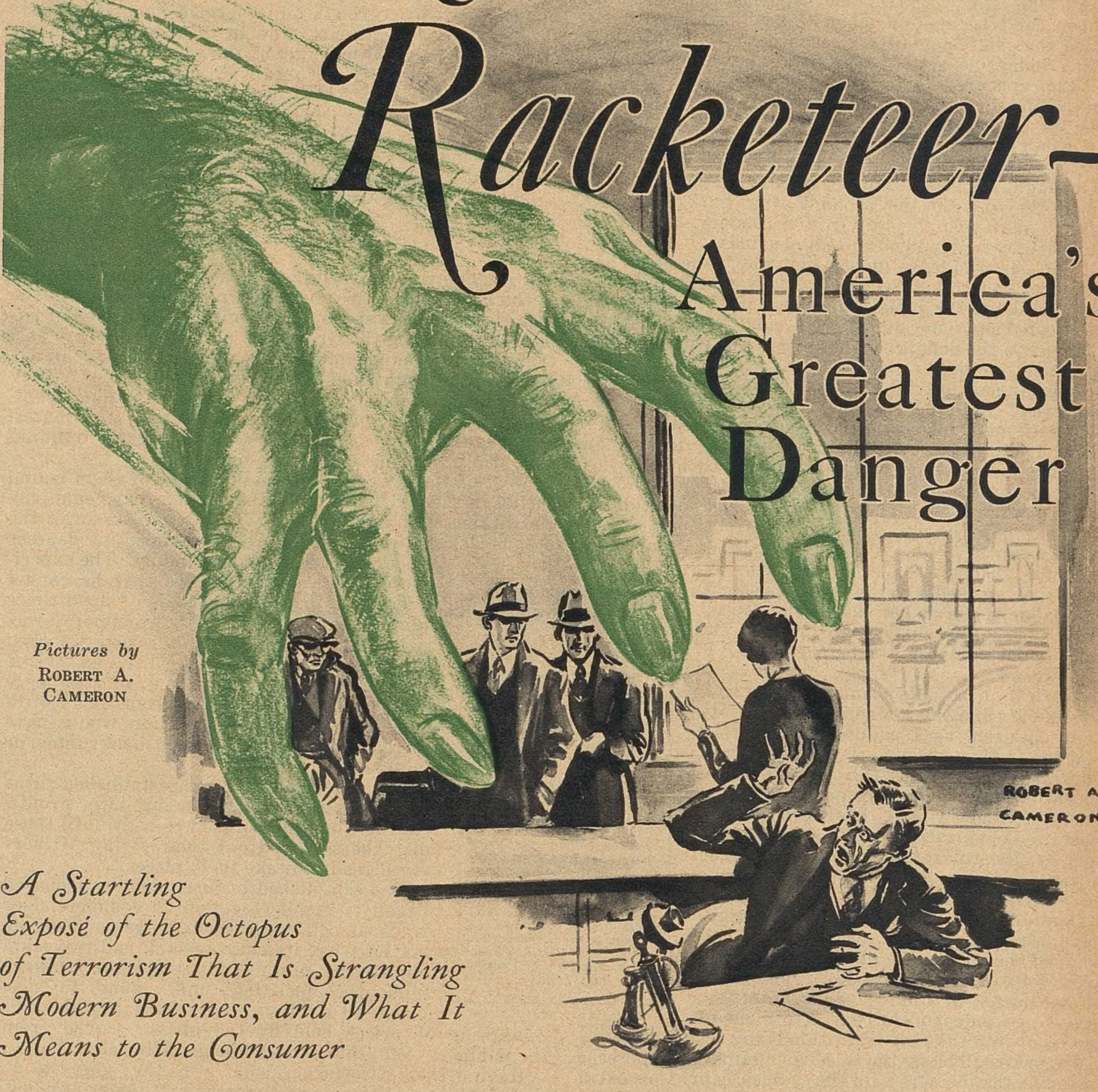
Not only in Hollywood, but on Broadway, too, the stars protect the beauty of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

So enthusiastic are they about this luxurious soap, it is found in the dressing rooms of the Broadway theaters, and in theaters all over the country.

And so when the fascinating stars go on the road, they can still use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Surely *you* will want to try this gentle beauty care!

Lux Toilet Soap — 10¢

The New Racketeer—America's Greatest Danger



Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERON

A Startling Exposé of the Octopus of Terrorism That Is Strangling Modern Business, and What It Means to the Consumer

By WILL IRWIN

(Reading time: 21 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART ONE—HOW THE MONSTER TAKES HOLD

TO begin with a picture and an incident:

A brisk, bright-eyed woman of Belgian birth and American citizenship sits behind a desk somewhere in the Middle West, facing three men. To touch on her background: She married, a few years ago, a competent expert journeyman. Let us say that he is a plasterer. He isn't that; call him a tiler or a plumber or a roofer and it will do as well.

After the children came, she thought on their future. Her husband knew much more about plastering than his employers. Also, he was popular. He could get business. She herself had a head for figures and the instinct of the Continental woman for management. So she persuaded him to set up as an independent contractor in a small way, and turned their marriage into a partnership. From the first, they earned more than the old day-wages; in two or three years they began to expand. They saw stable prosperity ahead. And then—

She faced three men across the desk, her eyes blazing and yet cringing.

"You did it!" she cried. "You wrecked that Bissell job last night!"

The leader of the three men—short, thickset, coarsely jovial—took this pleasantly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE NEW RACKETEER—AMERICA'S GREATEST DANGER

Continued from page seven

"Somebody sure pushed that job around," he said. "You can't lay it on us, sister. Most any of the boys would have done it. They're sore on you. They've got a right to be. You're holding out and undercutting prices. This time they only scratched that plaster up a little. Next time—"

"It will have to be torn down and done all over again!" she said. "And this has happened twice before."

"You can't be making much money just now," commented the chief inquisitor pleasantly. "Don't feel like writing today, do you?" The little, dapper, dark-eyed man who appeared to be second in command pulled a legal-looking document from his pocket.

She waved it aside.

"I won't!" she replied flatly.

"We can't hold the boys too long. If you make them sore enough, somebody will begin burning jobs down—the way they done in the Bronnix, New York. Come on in. We'll show you the way to make money. You ain't getting half you should out of this business."

"I don't care to make money that way," she said.

"And of course you wouldn't call it exactly safe for Jack," persisted the jovial, thickset man. "Might come home busted up some night." He must have noted the first break in the defiance of her eyes. But she answered him stoutly, proudly.

"Jack can look out for himself," she said. "Take that thing away! It's crooked."

The little man folded up the paper, restored it to his pocket. They had risen and started for the door, when the leader, as on an afterthought, turned back.

"Those are two nice kids you've got, Mrs. Smith," he remarked casually. "There's been a lot of kidnaping round here lately. The boys are getting sort of desperate about you. If some day when your kids are coming home from school—"

WILL IRWIN

famous as reporter, war correspondent, and special writer, has also written fiction successfully, and in his youth was a poet. Among his best known books are A Reporter in Armageddon, The City That Was, and a life of President Hoover.

And that worked. Her eyes dropped. A green pallor began at her throat and ran up over her eyes. The little man brought out the document again, laid it before her.

She signed.

Though no one could blame her, she had, in effect, signed away her soul for the safety of her children, as I suppose any mother would do. This document, studded with "whereases" and "the aforesaids," looked innocent enough—even perhaps to an astute lawyer. It merely put her firm into a "masters' organization," with a promise to abide by its rules and regulations. The attorney had drawn it most carefully to evade the state and federal laws against restraint of trade. It was the rules and regulations which mattered; also the practices outside of the written regulations, like spoiling the jobs of the "holdouts." The aim of that document, of the whole organization, was to force independent contractors out of business or into the ring and—this being accomplished—to raise prices all along the line. As against this increase in revenue, the insiders paid heavy dues, capricious extra assessments and fines.

RUMOR said that an inner ring, represented by the three gentlemen now driving away in a remarkably fine car, absorbed these funds to their great personal profit. By now, the members were paying also in squirming unease of conscience. They would have liked to get out of this web. But how? The thing had become notoriously, openly illegal; yet they stood in no position to complain—first, because ruin might lie in that direction; and, second, because they had become accomplices.

In short, this mother, defending her young, had signed herself into a racket of a kind typical nowadays in American business; a process of getting something for nothing which taxes the pocketbook of nearly every citizen in our larger communities.

I must begin by defining terms. The word "racket" came into the common vocabulary only five years ago. As seldom happens with slang, we can trace its origins. Among the men who took early and unfavorable notice of this process was E. H. Macoy of Chicago. He had experience with the circus, which had from time immemorial called the small games at its back door "rackets." He gave that name to this new departure in business. It filled a hole in the language. Chicago, and afterward the whole country, took it up. Immediately we began to stretch its meaning to describe any illegal game whatever. Crime and crookedness we have always with us, but this parasitic growth on American business constitutes a new phenomenon. And in these articles I shall stick to the original meaning of the word.

A racket, then, is an unfair or illegal combination inside of a business which usually enforces its regulations and decrees by methods still more unfair and illegal. The process does not much trouble manufacturing. Its habitat is the service industries—such as the cleansers, laundrymen, bakers, barbers, window washers—and the building trades. These industries usually work in small units, employ much hand labor, skilled or unskilled, and require little initial capital.

IN considering the origins of these business rackets, the last item is the most important. We glory in the idea that America spells opportunity. The period of expansion following the Great War served everywhere as a stimulant to young ambition. Credit was easy. Banks seemed to be begging customers to borrow money. They would lend, often, on moral risk alone. In hordes, ambitious young men started up laundries, trucking routes, and cleansing shops, or began contracting for building jobs like plastering, plumbing, or tiling.

Most of them were incompetent; most of them bound to fail in the end. But while they lasted they could play the dickens with any business. They tended to lower the standards of the work; above all, tended to depress prices, for the most part unduly. The experienced business man knows that he cannot calculate a price on the basis of flush times alone, and that overhead is greater in practice than on paper. The newcomers lacked the chastening experience which lies back of such knowledge. Often they confused mere volume of business with profit. The ordinary processes of competition would have forced them eventually into bankruptcy or liquidation.

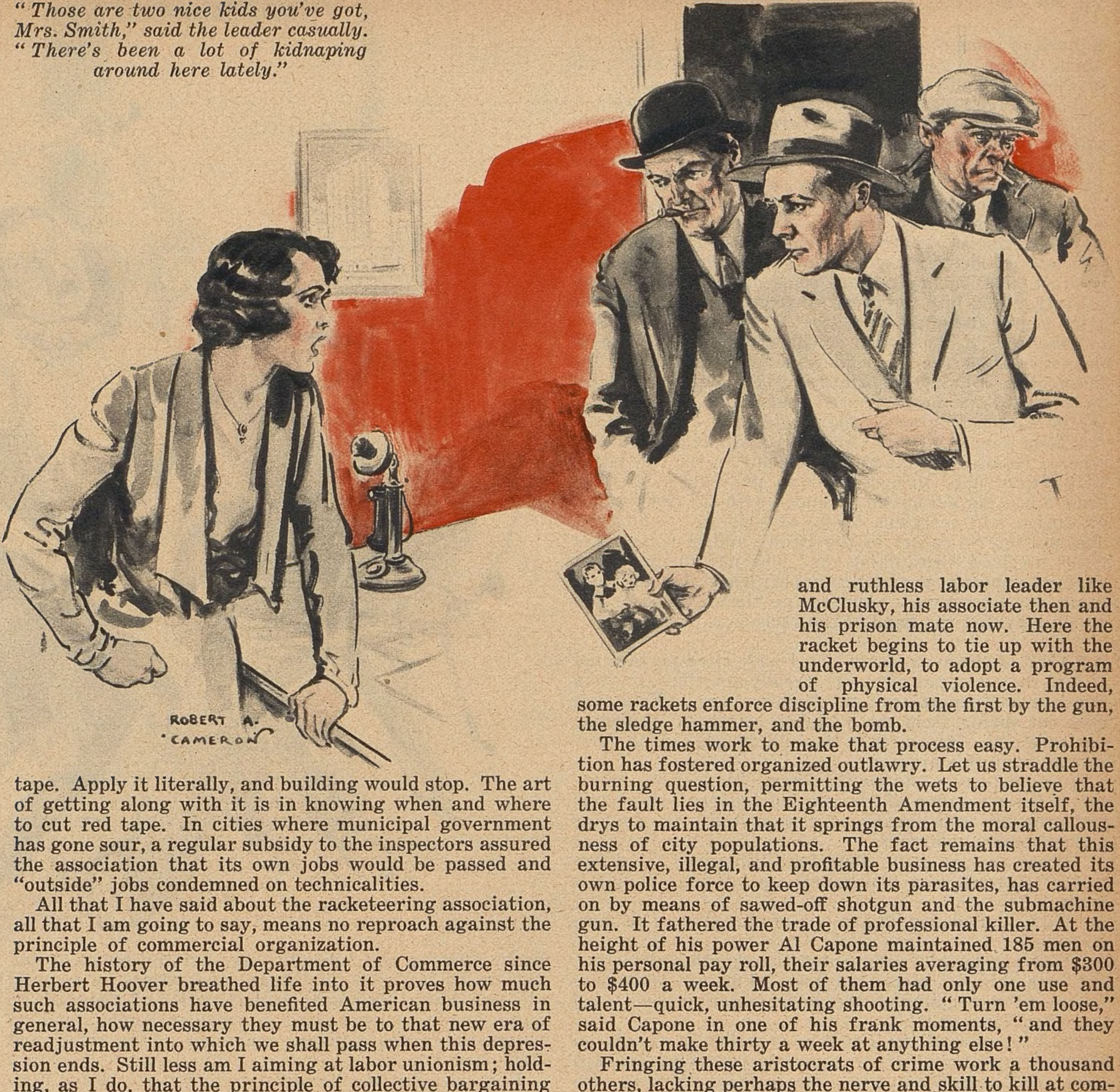
But meanwhile the old, established firms were losing customers, facing lower profits. And it would do no good to wait until these disturbers played out their string. Others stood ready to take their places.

The established business men so menaced began to huddle together in commercial or trade associations. Such an association, no matter what its charter said, had two main objectives: first, to eliminate this ruinous kind of competition; and, second, to raise prices to a "living" level. If the insider's conception of prices held by the insider varied from the public's—well, that is only human, after all.

Having their association, what were they going to do with it? Competition is no crime or tort under our law. If a competitor dispenses a shoddy article or gives inferior service, the buyer must take care of himself. The only way was pressure—pressure to drive troublesome competitors out of business, or to herd them into the association. And this is the point where many such associations passed into the class of rackets.

The method of exerting the first pressure varied according to the industry and its customers. One procedure, so common as to be typical in many cities, was to tie up closely with the labor union employed in the craft, or rather with its leaders. Having done which, the association forced independents into membership or put them out of business by the power to call strikes, so timed as to cause the maximum trouble for the holdouts.

There were other methods, more corrupt and subtle. For example, a city code usually governs the operations of building trades. Like most codes, it is swathed in red



"Those are two nice kids you've got, Mrs. Smith," said the leader casually. "There's been a lot of kidnaping around here lately."

tape. Apply it literally, and building would stop. The art of getting along with it is in knowing when and where to cut red tape. In cities where municipal government has gone sour, a regular subsidy to the inspectors assured the association that its own jobs would be passed and "outside" jobs condemned on technicalities.

All that I have said about the racketeering association, all that I am going to say, means no reproach against the principle of commercial organization.

The history of the Department of Commerce since Herbert Hoover breathed life into it proves how much such associations have benefited American business in general, how necessary they must be to that new era of readjustment into which we shall pass when this depression ends. Still less am I aiming at labor unionism; holding, as I do, that the principle of collective bargaining was the main factor in raising labor from its abasement of the early industrial revolution. Even the "closed shop" is not, as some opponents of labor unions assert, the heart of the problem. I shall cite later certain open-shop towns which are more racketeered than neighboring closed-shop towns.

It merely happens that the closed shop, given a corrupt or corrupted leader, affords one very convenient tool to the large racketeer.

Above is the racket simple; type A. A few—and they among the most essentially dangerous—linger in that stage. But most of them mutate into type B—the semi-criminal stage. To make a racket work, you must have with you not a mere majority but an overwhelming majority of the employers in the trade. It has paid the insiders from the first—at least on paper. A certain ring of racketeering plumbers, broken up lately, raised prices about 20 per cent at a period when costs of material had fallen 20 per cent. But, of course, much of the excess profit must go to "overhead." Less competition, more profit. If we can only squeeze out those damned lone wolves or force them into the ring!

And about this time the most ruthless and least ethical among the racketeers begin to gain control—some employer like Montforte, who led the racketeering plaster contractors in the Bronx, New York; or some crooked and ruthless labor leader like McClusky, his associate then and his prison mate now. Here the racket begins to tie up with the underworld, to adopt a program of physical violence. Indeed, some rackets enforce discipline from the first by the gun, the sledge hammer, and the bomb.

The times work to make that process easy. Prohibition has fostered organized outlawry. Let us straddle the burning question, permitting the wets to believe that the fault lies in the Eighteenth Amendment itself, the drys to maintain that it springs from the moral callousness of city populations. The fact remains that this extensive, illegal, and profitable business has created its own police force to keep down its parasites, has carried on by means of sawed-off shotgun and the submachine gun. It fathered the trade of professional killer. At the height of his power Al Capone maintained 185 men on his personal pay roll, their salaries averaging from $300 to $400 a week. Most of them had only one use and talent—quick, unhesitating shooting. "Turn 'em loose," said Capone in one of his frank moments, "and they couldn't make thirty a week at anything else!"

Fringing these aristocrats of crime work a thousand others, lacking perhaps the nerve and skill to kill at command, but willing for hire to turn any lesser trick. Also, the public and police have grown callous to crime; and the old American talent for moral indignation seems dead or sleeping.

SO the business racket reaches down to the lees of society; and terrorism, until then relatively polite, takes a new form. It begins with what the European syndicalists and the I. W. W. call sabotage—wanton destruction.

All the world must know of the rapine incident to that cleaners' and dyers' racket which has run like an epidemic through our great cities. A firm is holding out. Into the establishment comes an ordinary-looking suit of clothes with phosphorus sewed into the seams. A dash of water in the course of pressing, and there starts an almost inextinguishable fire. Gunpowder in the seams, which flashes at the touch of a hot iron, does almost as well. Which failing—the "pineapple." The cleaners' and dyers' racket brought that word into our slang vocabulary. In all our criminal district live bomb experts who will plant a polite little "calling card" for as low as fifty dollars; a major bomb, which always endangers life, for from $300 to $500. The laundry racket has risen and fallen and risen again in most of our big Middle Western and Eastern cities. There, sabotage is simple. Just sew

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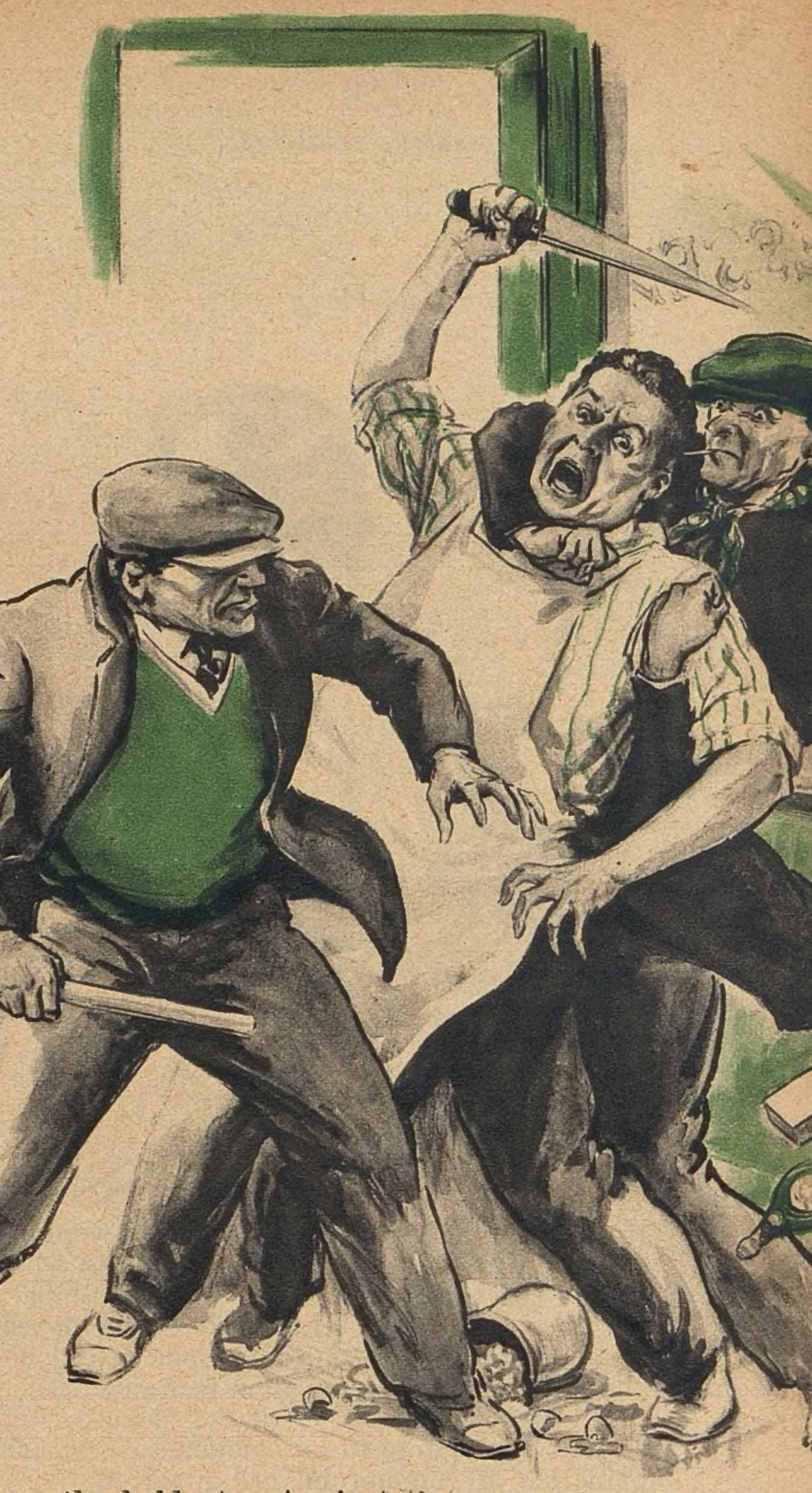
THE NEW RACKETEER—AMERICA'S GREATEST DANGER
Continued from page nine



a pinch of some concentrated dyestuff into the seam of a shirt. When it goes into the vat it dissolves and spoils a whole batch of clothes.

The garage racket broke out in Chicago, was squelched, and passed on to New York, where the police clubbed it out of existence. Its main object in Chicago, besides raising prices all round, was to eliminate the out-of-door parking places. For a time, any driver who left his car in a park overnight stood to find all his tires flat in the morning—artistically needled. The milk racket—cans of milk artificially soured with chemicals. The fish racket—delay of delivery serves to spoil that perishable product. The bakery racket—some nasty-tasting chemical introduced into the bread when it is mixing does the trick neatly and effectively.

Sabotage, in those trades which require trucking or delivery, often centers round the vulnerability of the automobile. During the brief run of the paper-box racket in New York, someone poured shellac into the radiators of the cars belonging to the " holdouts." The engines had to be rebuilt. That, I find, is a favorite method elsewhere. Sabotage of plumbing holdouts in one city began with heavy nuts thrown through plate-glass windows from a passing motor car. It ended with the destruction, by sledge and acetylene torch, of jobs just completed. The plasterers' racket in the Bronx and in some other cities involved " scratching up " jobs just in process of drying—sabotage so artistically performed that the work could not be patched. And so on, through 200 trades which have felt the hand of the racketeer.

MANY of the examples which I have cited pertain not to the two types of racket already described, but to a third—what experts call the " simon-pure." This type does not spring from the mistaken course of legitimate business men. Its source is the underworld, which early saw profit in this process.

A city detective told me this story: He met one morning a former pillar of the alcohol business suspected, and probably with reason, of responsibility for four or five mysterious murders.

" What are you up to now, Joe? " inquired the detective. " Haven't seen you round any of your hangouts lately."

" No," replied Joe. " I'm out of the alky. I've gone straight."

" Hell you have! " commented the skeptical detective.

" Sure thing! " responded Joe. " I'm in a legitimate racket. I'm organizing the delicatessen dealers—and there's millions in it! "

The promoter of the simon-pure racket is usually an enterprising crook of the gangster type who has perhaps found employment and education in the dirty work of a large, established racket and has decided to strike out for himself. He picks some business which has ignored the benefits of " organization." The smaller its units, the more ignorant its proprietors, the better the going. If the characteristic proprietor in such a business be an alien, uncertain about his rights and privileges in our country, timid in face both of the police and of the invisible, submachine-gun government which surrounds his tenement home—so much the better.

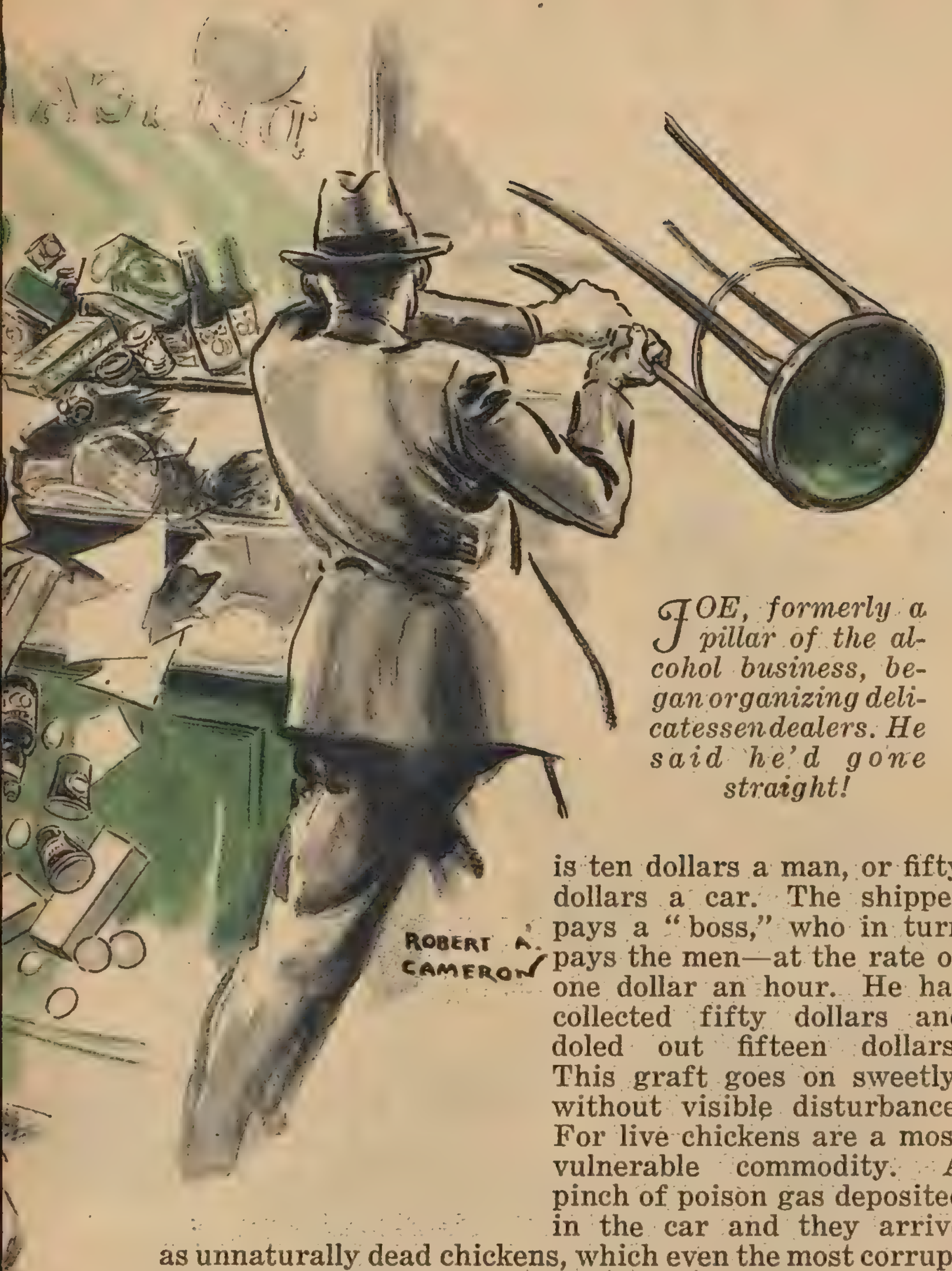
The head racketeer, or a plausible talker in his ring, begins to approach the employers. He dwells on the fly-by-night competition in the trade. He dangles the bait of higher prices. What the business needs, he adds, is protection. He can give that. Which his prospect, knowing very well the general hardness of that gang, readily believes. And as for those who aren't protected, they must look out for themselves. The prospect understands that, too. Half terrified, half hopeful, he signs.

Meantime, other members of the gang are organizing the labor in the business—by similar arguments, with special emphasis on hints of murder and mayhem. This double organization is usually essential to such a racket. Having a good, safe majority, the head gangster is ready to proceed. From the first he ignores such wishy-washy methods as strikes. He has introduced into his union a set of good, reliable sluggers. They recruit membership by beating up the holdouts. Against the recusant employers he begins with threats and passes on to mild violence, like stink bombs or destruction of material; to more severe violence, like gunpowder bombs; and, if necessary, to the ultimate argument—" the ride " and " the spot."

How does Joe the Gangster, who has graduated himself into a " legitimate racket," make it pay? The simplest and most direct method is to raise prices all along the line and to collect for himself by means of a heavy " defense fund." This fund goes usually to the head racketeer. Greedy, of course, he piles on all the extra assessments which the traffic will bear. He must split with his lieutenants, he must pay heavy fees or salaries to his sluggers and bombers. Often he must take care of some politician, like the district leader. For in many cities the racket heads straight into corrupt spots of the municipal government.

THAT is the simple, primitive way of finding " millions in it." Other methods vary with the customs of the trade. I wonder sometimes if any citizen in most of our large Eastern or Middle Western cities ever serves at his table a good dinner without paying tribute to one racket or to many rackets. A few years ago New York broke up the racket of the " artichoke king " who was levying private tribute on its vegetables. Yet I have reason to believe that the vegetable racket has quietly come back to many or most of the New York markets.

An instance from another point may illustrate how this system works and where it pays. At a certain freight terminal in a certain large city, five men unload a car of live chickens in about three hours. The cost to the shipper



JOE, formerly a pillar of the alcohol business, began organizing delicatessen dealers. He said he'd gone straight!

is ten dollars a man, or fifty dollars a car. The shipper pays a "boss," who in turn pays the men—at the rate of one dollar an hour. He has collected fifty dollars and doled out fifteen dollars. This graft goes on sweetly, without visible disturbance. For live chickens are a most vulnerable commodity. A pinch of poison gas deposited in the car and they arrive as unnaturally dead chickens, which even the most corrupt inspector cannot pass.

Characteristically, rackets of this last type run their course rather briefly. The racketeer is greedy. Not content with his steady graft, he begins to levy special assessments. That was what Maxie Eisen bumped against; the collision hurled Maxie into the Wickersham report. He had organized the small fish dealers of Chicago by subtle rather than violent means; had driven the holdouts to the wall, and was collecting regularly and pleasantly from the insiders. Then he spawned an ambition for a new-model twelve-cylinder car which should express and symbolize his eminence. Baldly and boldly he went round collecting for this worthy purpose—fifty dollars from one shop, $100 from another. This was the straw which broke the camel's back. A woman rushed to the authorities with a "squawk." The other fish dealers followed in a horde, and Maxie was out.

AGAIN, exactly as in the alcohol game, prosperity breeds rivals. No sooner does a gang find itself established in a steadily profitable racket, than a rival gang or some ambitious newcomer tries to muscle in. The aspirant may begin his operations with mere sabotage, as in the initial stages of most rackets. But eventually it comes to shooting. Gentlemen with criminal records are found in vacant lots with holes in the back of their heads. A submachine gun peppers a dapper little man cringing in a doorway. The police trace it down to a row over a racket. The business men caught in this web—half victims, half accomplices—begin to talk. The story gets into the newspapers. And this kind of racket curls up in the light of publicity, just as most bacilli die in sunlight.

However, the racketeers have usually evaded arrest or conviction for the mysterious crimes surrounding their operations. In a quarter century of national and international reporting, I have never tackled a story in which moral certainty stood at such variance with provable fact. The business man caught in a racket has usually entered it in a state of complete or comparative innocence, but of his own volition. When it turns out to be a criminal operation, what is he going to do? He may have joined up in the beginning because the "organizers" had exemplified the penalties of holding out.

He sees what is happening to dissenters, knows how much more severely the penalties will fall on a "squealer." He faces ruin of his business, very likely acute physical danger.

THE same terror usually hangs over the holdouts. In course of a certain virulent racket, a small independent contractor was beaten to death. The police could not prove who did it; but all insiders said that it was an extreme case of "discipline." His son, a sturdy six-footer, succeeded to the business. And about that time a militant district attorney started to break up this racket. He summoned the young contractor into his office. The boy burst into tears.

"Don't ask me to go before the Grand Jury—don't!" he pleaded. "They killed my father, and I know it. But if I squawk, the rest of the business is gone—and I'm just married. And some night you'll find me laid out in a vacant lot."

"We'll give you police protection."

"All my life? As soon as you call your cops off, they'll get me. If you haul me before the Grand Jury, I'll know nothing!" Nor was this man a constitutional coward. In the brawls of his somewhat disorderly trade he had handled himself well.

Sometimes the process of calling off witnesses proceeds by politer methods. A set of men with police records were trying to establish a racket. As a means of discipline, they began to pour shellac into the trucks of the holdouts. In one case the lookout made a slip and the victim caught three of them in the act. He complained to the police, who made appropriate arrests. But when the cases came into court, the star witness had lost his memory. He couldn't identify the three men. Perforce, the judge discharged them.

That racket failed in process of formation, as many do. When the skies were clear a police official had the curiosity and tenacity to interview the chief witness again. On the day after the episode a committee of racketeers visited their victim. One hundred and fifty dollars, they said, would repair the truck. They would stand that and add another hundred and fifty to pay for his trouble. Further, they would take him into the association without dues, assessments, or any expense whatever—all on condition that he should control his memory. Otherwise, the screws. . . . He signed up.

More than once I have sat in the office of an honest public prosecutor and heard him talk confidentially about as follows:

"Sure, this town is racketeered. The blank business, for example. John Doe and Richard Roe run the show. This is Doe's police record. . . . Here's how they work it. . . . We know all that, exactly. And we're digging at it. But we can't make a case yet, because the men who tell us all about it will never face a Grand Jury. The same kind of racket is going on in the dash business. There, we're even further from results. But the thus-and-so racket is beginning to open up. Maybe we can get indictments at the next session of court."

By the same token, men have come privately to tell me despairing stories with the stamp of truth upon them; stories often confirmed by documents. But they spoke always under seal of confidence and from a background of terror. "If it is even whispered that I spilled this—I'm dished," said one. In such circumstances a reporter must seem hazy about details. But there is a difference between facts and truth. In the vital matter of truth I shall not, I think, go wrong.

In next week's Liberty Mr. Irwin, continuing these exposures of the new racketeer, will describe and give examples of one of the three types of racket that have become so outrageously prevalent in American cities.

The Blue and the Gray

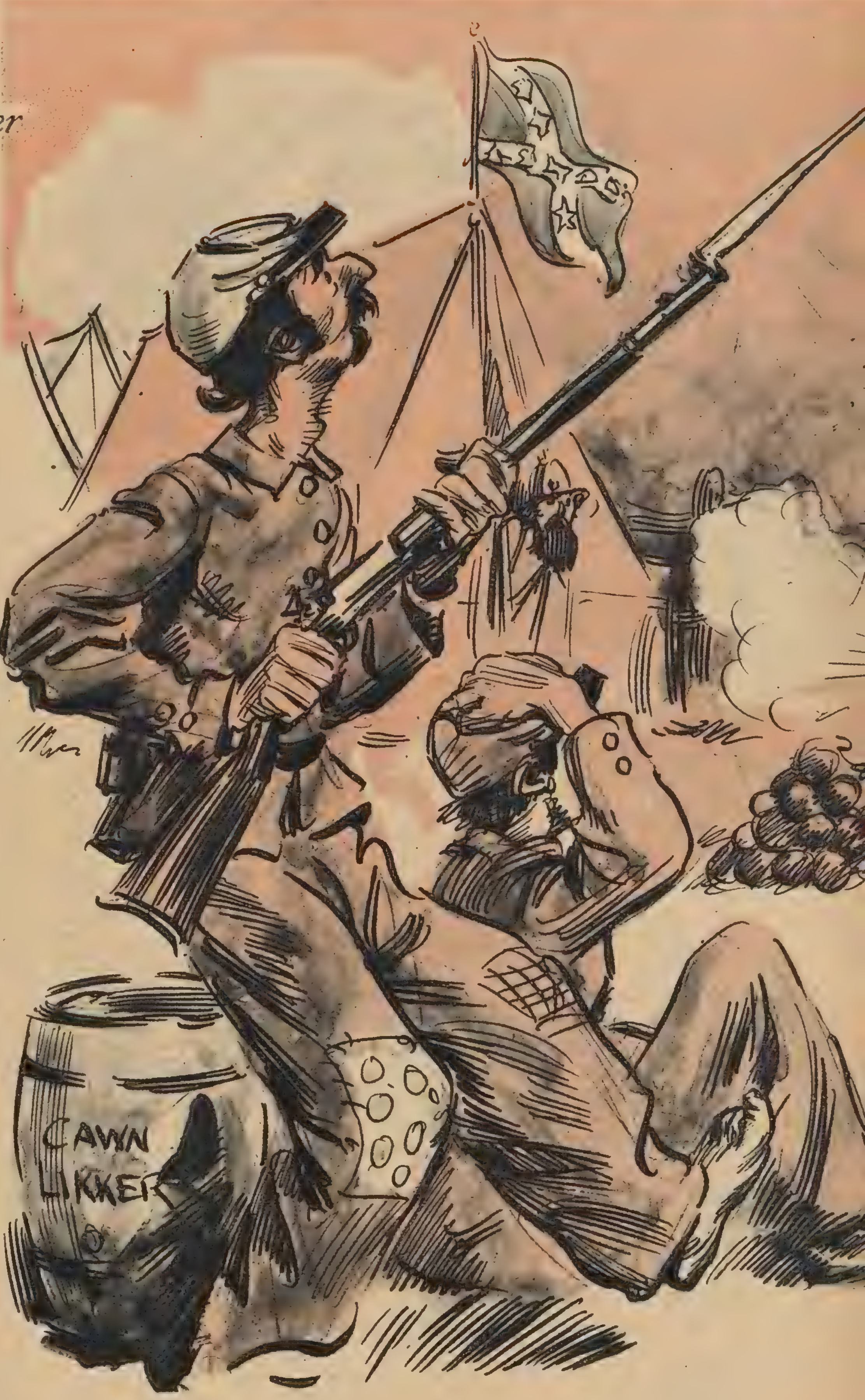
In Which a Pair of Corking Good Liars Fight Two Wars as They Never Were Fought Before

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

and

CORNELIUS BULL



(Reading time: 30 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE young man at the wheel of the nickel-plated motor car threw away his cigarette and bore down harder on the throttle. The sun was sinking low and he decided that he was requiring entirely too much time to drive through Georgia. He had intended to dine at Jacksonville.

The speedometer moved up to sixty-five and then to seventy. The road was slick from the light rain, but he pushed up to seventy-five. The sovereign State of Georgia sped by underneath him and the long-leaf pines whistled in his backwash. This was certainly a deserted country, he mused; no wonder that Sherman headed for the sea.

He was almost in a doze when he saw a dilapidated flivver coming down a lane toward the main road. He blew his horn, but the flivver came on, and turned into the road ahead of him. He applied the brakes and the car skidded to the left. He released the brakes, straightened out, and then skidded to the right. He was almost on the flivver and jammed down hard on the brakes again. For a moment the car went around like a pinwheel as the flivver scurried off the road to the right to give him room, but it was too late—he was abreast of it and still skidding.

There was a crash as the running boards met; then his car gently pushed the flivver off the road, and both cars slid down a fill, at the bottom of which his stopped suddenly in a gulley while the flivver tried to mount its long flat hood. There was a shower of broken glass, a protesting back fire from the flivver, and deep silence. The young man felt a stinging blow on his head from the windshield post and watched the stars twinkling for a moment.

When the fireworks subsided he noticed that he was no longer alone in the car. Halfway over the door was a large bundle of calico from which two legs protruded, kicking violently. He gathered his wits and tugged at the bundle of calico. What was that—two sacks of flour? Across them were the words: "Georgia's Best Flour." Suddenly he blushed in understanding and pulled the calico back in place.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Are you hurt?"

"Yes," came a voice from the floor board. "I'm kilt. Pull me out!"

He jumped out and dragged the girl after him as gracefully as he could. She sat on the running board and ran her hands over her head.

"I'm so sorry," he apologized. "It's all my fault. Where are you hurt?"

The girl wiggled around, rubbed her elbows and knees, then stood up. She looked at him and smiled.

"I reckon I'm not mortally injured," she told him. "How about you?"

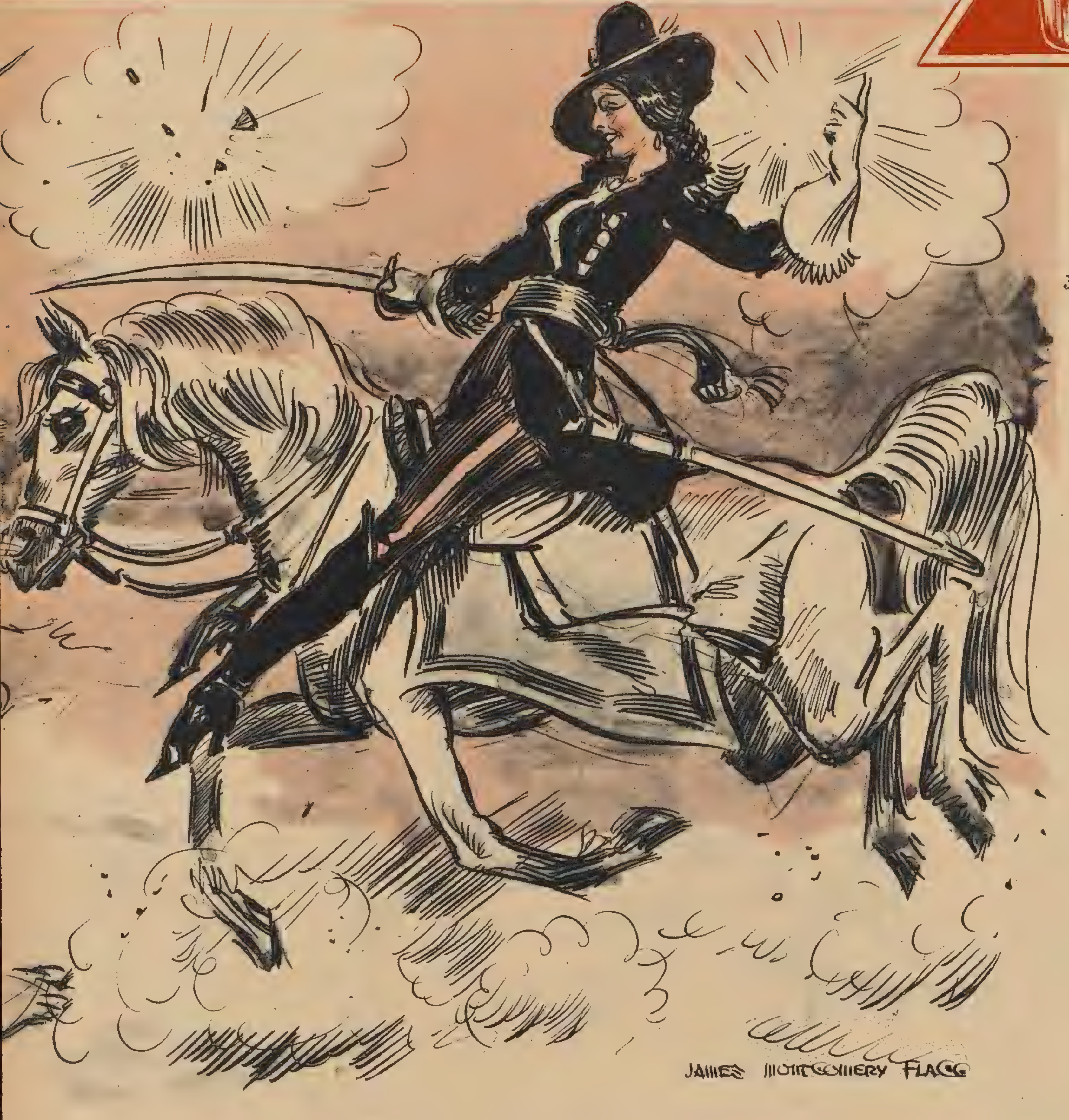
"I'll pull through," he assured her. "I just got a crack on the head."

"Did you win the race?" she asked.

"At least I was presented with a prize," he said.

She smiled again. He noticed that she was young and very pretty. Any tooth-paste company would have bargained much gold for that smile.

and the Khaki



Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

"SHE came riding into camp one day dressed as a dam' Yankee colonel. Fooled us all."

"Your little scooter is all bent up," she observed.

"Not beyond repair," he said. "Let's have a look at your car."

They examined the wreckage and found a medley of fenders and axles.

"There is a garage in town that has a wrecking truck," she suggested. "But it's ten miles."

"Can I telephone?"

"There's a phone down at the crossroads. That's three miles. Come on up to the house and I'll send Cato down."

They walked up a lane bordered with old boxwood to an ancient house set back in a clump of big pines.

As they approached the house the young man found himself suddenly staring into the dim past. A two-storied veranda with broken banisters and bent columns ran around three sides. The steps had rotted away and the house itself had certainly not known paint since it had known splendor.

The girl led the way across a creaking porch, through a massive broken door, into a reception hall where the aromatic smell of damp and musty wood filled his nostrils. Through open folding doors that reached up to high ceilings he caught sight of two large rooms on each side, both bare and gloomy. Through an empty dining salon she led him on to a porch.

She opened another door and ushered him into a warm kitchen where an old man was sitting by a stove with a thick pamphlet in his hand. He looked up as they entered.

"It's me, grandpa," the girl said. "I had a collision in the flivver with this gentleman's car."

"Unfortunate, my child. Are you injured?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AND THE KHAKI
Continued from page thirteen

"Not a bit. He got a bump on his head."

The old man arose and bowed low from the waist.

"I extend my regrets and greetings," he said. "I am Major Galloway Phinizy, at your service, suh."

"Thank you," the young man returned. "I am Ulysses Tecumseh Adams of Boston, with my deepest apologies."

"This is my granddaughter, Mistress Belle Boyd Oglethorpe, Mr. Adams. May I present you socially?"

"The pleasure is mine, major. I regret that our former and somewhat precipitous meeting was not preceded by the proper formalities and that I subjected her to the indignity of colliding with a total stranger."

"Pray be seated, suh, and permit us to minister to your injuries. Belle, fetch the Mexican Mustang Liniment and some warm water."

"Just a minute, grandpa; I want to send Cato down to the crossroads to telephone for the wrecking truck."

Major Phinizy opened the door and called loudly: "Cato! Cato!"

A kinky white head appeared in a moment.

"Yassuh, major. Hyah I is!"

"Damn you, Cato," complained the major. "Why don't you come when you're called? Saddle Traveler and ride down to the crossroads and tell Isaac to telephone to town for the wrecking truck. And before you go, fetch some fresh mint." Then to Mr. Adams, "If you dam' Yankees hadn't freed these niggers, they might be some account."

"There, there, grandpa," interposed the girl. "You mustn't swear at a guest."

"I wasn't swearing at him," the major insisted. "He said he was from Boston and he talks like a dam' Yankee. I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't educated at Haaavaaard!"

"WELL, so was your father, so you're nobody to cast the first stone at his glass house," she reproved him. Then she whispered to Mr. Adams in a low voice, "Grandpa is unreconstructed."

"So I notice," agreed Mr. Adams. "Mint and all. I can bear up under that."

Belle brought a pan of warm water and dressed the cut on his head while the major took a small keg from a cabinet and concocted two juleps.

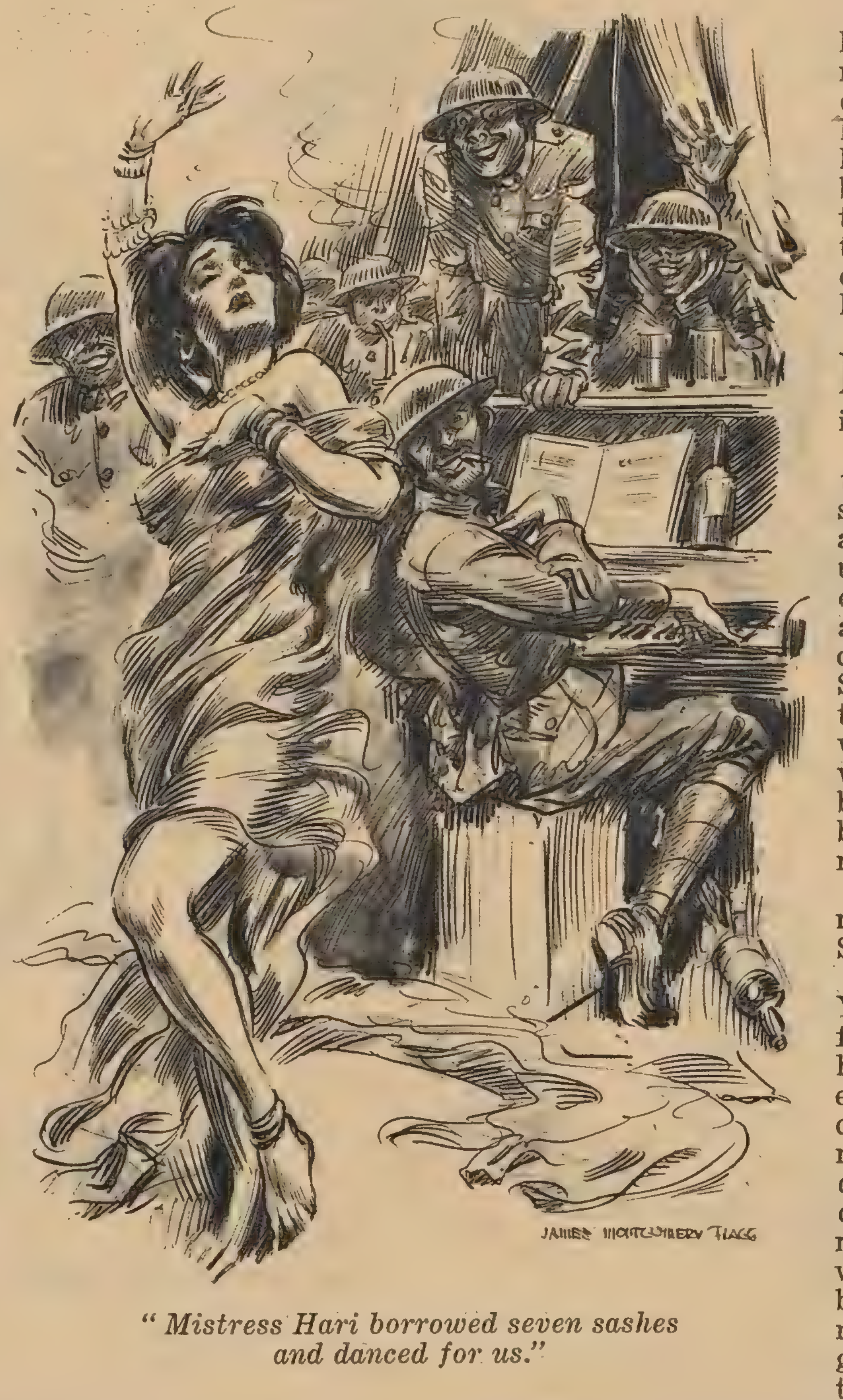
"I believe you said your name was Adams," the major remarked. "Are you by any chance related to *the* Adamses of Boston?"

"There are a lot of Adamses up there, major. To which ones do you have reference?"

"I believe one of these Adamses was concerned with affairs of state," the major explained. "He was defeated for the Presidency by my cousin, Andrew Jackson. Is that Adams perhaps one of your ancestors?"

"If you mean the one who was elected the next time, I believe so."

"And you call yourself Ulysses and Tecumseh, I understand, suh?"



"Mistress Hari borrowed seven sashes and danced for us."

"Yes, major. I might as well break down and confess. One of my grandfathers was with Grant and the other was with Sherman. So I was tagged for both."

"Ah," said the major, stiffening and breathing out a little brimstone.

"Now, now, grandpa," cautioned Belle. "Don't forget that General Grant allowed you to keep your side arms and horse."

"So he did! So he did! And he refused to accept General Lee's sword. It was a good thing he did. If he had so much as touched that sword we'd have chased the old reprobate all the way back to Washington. It's lucky for him we ran out of ammunition! I trust your grandfathers are well, suh."

"At least they are not ill, major. One of them is buried at Kenesaw Mountain and the other at Petersburg."

"Then I give you their health, suh. It is always my pleasure to drink to dead dam' Yankees. A gallant soldier is a credit to his enemy. I was at Petersburg myself, suh. I recall the Massachusetts Zouaves there. You will remain as our guest for the night, I hope, suh."

MR. ADAMS glanced at Belle and accepted the invitation with alacrity.

"We live humbly, suh," the major went on, "but such means as we have are at your disposal. You find us temporarily in the hands of adversity. Three years ago we would have welcomed you to the Hotel Jeb Stuart in Miami, but, alas, those days are gone! All we salvaged from the wreckage is what you see before you now—this and a bagful of mortgages and notes."

"You mean you are the man who built the Jeb Stuart Hotel in Miami?"

"Yes, suh. But a dam' Yankee bank took it away from me. My saber is still hanging in the lobby. General Grant allowed me to carry it away from Appomattox, but a long-nosed dago with a name like a disease refused to permit me to retreat from Miami with it. He claimed that it belonged to the hotel furnishings. General Stuart gave me that saber when the ladies of Richmond presented him with a gold one."

"I apologize for my banker cousins, major," said Mr. Adams, "but a banker is a banker whether he is raised on gefüllterfisch or hoecakes. And Americans won't patronize any hotel where the manager speaks English."

"Quite true, suh. I can't blame the dam' Yankees for the degraded taste of my countrymen. Here, let me attend to your glass, suh."

Mr. Adams took the second julep as Beauregard took Fort Sumter. He raised his glass and proposed a toast: "To the Bonny Blue Flag."

"I thank you, suh," said the major, rising and bowing again. "Though our cause is lost, our hearts are still true! But we nearly licked you, suh, we nearly licked you! If Stonewall Jackson had felt like fighting at White Oak, we would have licked you good and proper. And if Old

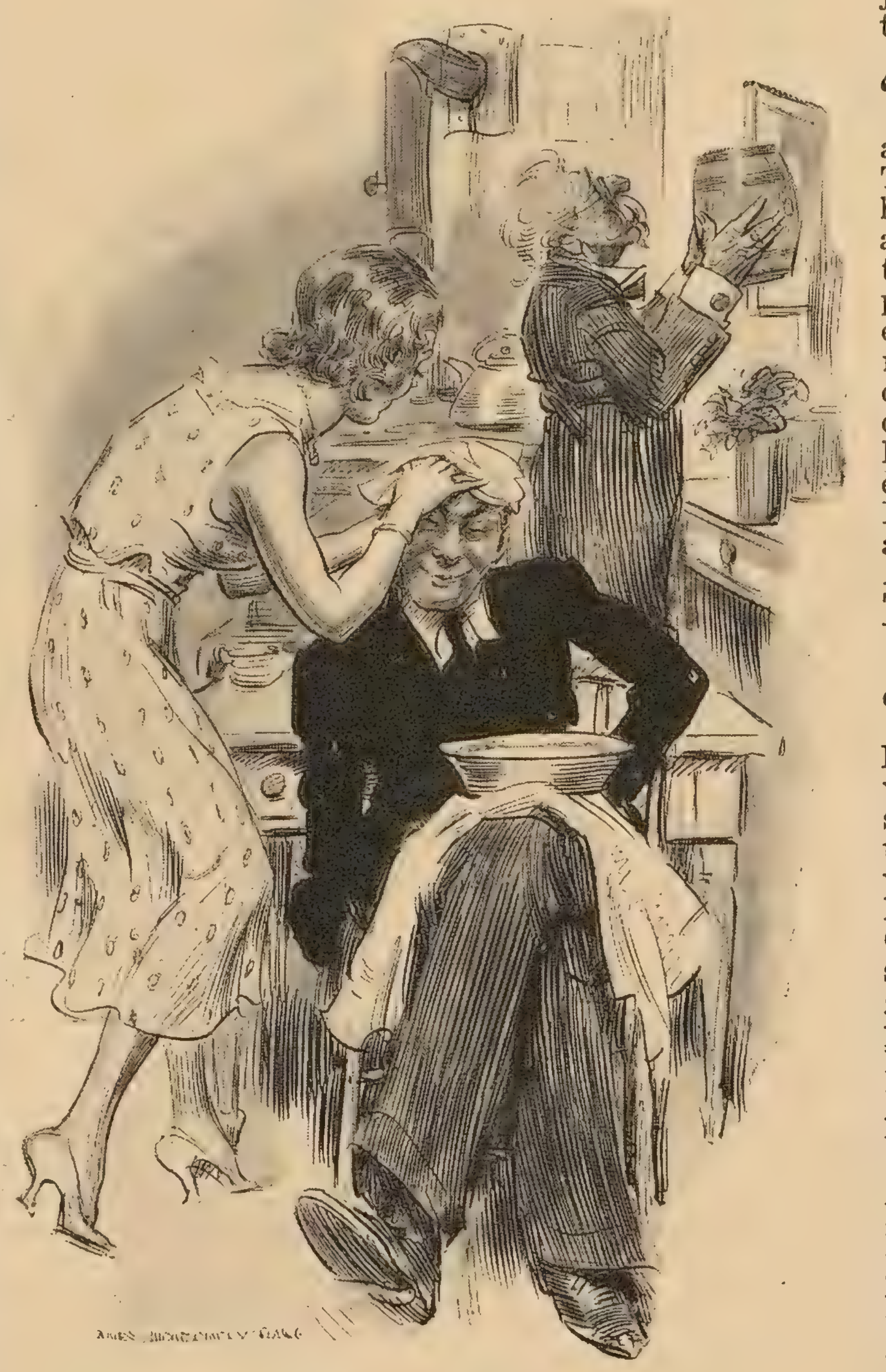
Pete Longstreet had come up when he was supposed to at Gettysburg, we would have chased Meade all the way to Philadelphia. Old Pete wasn't afraid of the devil but he was hard-headed as hell, suh! He was too stubborn to change his mind, Old Pete was, and when he didn't like an order for battle, he took his own time about obeying it.

"Lee blamed Gettysburg on Jeb Stuart, but he was wrong. We were there on the second day of the battle and licked Pleasonton to a frazzle on the Hanover Road. But we had captured a hundred dam' Yankee wagons full of provisions, and no soldier in the Confederacy would have abandoned grub then. The mules did slow us down, I'll admit. Jeb Stuart noticed it and sent a wire to the dam' Yankee quartermaster in Washington to complain about them.

"But look at Heth! He went wandering off before the battle looking for shoes. Shoes? None of us had any shoes! What did he want with them? Must have thought he was going to another dance! He and Hampton danced all night before Mechanicsville, and Hampton led a charge with a flower in his buttonhole. And what does Heth do after he finds a pair of shoes? He bumps slap-bang into the whole dam' Yankee army and starts a fight! Wouldn't even wait for us, though we were bringing him grub! He and Ambrose Hill weren't satisfied with the fighting that was regularly provided for them but had to go out and look for more. There wasn't any battle the first day, anyway. Three dam' Yankee generals arrived at the same time and couldn't decide which one was to command.

"Ah, well, our defeat was as glorious as our victory! There was nothing left to surrender but our pride. It is folly to regret it. In a little while they will carry me over the river, too, and lay me with Jackson under the shade of the trees."

"Nonsense, major; you are as spry as any youngster of sixty I ever saw."



Belle dressed the cut on his head while the major concocted two juleps.

"SIXTY, suh? I was in the Wilderness when the great Stonewall was shot by his own men in the confusion of the victory. I took the word to General Lee that he was wounded. General Lee exclaimed, 'Jackson has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right!' I was close to Jeb Stuart at Yellow Tavern when a dam' Yankee straggler shot him through the liver. I saw General Pickett break cover on Seminary Ridge and lead fifteen thousand men across the field against Cemetery Hill. He had no support on either flank, he was out of range of his own artillery, but nothing stopped him except a solid wall of lead.

"When he was driven back he left five thousand men on the field. What an army Lee had then, suh! Seventy thousand men led by seven thousand of the ablest generals in the world!"

"You must have been pretty young for the fighting, major."

"I was only a boy, it is true, but I was big enough and was born in the saddle. My mother sent me to Jeb Stuart with the request that he take me on his staff where he could keep his eye on me."

"And did he?" asked Mr. Adams incredulously.

"Certainly, suh. He knew my mother well. He hesitated at first, but after he heard me play the banjo, he gave me a commission. Sweeny and I were playing for the dance at Urbanna when the dam' Yankee cavalry tried to enter the town. We excused ourselves and drove them out. In an hour the dance continued."

"Did you carry your banjo into action, major?"

"Certainly, suh. Where could I leave it? That banjo of mine went around the whole dam' Yankee army twice before it was hit by a spent Minie ball. Never could tune it after that. Mistress Belle Boyd brought me a new one from Washington. I named my daughter after her in gratitude."

"From Washington, major? How could she do that?"

"MISTRESS BOYD could do anything. No army ever had such a spy. The lines were like a sieve to her. She was in Washington a number of times during the hostilities. She was in prison there twice. But not even a dam' Yankee could resist her smile. They escorted her home, and President Davis commissioned her a captain in the Confederate Army. The Richmond Blues gave her a 'present arms' whenever she passed. A fine girl, suh, a fine girl. Too bad she married a dam' Yankee."

"How did she happen to do that, major?"

"When she was sent to England with dispatches she was captured on the high seas and taken to Boston on the Greyhound. The only way she could secure her liberty was by smiling at Captain Hardinge. After securing his favor she regained her liberty and completed her journey to England by way of Canada, but Captain Hardinge was placed under arrest for failing in his duty.

"He was punished for his weakness and Mistress Belle made amends for his discomfiture by marrying him. A worthy reward, suh! Too bad the dam' Yankees didn't shoot him first!"

"You must have had a yen for her yourself, major —I mean, you must have admired the lady."

"And who didn't, suh? She was charming, suh, charming. Came riding into camp one day dressed as a dam' Yankee colonel. Fooled us all. But you should have seen her dressed up in General Pope's best coat, suh, the one we captured at Catlett's Station, singing, Old Joe Hooker, Won't You Come Out of the Wilderness? Sweeny laughed so much he couldn't keep time."

Cato came back with the mechanics and reported that the wrecking truck had gotten the cars out of the ditch and was ready to take them to town. Mr. Adams instructed the mechanics to make repairs to both cars as soon as possible, and they pocketed a bill each and promised to work on them all night if necessary. Cato went

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AND THE KHAKI]
Continued from page fifteen

back to the scene of the wreck to get Mr. Adams' bags.

The major attended to the juleps again and Belle began preparing supper.

"I take it, major," said Mr. Adams, "that the Confederacy never ratified the Eighteenth Amendment."

"No, suh. I have just been reading the papers and I am pleased to learn that New York and Illinois have at last seceded. I have heard that our soldiers in France fought on light wines and beer, but peach brandy is the only fit beverage for fighting men. Of course, in Virginia we were often forced to subsist on applejack or corn whisky, but I would send Cato back for a supply of peach brandy as often as I could spare him."

"You took your slaves to war with you, major?"

"Took them? No, suh! They insisted on coming along with us. Who else would have done our cooking? We might have starved. An officer cannot stoop to the indignity of stealing chickens, suh! Cato followed me from Manassas to Appomattox. When we were captured he was emancipated for a while, but he flattened a dam' Yankee's face with a spade and came back on a major's horse with the only bacon we had seen in four months."

"WHAT happened to you after you were captured, major?"

"I was exchanged, suh."

"You mean that after men were captured they were exchanged and allowed to fight again?"

"Certainly, suh. General Stuart was so anxious to have me back that he swapped a dam' Yankee general for me. I was quite flattered by the exchange until General Stuart told me what a rotten general he was. There was some talk once of shooting all the prisoners on both sides, but nothing came of it. The dam' Yankees captured General Lee's oldest son after he had been wounded and they said they would shoot him just to make it even. But they didn't dare shoot Rooney, even though they wouldn't let him go home to see his sick wife. Jeff Davis offered to swap a dozen brigadiers for him, but the dam' Yankees were too spiteful to let him go. They wouldn't exchange him until after Gettysburg, when they needed some more generals themselves."

Mr. Adams had battled and conquered four juleps and was being driven from the ramparts of Petersburg when Belle interrupted to announce that supper was on. The campaign was adjourned to the kitchen table and Mr. Adams sat down with as good an appetite as the major had brought back from Chambersburg. Perhaps it was because the juleps were nectar, or perhaps it was because Belle's smile was Olympian, but the meal was the nearest approach to ambrosia that had ever been set before him. Actually it consisted of corn fritters, spareribs, and candied yams, with palmetto salad, but Mr. Adams forgot that he had been reared on oyster stew, baked beans, and blueberry pie, and so far neglected his manners as practically to crowd his hostess from the table. That was not his idea, but that was all he succeeded in doing, for Belle's knees were as elusive as Jeb Stuart's outposts. While the major was raiding above the table, Mr. Adams was scouting below.

After supper the major got out another keg and continued the hot pursuit of the dam' Yankee, foot, horse, and guns, urged on to greater deeds of valor by continued application of corn whisky from the charred keg. The major was no niggard in the issuing of rum rations.

Mr. Adams was now a convert to free trade, states' rights, and sour mash. His grandfathers probably turned in their graves when he begged the major to teach him the rebel yell.

Belle interrupted again.

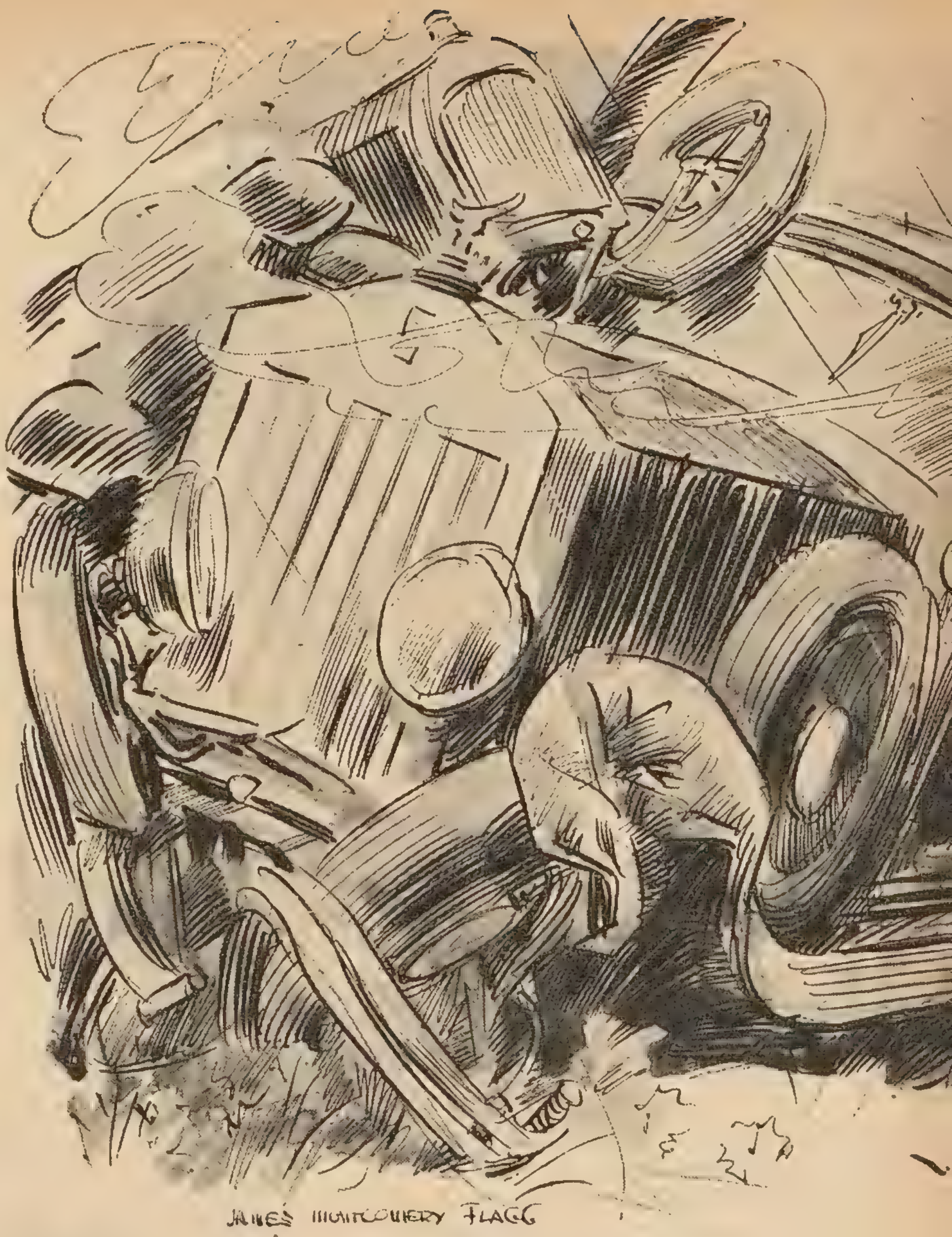
"I hate to tell you," she said, "but, glad as we are to entertain you, we must confess that the guest room is unfurnished. It is not too late for you to catch a ride to town, where you can get a bed."

"On what do you sleep?" he asked.

"Corn shucks," she answered with a blush.

"Have you some extra shucks that you can spare?"

"Certainly. But it takes time to get used to them."



He jumped out and dragged the girl after him as gracefully as he could.

"Don't worry about me. I slept standing up in the trenches."

"In the trenches, you say, suh?" asked the major. "Where was that?"

"In France."

"Were you in the army, suh?"

"For nearly two years. From Cantigny to Sedan my faithful dog robber, Schwartz, stole corned willie and goldfish. I did my best fighting on cognac, suh, but when I couldn't spare Schwartz for foraging I'd frequently have to subsist for a week at a time on Scotch borrowed from the Limeys."

"Indeed, suh, I had not realized that you were a fighting man. What was your arm of service?"

"Well, I was pretty good on a ukulele, major, but I really got my promotion for my work on two pianos and dialect songs."

"Indeed, suh, and could you carry your piano into action with you?"

"Certainly. That is, I had one in my dugout. Schwartz stole it from the Kronprinz's headquarters after a raid."

"I have heard something of the Great War," the major conceded, "but I have never been favorably impressed with the tactics. I cannot envisage a static condition as a campaign. Perhaps you can tell me about the basic strategy of your generals."

"Certainly, major," agreed Mr. Adams, draining his glass. He felt it incumbent upon him to uphold the honor of his generation, but his mind was completely befuddled by the major's exploits and juleps. Belle was leaning forward eagerly in her chair, her eyes shining brightly; and he saw that he must fight the enemy on the terms as laid down by the major. This was the first chance he had found to impress her with his ardor and he did not mean to let it slip. He determined to outflank the whole Confederate army, and went on with his story:

"After we ran around behind the Germans at St. Mihiel, General Pershing heard me play Madelon on a harmonica and immediately made me liaison officer for his

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR GOD!
DRINK NEHI

staff at General Foch's headquarters. I was in the thick of the fighting for the rest of the war and was teaching General Weygand the tenor part of Christopher Colombo when the decisive battle of the war began."

"Tell me about the battle, suh," urged the major, filling his glass.

Belle gave him a dirty look, but he went into action.

"Well, major," he complied, "it was like this: Brickwall Hindy was on this hill over here, a long hill with a big round knob at this end and a little round knob at that end. Over here was General Foch astride Vimy Ridge. The battle was rolling up and down the valley between them, and solid shot from the German guns was bursting above my dugout over here. A Minenwerfer shell landed on my piano as John Thomason, Ernest Hemingway, Tom Boyd, Jim Bellah, Leonard Nason, and several other famous strategists were rendering Mademoiselle from Armentières. I was blown through the roof and landed at General Foch's feet.

"'Sir,' I reported, 'the dam' swine have ruined our last piano.'

"'*Mon Dieu!*' cried Foch. 'We shall deliver a reprisal. Where is General Pershing?'

"CAPTAIN HART stepped forward and saluted.

"'Sir,' he reported, 'General Pershing sent word that he wasn't going to let his army fight today. He cannot get them together. The British have one half of his men and the French the other half. He says he has nothing but generals left and nobody will have them. He's going to take them all back home unless he can personally run the show.'

"'Who is Black Jack's buddy?'

"'General Dawes, sir.'

"'Well, have Hell-and-Maria lead the next charge. We'll get Achilles out of his tent.'

"'He's away today. He cabled Washington for guns, but they sent him lawn mowers and window shades instead. He is now trying to swap them to the Italians for rifles. He said to tell you that he would be here tomorrow for sure.'

"'Oh, there's no hurry,' admitted Foch. 'I'll save him a flank. Where's General Haig?'

"Six Guards officers stepped forward and saluted. They drew their sabers and reported in unison: 'General Haig presents his compliments to the generalissimo and regrets that he was detained in Bordeaux last night at a dance. He will be here late this afternoon.'

"'Tell him that the next time he gives a dance and doesn't invite me, I will have him court-martialed for neglect of duty,' said Foch. 'Where is General Pétain?'

"A French aide who was sleeping under a bush raised his head.

"'Pete said to tell you that he was foraging today,' he reported. 'I think I see him over yonder in Metz, looking for gloves.'

"'Tell him that I expect at least two pair if he finds any gray suède ones. Where is Butcher Mangin?'

"'Oh, he got shot by his own men last night accidentally. He made nine consecutive passes with the dice.'

"'Too bad! He has lost his life, but I have lost the two months' pay he owed me,' Foch said sorrowfully.

"THEN he borrowed a pair of field glasses that a Prussian sentry had swapped me for some chewing tobacco and focused them on a far hill.

"'What is going on over there, Weygand?'

"'That is Eddie Edwards and his National Guard Beaneaters charging the Fifth Imperial Uhlans,' Weygand told him.

"'But we can't fight until Pershing, Haig, and Pétain are ready!'

"'So I told him, but he said he'd fight when he got good and ready.'

"'That's the spirit I like to see. Let's attack, too!'

"'I can't,' said Byng. 'I've got no right shoe.'

"'I'll lend you mine,' said the generalissimo. 'I lost my right leg when General Wood was shot in the back. What happened to your other shoe?'

"'Ludendorff raided my headquarters last night and stole it.'

"'*Mon Dieu!* Take two good men and go out tonight and get it back.'

"'Very well, sir. Right after supper.'

"That night, after the fighting was over, we gathered in the generalissimo's tent for dinner. It was a frugal meal of pâté de foie gras, frogs' legs, and crêpes Suzette. We were all very sorrowful until Pinch-Bottle Haig came in with a gardenia and two aides. They carried no side arms but both had bagpipes and immediately began playing Little Gray Home in the West. The troops, wearied from the long fighting, sat around the camp fires in no man's land and sang the choruses with us. We had no bass drum, but every now and then someone would shoot a picket to keep time. Harry Lauder had just been made chief of staff, and he told some good ones on Little Willie when he used to be a traveling salesman.

"Just after midnight Bang Byng called to us and we stole away on a raid. In an hour we had driven in the pickets and reached Ludy's headquarters, but he was away that evening, feeling out the strength in front of Nancy. So we stole his pants and put a copy of the Wickersham Report in his bed. We had started back with our booty when suddenly we were attacked by the Fourteenth Bavarian Hill Billies and I was taken prisoner.

"They dragged me back to Ludy's headquarters for questioning. While we were waiting for Ludy to get away from Nancy, a young colonel of the Forty-fourth Landsturmers invited me to come to his tent to play parchesi. We played a while, and then I detected him cheating. Feigning to reach for a glass, I hit him over the head with a bottle of schnapps. He fell over unconscious, so I de-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AND THE KHAKI
Continued from page seventeen]

cided to take his uniform and escape. I snatched his hat, took off his coat, and was about to take off his shirt as well, when suddenly I noticed that it wasn't a shirt. It was a chemise! I looked again. Printed across the bosom were the words: 'Holland's Best Flour.' Then I knew! The 'colonel' was Mistress Mata Hari, the famous Dutch spy! I looked in the coat pocket and, sure enough, there were the calling cards of every minister in forty-four French Cabinets.

"I put my hat and coat on her quickly, and then sauntered out of the tent, telling the sentries that I was going to exchange my prisoner for Harry Lauder. This so delighted them that they lent me a tank and I drove her back to our camp just as dawn was breaking.

"Black Jack and what American troops Pétain would spare him had just arrived in a new dining car and everybody was having breakfast. The generalissimo had sent for a new piano and I played while Mistress Hari borrowed seven sashes and danced for us. She wouldn't take off one sash, so we held a court-martial and sentenced her to be shot for concealing important information.

"I was ordered to execute her and stood her up against the observation platform, but every time I'd start to shoot her, she'd crawl under the car. Finally I crawled under after her. She told me that shooting always made her nervous and whispered a better suggestion—that I spank her instead! I insisted that I had to shoot her because she was a spy, but I could see no harm in spanking her first. After that I didn't want to shoot her, even though it meant disgrace for me. Then I remembered that no one could shoot the wife of a dam' Yankee officer, so I sent Schwartz over to the Black Watch to borrow some skirts for her and announce our engagement.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

who collaborated with Cornelius Bull on this story, is head of a manufacturing concern in South Carolina, his home state. Nevertheless he finds time to indulge his liking for fiction writing, some of which is about war flyers and their experiences in France.

CORNELIUS BULL

joint author with Elliott White Springs in the writing of this story, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1896, and is a graduate of the University of Virginia. He is now engaged in the practice of law in Washington, D.C. Both Mr. Bull and Mr. Springs are grandsons of Confederate officers and both served as officers in the American forces in France. They wrote this story, they explain, "with apologies to all and disrespect to none."

"To show that I was zealous in carrying out orders, I spanked her some more. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looked around to see an M. P.

"'How dare you interrupt an officer in the performance of his duty?' I demanded.

"'I didn't mean to interrupt you, sir,' he said. 'I just wanted to tell you that the dining car has been moved away.'

"So it had! Just then there was a terrific cannonading and I rushed to headquarters to see what was going on. Down in the valley I saw a battle raging. Seven hundred thousand doughboys, led by seventy thousand of our bravest shavetails and two captains, were breaking cover and starting a charge up the opposite hill.

"'What's happening?' I asked Weygand in surprise.

"'THE New York Times cabled General Pershing for his memoirs this morning. He has decided to win the war—at eighty-five cents a word!'

"'Will he?' I asked breathlessly.

"'Sure. Look at the Seventh Regiment of New York Zouaves, the Richmond Blues, and the Charleston Light Infantry charging side by side. Their advance is protected by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, and perhaps they will break the Hindenburg Line!'

"'Perhaps?' I said. 'Perhaps nothing! They have already broken the Mason-Dixon Line. Look, there is a white flag on yon ramparts!'

"Sure enough, a messenger appeared before the generalissimo. He reported that Brickwall wanted to surrender. Foch sent him back to find out why.

"He returned at eleven o'clock on November eleventh and reported that Brickwall had just received the Wickersham Report and realized that it was futile to struggle any longer. He said he'd read Alice in Wonderland but he'd be damned if he'd read that report. Foch told him to keep his sword and go on up to Belgium and surrender to Herb Hoover, as he was the only man who could understand how seven negatives made one affirmative. That, suh, is how I won the Battle of Soissons Neuf!"

Mr. Adams stopped and waited for applause. There was only silence. The major was sound asleep. He looked at Belle. She turned up her nose at him.

"I might have known you were no gentleman," she told him. "How dare you speak with disrespect of the Lost Cause! How dare you make fun of my grandfather! You didn't have to listen to him! I gave you a chance to leave. You're nothing but a stuck-up, purse-proud, smart-aleck Yankee. If my face had been made up by a beauty expert and my er-er-er—lingerie bought from a mail-order house, you wouldn't dare come down here and make fun of me. I hope there are worms in your corn shucks. You and grandpa can finish your wars to suit yourselves, but I'm going to bed!"

WITH that she switched out of the kitchen. Mr. Adams woke up his host, and after a parting toast to Jeff Davis and King Albert, they, too, retired.

The next morning Mr. Adams got coffee and side meat from Belle but no smile. Both cars had been repaired and delivered from town.

"Well, I guess I'd better be going on to Miami, major," Mr. Adams said. "But to show you that I appreciate your hospitality, I'm going to bring back your sword on my return trip."

"That would be very kind, suh," the major acknowledged. "I realize from the account of your martial exploits that you must be very resourceful, suh, but how are you going to get it?"

"Very easily, major. My company recently purchased the Jeb Stuart Hotel. That was why I expressed such surprise when I learned that you had built it. As a matter of fact, I am making this trip on business. We wish to build an addition and I am to negotiate the purchase of a lot for that purpose. But we can't get a clear title to it, as we find there is a first mortgage, and I must first locate the holder of it and purchase his rights."

"Which lot is it, suh?"

"It adjoins the hotel lot on the east."

The major arose and took his saddlebags from the wall. He rummaged in them and produced a paper.

"There you are, suh. I sold that lot for forty thousand dollars five years ago, and the scoundrels never made the second payment."

"Well, it's forty thousand dollars and interest you get, major. But you'll have to come on back to Miami with me to straighten out the title for us."

"Gladly, suh."

"How'd you like to manage the hotel again?"

"I fear I am too old now, suh."

"But what about Mistress Belle? I know she can cook and make a bed."

Belle fixed him with a hostile gaze.

"I'll never work for any dam' Yankee," she told him.

"Perhaps she is right," said the major. "Let me get a fresh keg of corn and I'll be ready to go with you."

"You're going to bring Mistress Belle with you, aren't you, major?" asked Mr. Adams in distress.

Belle turned up her nose like a seal balancing a ball.

"I wouldn't ride with you as far as the end of the lane," she told him. "You and grandpa can go on this campaign together and suit yourselves about it. I'll stay. Here's his banjo, and I suppose you'll stop in Jacksonville and pick up a couple of pipe organs."

Mr. Adams immediately lost all his enthusiasm for leaving, but Major Phinizy was soon ready and, with the keg of corn safely stored away, they started off. Belle didn't even wave good-by.

Mr. Adams was soon doing his seventy-five again and was so preoccupied with planning how he was going to restore himself to Belle's good graces that he ran through a red light.

A motorcycle officer promptly stopped him. He searched the car and found the keg of corn. Whereupon he announced that the car was confiscated in the name of the sovereign State of Georgia and its occupants were thereby under arrest for possessing and transporting contraband.

There was further argument, but Mr. Adams and the major soon learned that the jail was just in front of the red light.

FOR two hours they looked at each other through the bars and wished for the keg, no matter how much trouble it had caused them. The major sent an indignant wire to the commander of the United Confederate Veterans to demand a relief column be dispatched at once, and Mr. Adams wired his office to start habeas corpus proceedings.

Suddenly there was a faint clash and rattle in the distance. It grew louder and sounded as if two steam shovels were having a race. The noise abated suddenly in front of the jail and Mr. Adams and the major heard heated words. The argument continued for some moments and then died away.

To their great surprise, the jailer appeared and opened their cells. Outside they found Belle and the flivver, which was partially hidden in a cloud of steam.

Belle embraced the major but scorned to notice Mr. Adams.

"How did you arrange our release, my child?" he asked.

"Easily," she said. "The policeman can't drive the other car. I swapped him the flivver for it on condition he'd let you go."

"What are you doing here?" the major inquired. "Where are you going?"

"Miami," she told him.

"Then I guess you'll have to ride with us," Mr. Adams suggested hopefully.

"I reckon I will," admitted Belle. "But if you two old veterans start fighting any more wars, I'll get out and hitch-hike."

After they got to Jacksonville, Mr. Adams asked Belle privately, "What made you start south?"

"Well," said Belle, "I just remembered that I left a pair of silk ones in Miami and I was going to get them just in case you did come back. And I wanted to hear you and grandpa when you got going on Yankee Doodle and The Stars and Stripes Forever. He won't admit it, but he knows both of them."

THE END

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JIM: Man! I feel ten years younger since I discovered Post's Bran Flakes.

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Pictures by
A. D. Fuller

Women of a

One of Them Looks Back at Her Glorious Youth and Tells Why She Can Laugh at Wrinkles

(Reading time: 9 min. 35 sec.)

I AM thirty-eight, but of course I don't look it! According to Continental philosophers, this is a very delightful age, the time when every intelligent woman should be at her best.

I bend the knee to these fellows, even though it creaks a bit; to such men as Voltaire, Schopenhauer, even the mad Nietzsche—for they have been kind to women of a certain age. They have dwelt upon the mind, not the body. I have given less thought to growing old, I honestly believe, than the average woman. I have gone to beauty shops only in fits and starts. And yet I have done rather well for myself.

I have kept my figure. My weight—one hundred and twenty pounds—has varied one way or the other only five pounds the past twenty years. My hair is still rather gorgeously red and flamboyantly curly; not a single silver thread.

My face—

I had been shopping for a hat. This, I had told myself, was going to be easy. The hats of today are for adults; they are sophisticated. But the first shop I entered had nothing that did me justice. I went the rounds of my own milliner, the milliners of my best-dressed friends, and strange shops where pert and charming models beckoned from the windows. Finally I found a hat which seemed to me to do the right thing by me.

At the end of the day I stopped at a friend's house for tea. I was annoyed that she didn't mention my hat. "Well," I said at last, "how do you like it?"

She looked at me and smiled—a smile that so easily might have dissolved into tears. I tore it off my head.

"What the devil is the matter with it?" I demanded.

"It isn't the hat," she said. "It's the face!"

"What's the matter with my face?" I demanded.

"Nothing, really," she laughed. "Nothing at all. Only—well, it's just not the same old face of yore! I know because I've just been through it myself."

She leaned forward to pour me another cup of tea, and I noticed for the first time little crinkly cushions beneath her violet eyes, and a delicate but sure line running from either nostril to the corners of her mouth.

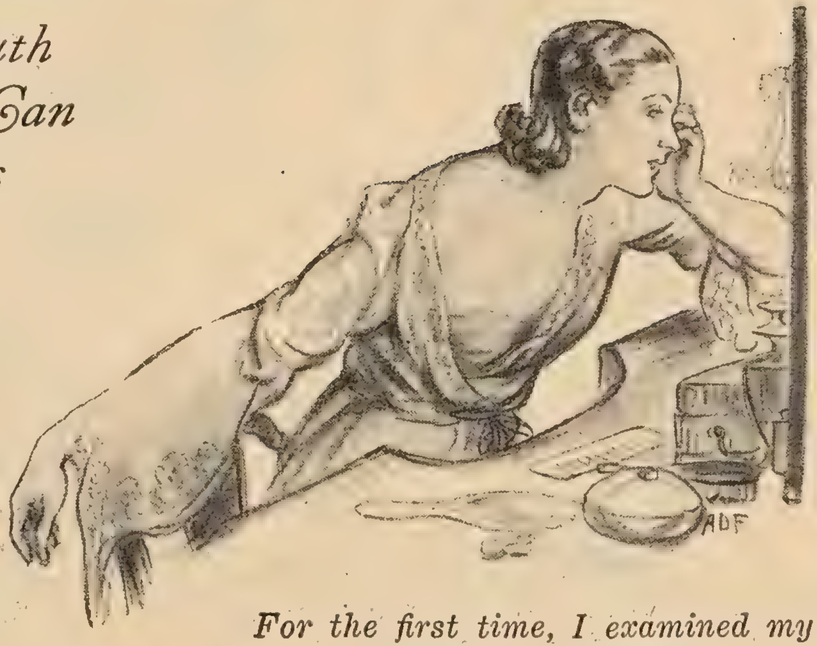
"Poor dear!" I thought. And "Poor dear!" I repeated later that evening when, for the first time in my life, I examined my own face in the mirror, critically, and discovered at the corners of my own mouth the mates of that pair of lines I had noticed near hers.

That was the day I realized that I was definitely aging.

To most women the tragedy of lost youth comes not like that, suddenly, but little by little. There would be a far higher percentage of suicides if it didn't.

One day the woman of thirty notices a gray hair, which is easily disposed of. Another day, an unwonted pallor. Rouge fixes that. Then a tiny wrinkle—which some vaunted cosmetic will surely erase. These trifling incidents may cause a sigh; no more.

No, it is the delightful things which no longer happen to her which make her realize her approaching tragedy.



For the first time, I examined my own face critically.

The moment when she expects a compliment—and it doesn't come.

The first time she sits out a dance—alone.

An anticipated love scene which doesn't come off.

A dismissed lover who doesn't return.

These are the things which make a woman rush to a beauty specialist, go to Europe for a "cure," have her face lifted, diet strenuously, weep—or take to her bed.

A short time ago I visited an opera singer who for years was renowned, here and abroad, as much for her beauty as for her golden voice. Hers was a cold, mysterious loveliness of the type many men find the most exciting. Now she was old. White hair. Faded lips. Wrinkles.

"How old are you?" she asked me suddenly.

"Thirty-eight."

She gazed at me silently, a grim old figure.

"You are in the old age of your youth, and the youth of your old age!" she said at last.

That was clever, and she smiled.

It hurt—as she intended it should. Yet I realized it was merely a natural outburst of unconscious jealousy.

I have never been able to forget that caustic epigram. Anything so perfectly phrased, lives.

After that I began noticing things. I lay in wait for the signs of my fading youth.

I used to look quite charming when I woke up. Both my husbands had told me that!

But now I noticed that I was no longer pretty in these early morning hours. Merely disheveled. So I arranged that my husband and I have separate rooms.

At first, when I refused to allow him to see me until I had obliterated the puffiness from beneath my eyes with cold water, a questioning expression came into his eyes. He couldn't understand this sudden change in our mode of living. I didn't attempt to explain.

Even now I hate it, as I know he does, and almost long, sometimes, for the days when I shall definitely admit I'm old. But at thirty-eight I'm still fighting.

A CERTAIN atmosphere surrounds a young and pretty woman, an atmosphere made up of glances, smiles, desire, compliments, and deferences. She exists within a sort of iridescent bubble. Every man she meets is more or less attracted to her, and she is conscious that those who are strangers are anxious not to be such. In order not to be "picked up" a dozen times on a shopping tour, she has to wear a little air of chilled formality. An inadvertent lift of the lashes and some stranger has raised his hat. All this, of course, is very annoying—until the day she lifts the lashes and no one is even looking!

I noticed this, too.

It used to be necessary, when I was planning an advertising campaign, to lunch with the head of the company I was dealing with several times to arrange all the details.

It doesn't appear to be necessary any more.

Now all I have to do is to see him once in his office, and then turn out copy about twenty times as good as formerly.

A dozen years ago my business appointments consisted largely of luncheons at the Ritz or at the Claremont on the Drive; if in the spring some tycoon decided to launch

Certain Age

By
JENNIFER
LEE

an advertising campaign, he thought nothing of taking the entire afternoon off to drive me to a famous French restaurant down on Long Island; or to another, farther away, more *intime*, in the hills of Westchester.

It was not always easy to keep these appointments on a strictly businesslike basis. It was my job to please the head of my agency and the client. Once, for permitting the chief executive of a cigarette company to wine and dine me freely, and, as a final favor, taking down my hair for him in the moonlight, I closed the largest cigarette contract ever given to that date. In the days of my youth I heard a brand of conversation that I seldom hear any more. And I can't say that I think conversation has improved.

It was intensely personal, highly inflammable, and to eavesdroppers might have sounded monotonous, but it didn't bore me!

The wonder of it is that all this came to me so effortlessly. What did I do? Nothing!

It seemed enough for men, then, if I just listened to them and let them tell me how lovely I was.

I possessed something, in common with other women the world over, which I evidently used with supreme skill, without even knowing what it was—and it was my twenty years!

Of course, when youth is gone, charm and sophistication may, to some extent, take its place.

I have learned in my thirty-eight years of experience how to handle men.

I have acquired the wisdom of the serpent.

I have understanding.

I am tolerant.

Particularly am I adept in turning aside undesirable attentions. I'm rather good, too, at attracting attention to my best points, playing up my charms of mind.

BUT I'd give it all for the thrill of seeing a young man flush as he greets me, or become hypnotized by a chance turn of my head, an unpremeditated smile!

I'd rather have restored to me one year of my vanished youth than have ten added to my old age!

I'd give all my present comforts of mind and body for one importunate lover!

I'd rather be twenty than a queen.

I'd rather be twenty than a genius.

There is no substitute for youth.

. . . . .

Thus I felt two years ago.

Yesterday I was forty.

Forty!

Once I would have asked to die rather than be forty.

Today—it may be because two more years of youth have burnt out of me—I'm glad I'm forty.

It may be that I'm forgetting what youth was like!

But I don't think so.

I think it's because I'm remembering only too well what youth was like.

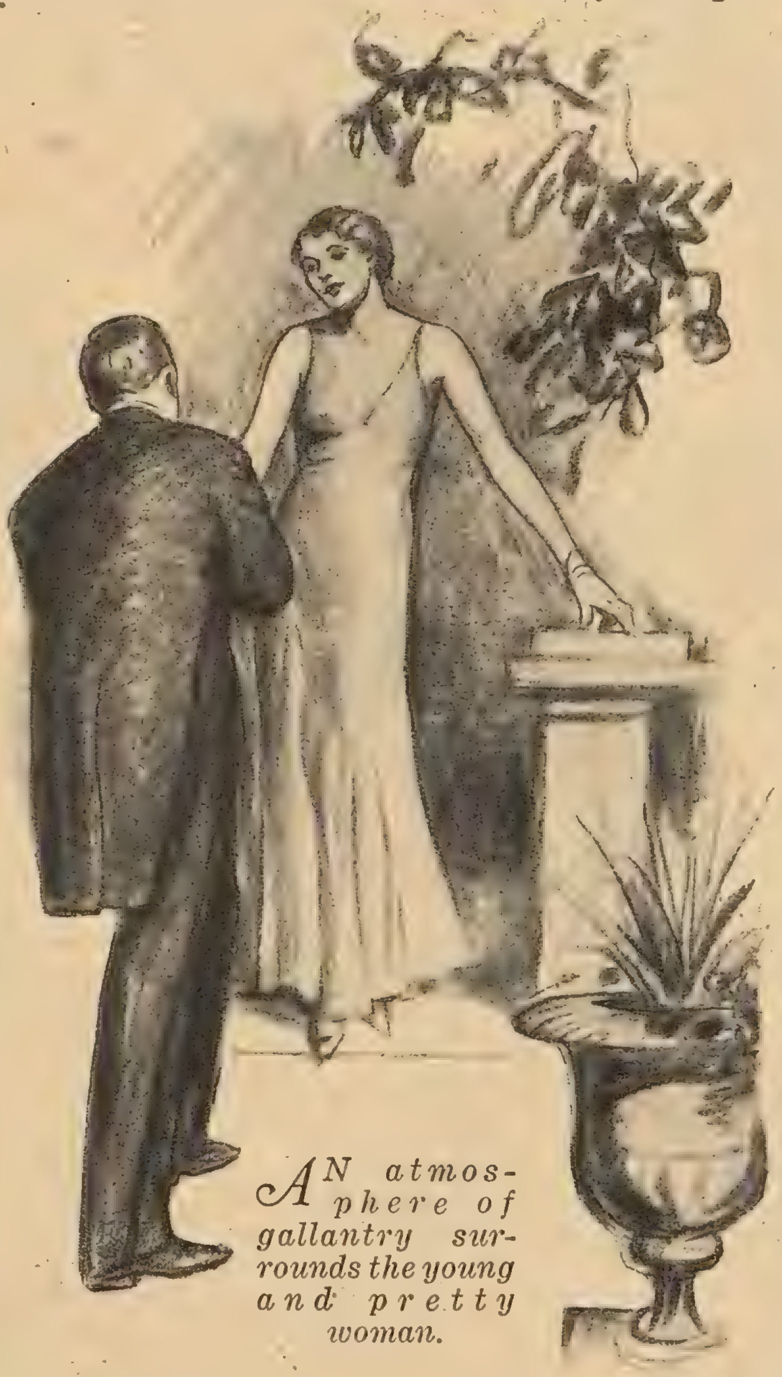
It had its moments—high moments. Nothing like them in life since.

One doesn't float on air because Somebody has smiled—at forty.

One doesn't become delirious with happiness because Someone's foot is on the stair.

One doesn't tingle and thrill and shout with joy because a crocus has budded or one has a new party dress or a new job or is going abroad for the first time.

No, but one doesn't contemplate suicide because Someone has failed to telephone! Life runs on a more even keel, like a ship sailing smoothly beneath calm skies, not pounding its way through storms and sunshine.



AN atmosphere of gallantry surrounds the young and pretty woman.

There are only a few supreme, enchanted hours in any life—and they all come in youth. The best we can hope for, outside those swooning moments, is contentment. And contentment belongs to the middle years.

WOULD I go back and find myself without husband and children for the sake of the lover who might come knocking at my door? Would any mother?

The account is squared right there. Children alone compensate for one's lost youth.

And personally I prefer one husband to a dozen lovers. He's that kind of husband.

I prefer children to parties—and now I have both.

And there are even better things.

For example, I think I'm a nicer person today than I was at twenty. Kinder, more understanding, less selfish, wiser, more tolerant. Youth understands only youth. But in our thirties we begin to understand all ages. We realize that even a grandmother has an intense, very real life of her own.

However youth may dissemble the fact, it is intensely selfish. One can't live thirty-five or forty years in the world, live *with* people—husband, children, relatives, friends, servants—and not shuck off some of that selfishness. It even becomes possible, at a very advanced age, to derive a certain happiness from doing things for others. And in youth we were so pitifully the prey not only of the delightful passions but of the destructive ones—anger, jealousy, envy, despair. At forty we have learned to guard against these torments. Great emotions come less frequently and can be enjoyed as luxuries, not endured as necessities.

We may not go as far as Browning, who wrote of "the last of life, for which the first was made," but we can admit, with Boileau, that each age has its own pleasures, its own style of wit, its own ways.

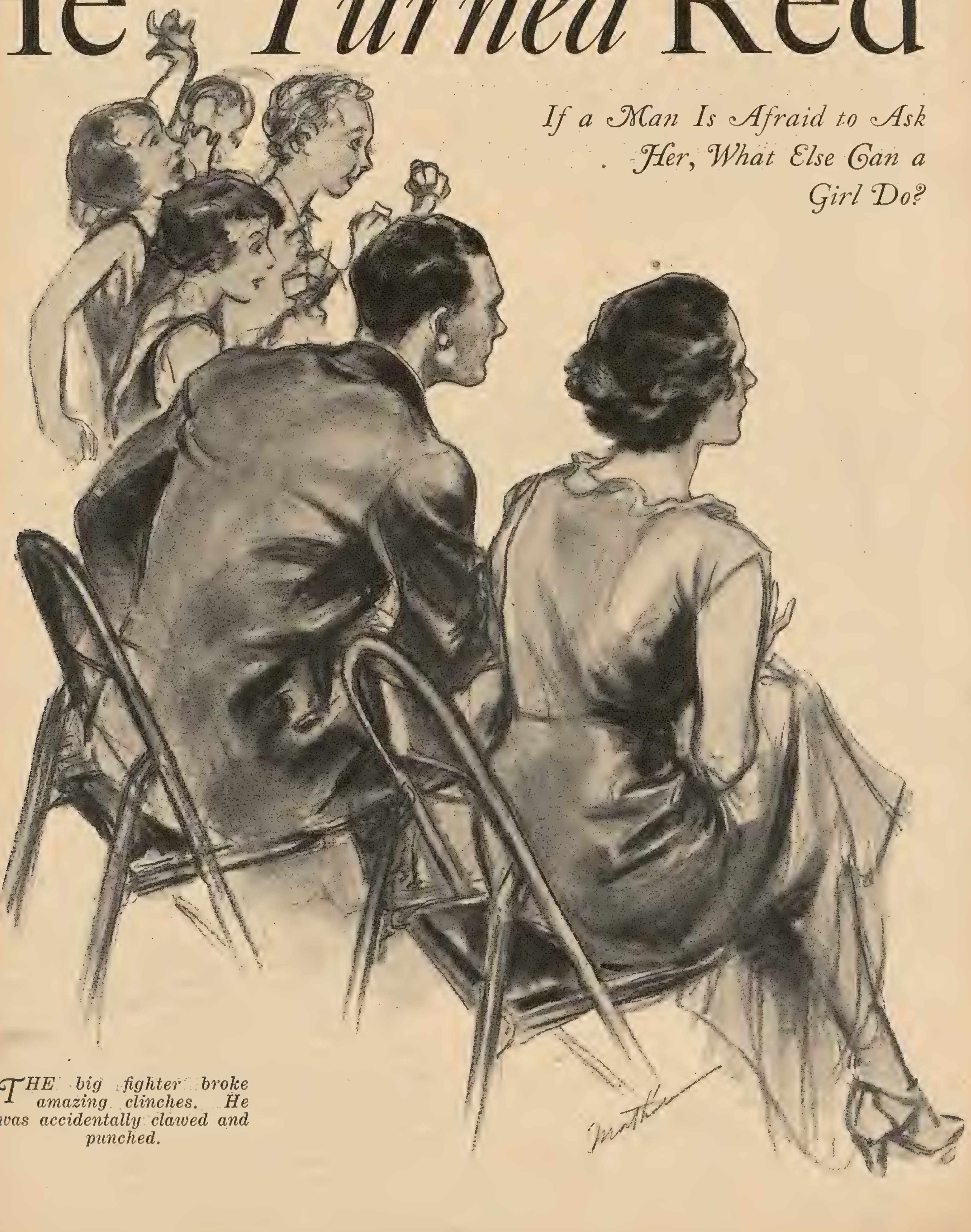
Things being as they are, I'd rather be forty, with all that comes with it, than twenty, with all that it lacks.

Who knows? I may enjoy being a grandmother!

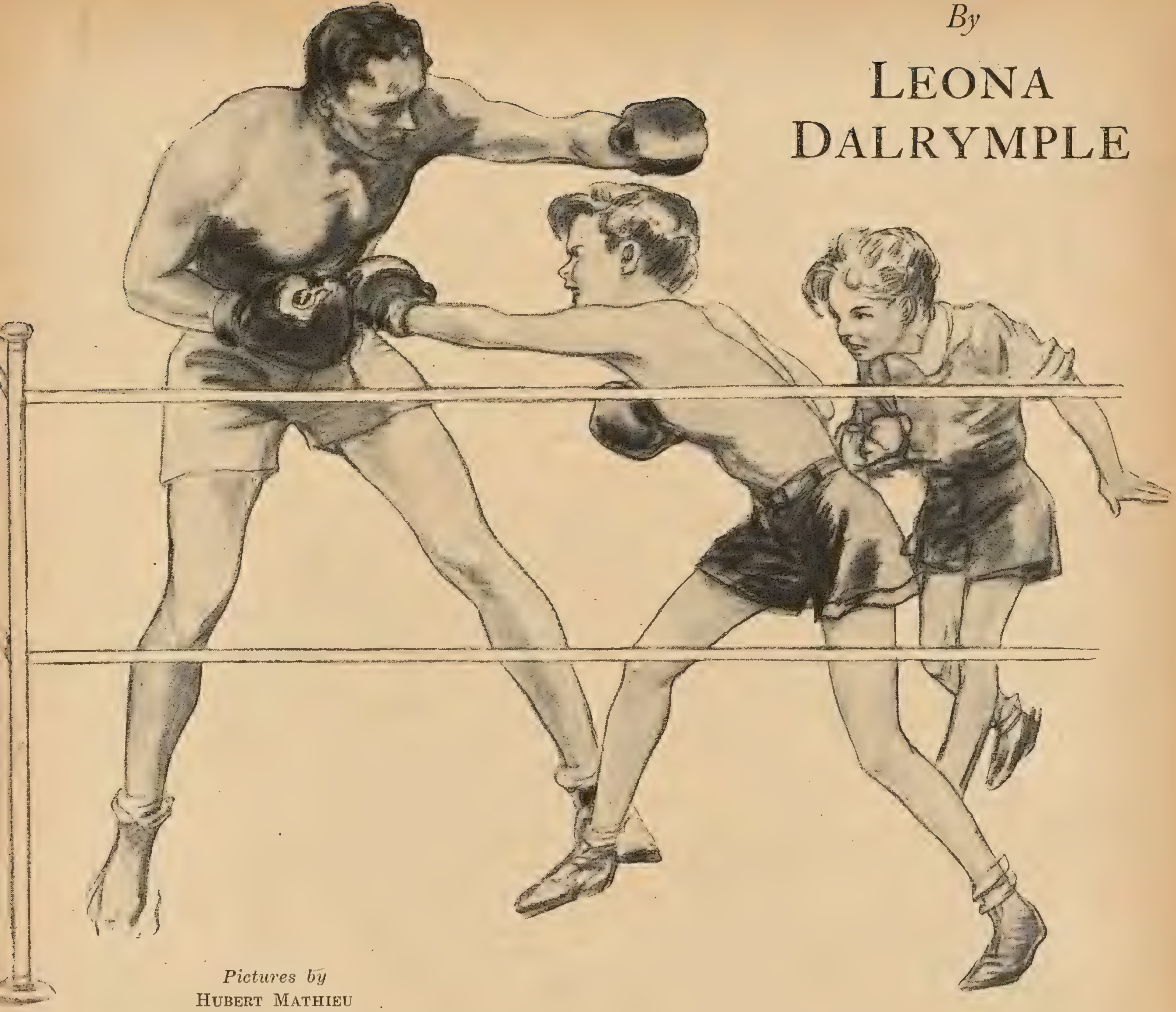
THE END

When She Smiled He *Turned* Red

If a Man Is Afraid to Ask Her, What Else Can a Girl Do?



THE big fighter broke amazing clinches. He was accidentally clawed and punched.



By

LEONA DALRYMPLE

Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 27 minutes 20 seconds.)

POP'S name was Pamela Owens Perry. She was an orphan. And nobody more than her Aunt Hetty, who had brought her up, regretted the dreadful initials P. O. P. The worst of it was, Pop's disposition and Pop's popularity had pulled her initials together. Pop, even at four, had had a brown-and-scarlet sparkle fatal to formal admiration.

In college Pop fooled the faculty with excellent credits, but long before she fooled them she had learned to chase a basketball and neatly goal it, row a boat, dive like a seal and swim around upside down or downside up—it didn't matter.

Six weeks after the faculty had been finally fooled, Pop slammed a screen door, carefully propped her tennis racket in the hall corner Miss Hetty had picked for it, and darted into her aunt's old-fashioned sitting room, waving a letter.

Miss Perry, who was middle-aged and thin, still lived in the old Perry house in a setting of century-old elms, banjo clocks, hook rugs, and mulberry china.

"I stopped at the post office," Pop said immediately. "I've got a job."

Her aunt, sewing beside a window pleasantly shaded with cinnamon vines, dropped her sewing.

"Pamela!"

Pop picked up her sewing for her and lightly kissed her cheek.

"Now, Aunt Hetty," she said, "you know perfectly well you can't go on supporting a big brawny brute like I am. It's disgraceful. Look how I eat!"

"I do wish, Pamela," her aunt said, "that you'd stop saying extravagant things like that. You're not big and you're not brawny and you eat nothing like enough for the kind of life you lead, with no repose whatever in it except a little sleep. Besides," she added stiffly, "I have an excellent income. What is this—job?"

"A camp," said Pop exuberantly, waving the letter about. "A girls' camp in a swanky Connecticut beach club with bungalows up and down the sand dunes and everything. It's from Jerry Cartright."

That name, Pop knew, would help a lot. Mr. Cartright, though he was less than ten years Pop's senior, had put Edgeboro on the map. The Edgeboro Times every night printed his clever sport cartoons and his parents were still Aunt Hetty's neighbors.

"Now get your hat," Pop said, "and I'll drag the flivver out. There's a lot of road dust lying around in an idle manner and we'll make it get up. We'll have to bolt around and buy things."

Pop in a rattletrap she had bought for sixty dollars was not the least of Miss Hetty's secret terrors. This and the method Pop employed in packing so confused her mind that she even forgot to read the letter.

Pop herself had coöperated prudently in this omission.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHEN SHE SMILED HE TURNED RED
Continued from page twenty-three]

There was a prize fighter in Jerry Cartright's letter, and Pop was not at all sure how a prize fighter would settle in the conservative Perry mind.

Pop, in the train, read the letter again:

Dear Pop: You told me last Christmas, when I was home, that you were taking a special course in some kind of muscle madness, so here's your chance. If you think you can start a beach camp for girls, come running. Time-table inclosed, station marked, and wire me the time, so I can meet you.

Here's the story. This is a swell club, with bathhouses and bungalows up and down the sand dunes, and the day after I moved in for the summer I ran across an enormous life guard on the beach. The minute he smiled I knew who he was. A year ago I'd made a sport cartoon of him knocking out Gus Daly in some heavyweight preliminaries, and I said so. He tried, even then, to wriggle out of it, but he'd already admitted his name is O'Shea. Months back, when O'Shea unaccountably vanished from the prize ring, a million fight fans had seen in him a future champion. I don't know yet what he's doing here. Mr. O'Shea to adults is gloomy and reserved.

In less than twenty-four hours I knew that half the time he patrolled the beach with a tail of small boys stringing out behind him, marching and yelling. I could see his popularity pleased him, but it bothered him too. He was a part of a beach patrol, he told me, and he had a kind of dignity to keep up.

"You know what would be a good thing for these high-hat kids, Mr. Cartright?" he said then. "A beach camp. Teach 'em swimmin' and boxin'. Races and all that. I'd like to run a camp like that."

I asked him why he didn't do it.

"Huh!" he snorted. "And me with nothin' left of a good-sized wad but the breeze I kicked up when I blew it in."

That's how I came to offer him backing.

It's been immensely successful. In fact, at first it was almost a riot. The kids came in droves. But the girls are beefing. They want a girls' camp too, and that's where you come in, or don't you?

My regards to your aunt. Yours, Jerry.

Pop, an hour and a half later, left the train, electric with interest, and met on a village platform a dark young man, tall and tanned, who stared at her with foreboding.

"My heavens, Pop," Jerry Cartright ejaculated, settling Pop and her suitcase in his roadster, "you were nothing like as pretty as this last Christmas when I was home! Hang it all, you can't trust females—"

"Listen, Jerry," Pop interrupted. "What about Mr. O'Shea? Why is he reserved and gloomy? And why on earth was he up here managing oceans? Doesn't he like to punch people, or what?"

"Slower, Pop. I don't know the answer. First off, though, we'll have to clear up in his mind a minor delusion. He still thinks Pop Perry is a male husky, full of pep. Slugger—that's O'Shea—"

"Slugger!" Pop shrieked. "Priceless!"

"Slugger isn't acclimated yet to the idea of a girls' camp this summer. He merely needs an assistant. This way, before he gets through gasping, you'll have a girls' camp nicely on the map without him sinking into another fit of gloom. And he can break in one of the older kids to help him. Girls terrify him."

"Pooh!" said Pop skeptically. "A prize fighter."

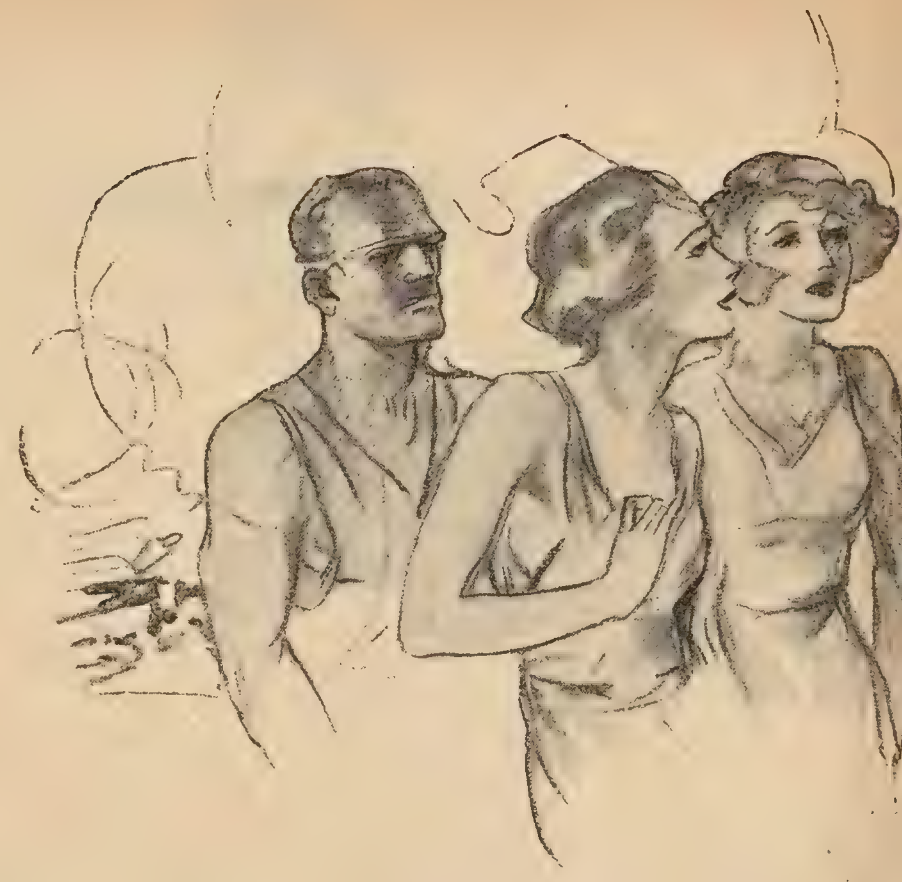
"Slugger," Cartright admitted, "is a trifle temperamental."

At the beach club Cartright parked his car near some tennis courts and guided Pop to a big tent behind the bathhouses. Mr. O'Shea, in camp, refereeing a dreadful bout between two eight-year-old heavyweights, rang a bell and dropped down politely from the ring to greet his guests. He was an enormous young man with dark-brown hair, a blue, straightforward pair of Irish eyes, and magnificent muscles rippling under a healthy coat of tan.

"Danny," said Cartright, smothering a laugh, "I want you to meet Pop Perry."

Slugger's brown face flamed with dismay.

"Pop Perry!" he echoed, swallowing. "Pop—"



"Don't you dare to laugh at him, Jerry Cartright!" Pop warned unexpectedly, her dark eyes flashing fire. "It's Pamela Owens Perry, Mr. O'Shea. P. O. P. Don't fire me until we get a chance to talk it over."

Slugger blinked at her in terror, his forehead wet.

"Pop Perry," Cartright repeated with relish. "She used to shin up our best trees, Danny, and swipe apples, a lawless little female urchin—"

Pop squarely turned her back upon him.

A slow smile twitched at Slugger's mouth and rippled magically over his startled face.

Heavens! Pop thought. When he smiles like that he's actually handsome. "Mr. O'Shea," she said aloud, "I think it was positively noble of you to come up here on the beach and rescue"—Pop motioned vaguely—"whatever it was you rescued."

"All the rescuin' I did," said Slugger, flushing, "you could put in your eye. One thin old jane. A jellyfish stung her and she let out a yawp."

"Pop," grumbled Cartright after they left, "you're tricky. You actually muffed there a swell comic scene."

Pop's absent gaze examined him briefly.

"Jerry," she exclaimed, "it's downright wicked for any man to have a smile like that! I never saw anything like it in my life. It almost bowls you over."

"Don't be maudlin," Cartright told her. "A smile, young woman, is merely a lateral extension of certain lip muscles upward—"

"What I want to know," cut in Pop, "is why he quit fighting."

"That, you mannerless female," Cartright said, "is precisely what the whole beach wants to know, with me and a million fight fans included. If you can break through that wall of dignity Mr. O'Shea can rear around himself when he chooses, you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

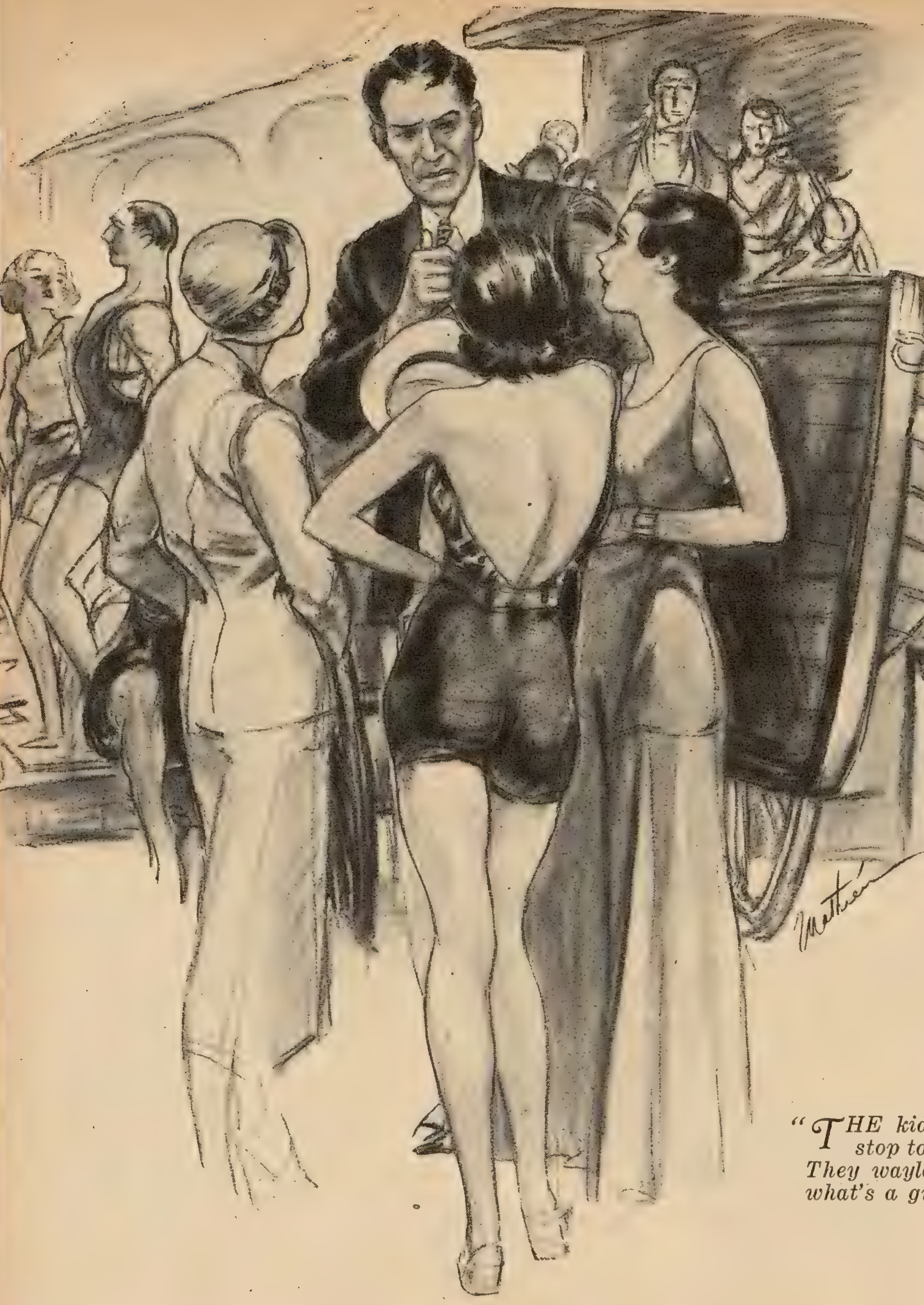
He left Pop at the Beach Inn an hour later, and reaped, in his bungalow north of the club, the first fruits of Pop's arrival. Mr. O'Shea, sunk in gloom, was sitting on his veranda, immaculate in sport shoes and white flannels.

"I'm quittin', Jerry," he said. "I'm through."

"What's the matter with you now?"

"I'm a yap," Slugger said, flushing hotly. "It's one thing," he went on evasively, "to be a beach guard and talk a little to the men, but now, when I ain't trainin' kids, I'm swellin' around in white flannels, and the kids' mothers stop to talk to me. They waylay me, and what's a guy to do?"

"What do you do?"



"THE kids' mothers stop to talk to me. They waylay me, and what's a guy to do?"

"I stand there," growled Slugger, perspiring, "and murder the king's English. I talk so rough I'll ruin the camp. Look—look how I talked to Miss Perry. I'm a tough bird. No silk."

Cartright, exasperated, motored down to the village and bought him a grammar. When he returned, Pop too was on the porch. She was pouring tea for Slugger.

"I came down purposely, Jerry," she said innocently, "to make you some tea. I thought I saw you on the porch. It was Mr. O'Shea, though, and he made it for me."

"You know darn' well, Pop, I hate tea."

He had made up his mind to slide the grammar inconspicuously under Slugger's hat, but Slugger caught sight of it and made a loud and piteous outcry.

"Gosh!" he groaned. "I run away from home and joined the navy account of a book like that. A mean-minded grammar. I couldn't make head nor tail of it."

"Not really!" Pop exclaimed. "A big, smart athlete like you!"

"Glug!" said Cartright, disgusted. "Slugger O'Shea," he added, jeering, "licked by a grammar!"

Slugger reddened.

"Listen, Miss Perry," he said. "You hand me some man-sized talk on the muscles and footwork of this first chapter and I'll put on the gloves. He ain't sympathetic."

"I'll bet you five dollars," said Cartright artfully, "that you're licked to a frazzle in the first round."

"And I'll bet you I ain't," Slugger retorted.

Pop gave him a lesson and went back to the inn at six o'clock.

AT midnight, still in Cartright's bungalow, Slugger was grimly compiling a sheet of technical short cuts, chiefly grammatical small talk to mothers, wrung out of Cartright. The grammar book itself bore evidence of body blows, due to violent thumps of Mr. O'Shea's enormous fist when his adversary baffled him.

"I've licked the tar outa this bunch of baloney," he announced at one o'clock. "Five bucks, Jerry. Sure I'm goin' home tonight. Don't be so big-hearted."

Pop in the morning cut loose in the Aldrich boathouse.

"Gosh!" Slugger marveled on the third day. "Where did all those little janes come from, Miss Perry? Beats the Dutch, don't it?"

"Don't," Pop reminded, "is a contraction of do not."

"Do—it—not—beat—the—Dutch?" mused Slugger. "Huh. That's out. I'm talkin' better, though. I pulled some grammar short cuts on Frankie Fletcher's grandmother, and she laughed and patted me on the back."

Figuratively, Pop knew, the whole beach club was patting Slugger's back. People liked him.

"Nice old ladies," Pop told him, "simply put on pounds and pounds of benevolence every year. Is your camp really having a birthday party on the tenth, Mr. O'Shea? Is it really a month old then? Is it true that Mr. Driscoll offered to pay the bills? And has he six grandsons?"

Actually, Pop gathered, the harassed old gentleman was celebrating a month of peace and quiet on the beach where formerly he had been a sort of ancestral goat and nickel machine.

The party one windy morning packed the club ballroom with small bright sweaters, nursemaids, and beaming parents.

The enthusiasm of a misguided old lady, Jerry Cartright remembered, had committed Pop prematurely to an exhibition drill. He grinned at the end of it when Pop made her way to a seat beside him.

"Awful!" he admitted, answering her look. "Abso-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN SHE SMILED HE TURNED RED
Continued from page twenty-five

lutely spavined. Do little girls have any joints? Or are their legs different?"

Pop moaned mechanically. Slugger in trunks had appeared in an exhibition ring at the rear of the platform. His big hand waved deferentially to opposite corners two six-year-old bantams who bristled in, in bathrobes, with their handlers.

Slugger through a megaphone roared weights and ages into a typhoon of applause. Thirty-eight pounds of pugnacity in the ring corner nearest removed a small bathrobe, tested important muscles on the ropes, donned a microscopic set of gloves, and conferred briefly with Slugger. He looked beside Slugger like an overstuffed bumblebee.

A bell rang. And from then on Slugger had his hands full. The big fighter broke amazing clinches. He was accidentally clawed and punched. Bells rang. The audience cheered and howled. Towels and sponges operated efficiently in corners.

Noone, Cartright pointed out delightedly, knew exactly who had won. The bumblebee, he thought, had practically knocked himself out by overnimble footwork.

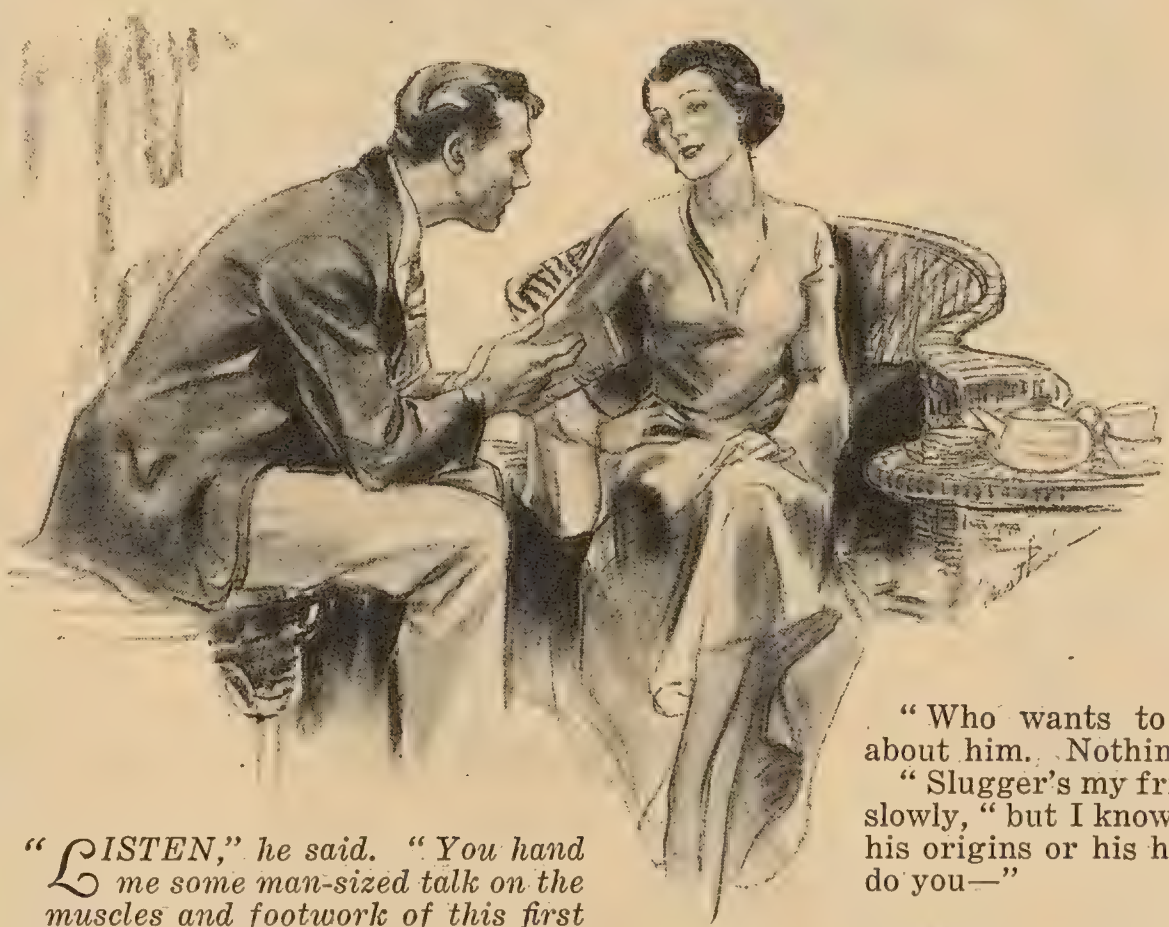
"Jerry," Pop breathed, "isn't it amazing? To think that a great splendid creature of muscle and iron like Slugger could be so gentle with children!"

"Baloney!" Jerry said.

"Three rounds," roared a small boy through the megaphone, "by request. Mr. O'Shea and an—an old boy—oldest boy in camp—Cholly Driscoll." He retired, gasping.

The ballroom rose in a body when Slugger entered the ring, and erupted into an urchin yell. Cartright tingled. Oddly the big fighter had frozen in his tracks, staring into space.

The bell hammered. Pop caught her breath. Cartright stared at her aghast. Pop was trembling.



"LISTEN," he said. "You hand me some man-sized talk on the muscles and footwork of this first chapter and I'll put on the gloves."

IN three rounds Slugger had been mysteriously defeated and Pop's lashes were wet. Cartright relentlessly steered her out of doors and walked her up and down in the air.

"Now, then," he demanded, "what the Sam Hill is the matter with you?"

"You're inhuman," Pop said, wiping her eyes. "You haven't even got good sense. Didn't you see? Slugger was homesick—"

"Quit blubbering! Head for the club porch," directed Cartright. "I'm going to buy you a pot of strong coffee and sober you up. You're on a sentimental bat."

Pop soberly drank the coffee.

"Jerry," she said then, "just why are men such idiots?"

"I'm not quite sure," said Cartright, "but I've always felt it was largely a matter of maternal inheritance."

"Wouldn't you think," Pop mused, "that when a girl deliberately lets a man know she likes him, and she knows furthermore that he's secretly—not indifferent—wouldn't you think he'd do something more about it?"

"My Lord!" exclaimed Cartright. "Are you trying to intimate that you're in love with *Slugger?*"

"I'm not intimating anything. I'm telling you. What'll I do to get him started?"

"Well, of all the brazen, hard-boiled, modern— What already have you done? How do you know you're in love?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Jerry, don't be a moron. Lately, every time I smile at Slugger he turns brick red, and whenever he smiles at me I almost smother."

"When—when did all this start?" Cartright wiped his forehead.

"The first day. The minute Slugger smiled. And his eyes. There's something in them gallant and inarticulate. Besides," raved Pop, "look at him!"

"Bah! Sex appeal."

"Mr. Driscoll wants him to get a boys' gymnasium job this winter and go to night school."

"He needs to."

"He talks better and better all the time," Pop said, "and you know it. When he puts his mind to it, he talks a great deal better than you do."

"Why the crack at me?" inquired Cartright. "Pete's sake, Pop, sit tight and do some thinking!"

"Who wants to think? I'm crazy about him. Nothing else matters."

"Slugger's my friend," said Cartright slowly, "but I know nothing at all about his origins or his history. And neither do you—"

"WHAT I want you to do," Pop interrupted again, "is to rush me like sin. That ought to help a lot. After all, you're not thirty yet, yourself. If you go at it right, you can make it plausible."

Mr. Cartright, pledged, went at it with speed and plausibility. He brought up heavy guns. Luncheons. The club's dinner dances. Many tea-time hours on the beach-club porch and hours in his roadster and his sailboat.

At the end of a week Pop was discouraged.

"He isn't any different, Jerry," she said, depressed. "You'll have to do better."

"I'd like that too," said Cartright.

"You're not public enough," went on Pop critically. "Lately your idea seems to be all the time to get behind things."

"I consider that plausible," Cartright pointed out. "However, there's a moon due. That'll step me up."

Pop for another week moped beside him in the moonlight. On Saturday, ostensibly to see her aunt, she entrained for Edgeboro, and turned up at Cartright's bungalow late Sunday afternoon driving the worst-looking motor vehicle Cartright had ever seen.

"I thought maybe this'd help," Pop said practically. "You won't lend me your car."

Cartright grunted. "To take Slugger out? Huh! Besides, I know how you drive. Where'd Slugger go this week-end?" he added curiously. "Or don't you know?"

They both knew Monday morning. Mr. O'Shea out of a week-end's disappearance produced a yellow roadster.

For three consecutive days to see Pop at all was to see her at the boathouse.

On Thursday, during some swimming races, Cartright trailed her to a chair on the beach and settled beside her.

"Girls next," said Pop, intent on the races. "Four years old. My pupils. I wanted to officiate with the megaphone, but Slugger wouldn't let me."

Cartright's glance alighted briefly on Slugger prowling along in a rowboat beside four male infants madly clawing water.

"Whence the custard-colored sport wagon," he inquired, "in which Slugger has been dragging you around the country?"

"Oh," said Pop, "he's had it all along. Home. Funny. I'd no idea he could dance so well. If only he wasn't so gloomy! Jerry, I've found out why Slugger quit the ring. They wanted him to—to go in the tank or take a dive or something like that—aquatic. Be crooked, he meant, and throw the fight for money; and he wouldn't. He quit cold."

Cartright whistled.

"He says too much talk about a thing like that gives fighting a bad name. Besides," Pop added irrelevantly, "his mother's got a weak heart."

"Slugger," said Cartright dryly, "seems practically to be surrounded by heart trouble."

"Slugger," Pop said, "is simply crazy about his mother. Some ways, Jerry, he's the gentlest thing on earth."

"He fights with beautiful gentleness," murmured Mr. Cartright. "It's been remarked. I've seen heavyweights so overcome with emotion at his gentleness that they practically had to be assisted out of the ring."

"Do you know, Jerry," Pop said unexpectedly, "sometimes he—depresses me. He really does. Gloom is—awfully tiresome."

Cartright's pulse beat quickened.

ALL of Sunday Pop was missing. So was Slugger and Slugger's car. Monday morning Cartright deliberately turned up at the inn and joined Pop at breakfast.

"Slugger," Pop told him immediately, "took me up farther into Connecticut to see his mother. A little old stony farm. A dear little old woman with snow-white hair."

"A small elderly rural female," summarized Cartright, snorting.

"We talked and talked," said Pop. "All day. Out in the orchard."

"You, of course, wouldn't miss an orchard."

"It's really his brother's farm. Funny—Slugger never once told me how wonderful he was in the navy."

"Slugger, no doubt," said Cartright, "would have been an admiral in no time if he hadn't had a contentious disposition."

He was angry all week.

Pop, he decided, was a lunatic. Pop wasn't a lunatic. Pop was an enigma, a Chinese puzzle, a sphinx, and a darned pretty girl. But was or wasn't she tired of Slugger? Work piled up unheeded on his drawing board.

Pop, he decided Saturday afternoon, when Pop vanished again in Slugger's car, was simply undependably Pop. You couldn't tell a thing about her.

A similar idea was at work in the head of Mr. O'Shea. Mr. O'Shea, at the minute, was worriedly eying a book in Pop's lap.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I'll tell you why I don't look as well dressed as other husbands!"

"ALL right. I agree I'm no Beau Brummel. And do you know why? It's these shirts you buy me. How can I look well-dressed when the collar points curl up around my ears—or the neckband's as loose as a horse collar? . . . Yes, I know you have to allow for shrinkage. But what happens then? After a couple of launderings, the cuffs come halfway to my elbows and I can't fasten the collar without a button hook. If you want me to look well-dressed, then find me some shirts that really fit—and keep *on* fitting."

You'll find those shirts, madam, at the store that carries Arrow Shirts. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees *permanent* fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered. A size 15 Arrow Shirt *stays* size 15 throughout its long and honorable career.

And you'll find too, madam, that Arrow Shirts are the best-fitting, best-looking shirts your husband ever wore. Take the collar—the part of a shirt that makes or mars its appearance. The experience gained in making four billion collars gives Arrow Shirts that trim, smart fit about the collar that is the despair of other makers. The next time you're tempted by a "bargain" shirt, buy a real bargain—the Arrow Gordon, a special cool Oxford, at $1.95. If it hasn't the Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — *or your money back*

WHEN SHE SMILED HE TURNED RED
Continued from page twenty-seven

"What's that?" he said in alarm. "Another grammar?"

"No," Pop said grimly. "That's poetry. I thought we'd stop the car in the woods somewhere and read it together."

"Poetry!" Slugger's dilated eyes traced the words, "Portuguese Love Sonnets," on the cover. "Gosh, Pop," he protested, "I can't understand Portuguese!"

"Maybe," Pop said, "you'll understand these."

Mr. O'Shea, very low in his mind, stopped the car in a grove of birches.

Pop, even with one eye, read well. The other eye obliquely was watching Mr. O'Shea's depressed profile. She read first a newspaper poem about love and what it is like. She read three sonnets. She said abruptly at the end of the third:

"Slugger, they can't possibly make you feel the way you look!"

"Worse!" said Slugger. "If I had the right kind of ears and there was a moon or something, I could sit right here and bay at it fierce."

"That," said Pop in a quivering voice, "is almost the most you've said to me at one time for days and days. You're awful. I don't see how a man can be as gloomy as you are and keep on living. I don't see how you could talk so little and—and ever grow up. I mean," cried Pop, "I don't see how you even got enough to eat in restaurants or anything! You take me back. And—and drop me at Jerry Cartright's bungalow. He understands me."

She came in on Cartright at a quarter of three, sputtering. "Jerry, I never want to see that man again. He's impossible."

Mr. O'Shea brought to Cartright's bungalow, at dawn, a quality of gloom unparalleled in Cartright's experience.

"Ain't been to bed," he said gruffly when Cartright let him in.

"Ain't," reminded Cartright automatically.

"Oh, Lord!" moaned Slugger, shedding raindrops like a shaggy dog. "Mind's off guard."

"It must be if you've gotten me out of bed at this hour—"

"I been up all night."

"You look it."

"Trampin' up and down the beach in pouring rain. Don't anybody ever tell me love's an ecstasy like that poem Pop read to me this afternoon—"

"Has Pop been reading you poetry?"

"Yeah. I got so low it made her sore." He relapsed into brooding silence.

"So you're in love!" said Cartright.

"Up to my neck," said Slugger. "Worse'n any of Pop's poets ever dreamed. Fierce. Knocked out. Down for the count."

"With—" Involuntarily Cartright stiffened. "With—Miss Perry?"

"Who?"

"Miss Perry!" thundered Cartright.

"Oh," said Slugger. "Pop. Good gosh, who else?"

A gust of wind and rain shook the windows. Cartright thought of Pop soundly asleep at the inn and longed to shake her. Pop was tiring. Pop's infatuation at last was blowing up.

"ALL last night," said Slugger, "I kept seeing myself in a joke cartoon. Me in the ring, a big rough bird, no silk. And, grinnin' at me, a cussed little paper weight of a guy with wings and bows and arrows."

"Cupid!" snorted Cartright in undisguised disgust.

"Cupid," assented Slugger morosely. "That's the bird. And he hauls off in th' cartoon and hands me a haymaker. There I was, out for the count. I'm tellin' you, guy, that little yegg packs an awful wallop."

"He certainly does," said Cartright with feeling.

Slugger rubbed back his wet dark hair with an angry jerk.

"Jerry," he groaned, "I got you up to tell you I'm a low-down hound. Funny. Whenever I put two kids into the ring, I tell 'em not to be yellow. And not to lose their tempers and get to sluggin' wild. Well, I'm one fine guy to preach, I am! I'm yellow. I'm sluggin' wild."

"Dan, are you crazy?"

"D'you know what I been doin', Jerry? I've been hating you like poison because you're fulla grammar and after Pop. I've been hoppin' around in the ring mad as hell. I even started sneaky to take Pop away from you if I could. And you put up the money to start my camp!"

"No man, Slugger, could be sneaky in a love affair with a car that color."

"All right," said Slugger sullenly, "be funny. You would. But that's why I'm here. Pop or no Pop, I'm quittin' the ring again."

He wiped his face.

"Peel off those wet clothes and get some sleep," growled Cartright, sorry for him.

Slugger obeyed drearily. He went instantly to sleep. Cartright breakfasted at the inn with Pop.

"Pop," he said when Slugger's plight had been fully revealed, "if ever again I catch you monkeying with the affections of an unsophisticated prize fighter—"

POP'S shining gaze bewildered him.

"Jerry," she exclaimed, "you must go right back and wake him up! Tell him just why you rushed me so and what we thought."

"I—was laboring under the impression that Slugger depressed you so you never wanted to see him again."

"He did," said Pop. "He does. He acts like a wooden Indian. That's why I tried the poetry. I'd have talked to you more about it, Jerry, but I came to realize that you might think my attitude—unmaidenly." Pop sniggered.

"You—unmaidenly! My dear Pop!"

"Jerry, please go. Tell him I'm absolutely crazy about him. Get him to do something about it."

"I'll do no such thing," retorted Cartright, rising. "He's got to find that out for himself. I'll start him off again, but if he has any more fits of nobility and gets to talking honorably, you'll have to handle him yourself."

He stalked out. Pop cast after him a fleeting worried glance.

He found Slugger dressed and walking the floor.

"I can't sleep," he said. "It's no use."

"You big, healthy brute, you've been asleep. You were asleep when I went out."

"Impossible!"

"Sit down!" roared Cartright, his nerves on edge. "Quit walking. I've got a lot of things to say."

"Sure," said Slugger. "You would have. I never knew such a guy for slingin' grammar."

"It becomes necessary for you to know," stated Cartright angrily, "that I started rushing Pop because you wouldn't." Slugger gaped. "I'd no idea you'd show up here wet and imbecilic and start in acting noble—"

"Y'mean, Jerry, you're not in love with Pop?"

Cartright eluded the question.

"I told you," he countered, "exactly why I began to rush her. To get some action out of you."

"Well," said Slugger excitably, "if you ask me, you took one awful chance, guy, of falling hard yourself."

His burning glance followed Cartright suspiciously to a window.

"It's clearing," said Cartright. "The thing for you to do is to get into some dry clothes and start in all over, minus the gloom. Maybe if you don't get too noble you'll get somewhere."

Slugger's throat evolved a weird new sound of abysmal dejection.

"What's the matter with you now?" inquired Cartright, wheeling. "Nobility? Or influenza?"

"It's no use," said Slugger. "I'm a yap. That's been on my mind too. I'm not the man for Pop. Pop's silk, Jerry; all silk."

"Lord!" Cartright muttered. "I'd sooner manage prima donnas."

"Pop wouldn't marry a guy like me, Jerry. She couldn't—"

I'm darned, thought Cartright, if I'll tell him what a brazen, lovesick little brute Pop is. "Where you going?"

"I don't know," said Slugger. "I don't care. I feel even worse'n I did." He went out hastily and slammed the door.

Cartright watched him tramping north.

The cartoon which he chose presently to pencil on a fresh sheet of paper contained a prize ring, Cupid and Slugger, and a referee who bore a marked resemblance to Mr. Cartright himself. In the final sketch, with zigzag lines emerging from a giant bell, Slugger lay flat at Cupid's feet. So did the referee, knocked out in a moment of interference.

Pop's voice in the doorway startled him.

"I'D have come before," explained Pop, breathing rapidly, "but Mrs. Bruce brought Polly over to the inn. I have to give her a swimming lesson. Polly. She's outside, waiting. Where's Slugger?"

"The last I saw of him," said Cartright, "he was rushing manfully into the north, away from you. You're silk. Not for him. He'll suffer without sleep until age withers his inferiority complex, but until death it's all off."

"Oh," moaned Pop, "how awful! After the idiotic way we've worked and wasted time rushing around together like a pair of love birds."

"That Bruce brat is peeping in at the doorway," Cartright warned. "Don't look so melodramatic."

"I've even bulldozed Aunt Hetty by telephoning every day, and if I put in a little more work on her I know I can wear her down. She's sure to give her consent. I got his mother all stirred up too, and she went on a bus and called on Aunt Hetty just because I asked her to. Jerry, will you keep the Bruce infant?"

"I certainly will not. Where you going?"

"I'm going to stalk Slugger and propose to him."

"Pop!"

But Pop was gone and a small female with an ingratiating grin was sidling through the doorway.

"If you let out a peep or upset any ink," Cartright told her savagely, "I'll throw you out on your neck."

His visitor glanced once at his face and fled with a wail.

In the path of Pop's flying feet a dejected figure sat on a sand dune and stared at the sea.

"Slugger!" Pop gasped.

Slugger scrambled to his feet, his face scarlet.

"Who—who's the kid?" he stammered. "Behind you."

Pop swung in her tracks.

"Go back!" she shouted. "Go back, Polly. Go back to Mr. Cartright."

Polly stopped.

"W-what's the matter, Pop?"

"What's the matter?" demanded Pop, winking back her tears. "I should think you'd be ashamed to ask." She wheeled again.

Miss Bruce with a joyful squeal scampered forward. Pop ferociously waved her arms.

"Polly," she shrieked, "if you come a step nearer, I'll drown you! Go back! Go back! Go back to Mr. Cartright."

A flying object which resembled Mr. Cartright leaped into view from behind a sand dune, snatched up Polly and removed her, screaming.

"Danny O'Shea," cried Pop, "how can you stand there staring like that? If I didn't love you so much, I'd hate the sight of you."

"P-p-pamela!"

"Don't call me Pamela!"

"Pop!" said Slugger. His eyes darkened. "You don't know what you're saying. You can't—"

"I do," said Pop. "I'm telling you, Danny O'Shea, that I love you. I love you, you big, inhuman brute, and my intentions are honorable. I'm asking you to marry me."

"Me!" said Slugger. "Me!"

Pop, in his arms, wept hysterically into a sodden sweater.

For the first time in Slugger's ring career there was at hand no referee to break his clinch.

THE END

Even at School, Life's a

BEAUTY CONTEST

Keep your Skin Fresh and Lovely

Take the five girls you know best. Are they prettier than you are—with finer skins? How would you compare with them in life's daily Beauty Contest? Keep *your* skin alluring—flower-like with Camay. Get a dozen cakes today!

Every time men look at you, you are in one of life's daily Beauty Contests. All men admire the girl whose skin is lovely. Don't envy other girls . . . have exquisite skin, yourself, with Camay's gentle help. Then you'll win!

Do this! Make a thick, creamy lather with Camay and warm water. Rinse with cold. Now your skin is as fresh as dew . . . the first step toward a beautiful complexion.

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CAMAY

The Soap
of
BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

Jackie Cooper and Charles ("Chic") Sale in When a Feller Needs a Friend.

Crime, Sobs,

A Former Stage Play, Anothe
a Newspaper Yarn Among

By FREDERICK

Ralph Bellamy and Elissa Landi in The Woman in Room 13.

(Reading time: 6 minutes.)

FOLLOWING upon the heels of its many productions of newspaper stories Hollywood intended to center upon the Broadway-gossip columnist as its next cinematic hero.

Warner Brothers bought the screen rights to Blessed Event, the New York stage play which told the story of the rise to fame of a young man who combed the night clubs for the gossip of a nation.

Another cross section of a columnist's heart, called Is My Face Red? moved into work at the Radio Pictures studio.

All the other motion-picture moguls rushed out to get similar yarns and the race for the first completed production had every indication of being a keen one.

Then suddenly the producers shelved their plans. They decided first to observe the fate of Blessed Event and Is My Face Red?

The exhibitors have been complaining about the number of films with a city-room background, only one of which, Five Star Final, has been a real hit. All the rest, including that excellent pioneer, Front Page, have done just passably.

The public doesn't seem to care about the heartaches behind the headlines.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13

CAST

Laura	Elissa Landi
John Bruce	Ralph Bellamy
Paul Ramsey	Neil Hamilton
Sari Lodar	Myrna Loy
Victor Legrand	Gilbert Roland
Howard Ramsey	Walter Walker

Directed by Henry King.
Produced by Fox.

Based on an old stage melodrama of Samuel Shipman and Max Marcin, this emotional tale of persecuted innocence has all the faults of this sort of play-writing. Characterization, reason, and logic go overboard in the building of a big dramatic situation.

Here we are asked to accept the idea that a young and loving husband, believing that his wife has killed a tenor of unsavory reputation after a rendezvous, assumes the blame of murder. The wife, believing her husband guilty, goes on the witness stand and swears away her reputation so that the unwritten law may be pleaded.

On these false premises a big courtroom scene is developed, with the hysterical and harassed young wife blasting her name before the merciless questioning of the district attorney.

It never occurs to any of the characters to speak out with the truth. The playwrights see to that, for the melodrama would have ended with the first-act curtain.

To Elissa Landi goes the unreasonable part of the wife, Laura. She makes the young woman interesting, chic, and personable. Neil Hamilton gets the stuffed rôle of the husband; Gilbert Roland makes his first important talkie appearance as the amorous tenor; and Ralph Bellamy plays the young wife's vengeful first husband.

★★ WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

CAST

Eddie Randall	Jackie Cooper
Uncle Jonas	Charles ("Chic") Sale
Mr. Randall	Ralph Graves
Mrs. Randall	Dorothy Peterson
Froggie	Andy Shufford

Directed by Harry Pollard.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Another kid story—and, like most of the films of boyhood, it oversentimentalizes the joys and tragedies of school days.

Little Eddie Randall has a crippled leg and so he is forever barred from the games and pleasures of healthy youth. Old Uncle Jonas tries to steal

and Thrills

Kid Story, Stunt Flying, and
the Current Pictures

JAMES SMITH

Jack Oakie, Virginia Bruce, and Richard Arlen in Sky Bride.

Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan in Roadhouse Murder.

him away from his supervised and pampered boyhood, but there can be no real freedom for Eddie. Children of the neighborhood treat him with the careless cruelty of youth. Parents fear for him. But Uncle Jonas does his bit to save Eddie from becoming a moral as well as a physical weakling.

This film touches superficially the tragedy of Eddie. Oversentimental, it motivates its children with adult reasoning. Thus Eddie wants to go to the party given by the little girl next door because she is coy and pretty. I suspect his real motive revolves around a plate or two of ice cream.

Jackie Cooper, so compelling in The Champ, plays Eddie as well as possible, and Charles ("Chic") Sale does Uncle Jonas with his usual vaudeville effectiveness.

★ SKY BRIDE

CAST

Speed Condon	Richard Arlen
Alex Dugan	Jack Oakie
Eddie	Tom Douglas
Bill Adams	Harold Goodwin
Ruth Dunning	Virginia Bruce

Directed by Stephen E. Roberts.
Produced by Paramount.

In providing thrills for country-fair crowds, Speed Condon crashes his plane into his best pal's ship. The machines zoom to the ground and the pal is killed. Speed loses his nerve and cannot bring himself to go aloft again, until a little boy gets tangled in the landing gear of a plane. Then Speed forgets his fear and goes to the rescue. Something of an aërial variation of The Crowd Roars, this carries no such zest and interest. Richard Arlen is pleasant enough as Speed; Jack Oakie tries hard to buoy up the disjointed incidents as the air-circus spieler. This, by the way, is the film that ended the career of Stunt Man Leo Nomis.

No stars ROADHOUSE MURDER

CAST

Chick Brian	Eric Linden
Mary Agnew	Dorothy Jordan
Fred Dykes	Bruce Cabot
Louise Rand	Phyllis Clare
Joyce	Roscoe Ates
Inspector Agnew	Purnell Pratt

Directed by J. Walter Ruben.
Produced by Radio.

As an ex-newspaper man, I cannot help but wince at some of the motion-picture yarns now being rushed out of Hollywood. This one, for instance, has for its hero a cub reporter who chances upon a double murder in a lonely roadhouse, casts suspicions upon himself so that he will be sought for the crime, and then, from hiding, writes for his tabloid his "impressions of a hunted man." When he comes to disclose his innocence, he finds his proof stolen. For a time it appears that he will meet a well deserved fate. I doubt if a more unbelievable yarn will emanate from the movie art centers this year.

Do you know that—

Harold Lloyd has almost completed Movie Crazy, his comic picture of a timorous boob who becomes famous in Hollywood in spite of himself?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months—

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

★★★—Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy.

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91X—$100. Inclined Sounding Board, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, Twin Speakers, Echo Absorbing Screen, 9 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, etc. 8-Tube receiver for Direct Current, in similar cabinet with Inclined Sounding Board $100.

91 X

71D—$79.95. *With Doors*, 7 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, Twin Speakers, Automatic Volume Control, etc. With 9 Tubes, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, etc. $99.50. With 8 Tubes for Direct Current $89.50. With 7 Tubes for battery operation, space for all batteries provided in cabinet $85.

71-D

BABY GRAND—$46.50—No. 71B, 7 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, Electro Dynamic Speaker. No. 91B, 9 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, Automatic Volume Control, etc. $68.50. 7-Tube, Battery operated $59.50. 8-Tube Direct Current with marvelous tone due to new Pentode output $59.50. No. 52B Alternating Current, 5-Tube, Pentode Output, Electro Dynamic Speaker, Illuminated Dial, etc. $36.50.

BABY GRAND

23X RADIO-PHONOGRAPH—$195. Twin Speakers, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, 9 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, etc. All-electric phonograph playing long or short records. Automatic Stop. Crotch Walnut Doors. Curved Butt Walnut Panels. Radio-phonograph with Automatic Record Changer $295.

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Ask your radio dealer or the Philco Book of Facts giving full details on all models.

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EXTENSION SPEAKER—$15. For those wishing to extend radio reception to more than one room from a single receiver. Moving-coil speaker with clear tone and abundant volume. Several may be attached to a single receiver.

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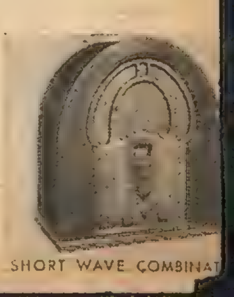
SHORT WAVE COMBINATION—$59.50. 8 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, Electro Dynamic Speaker. Also, Highboy with six legs and Twin Speakers $79.50. Inclined Sounding Board model with Twin Speakers $100.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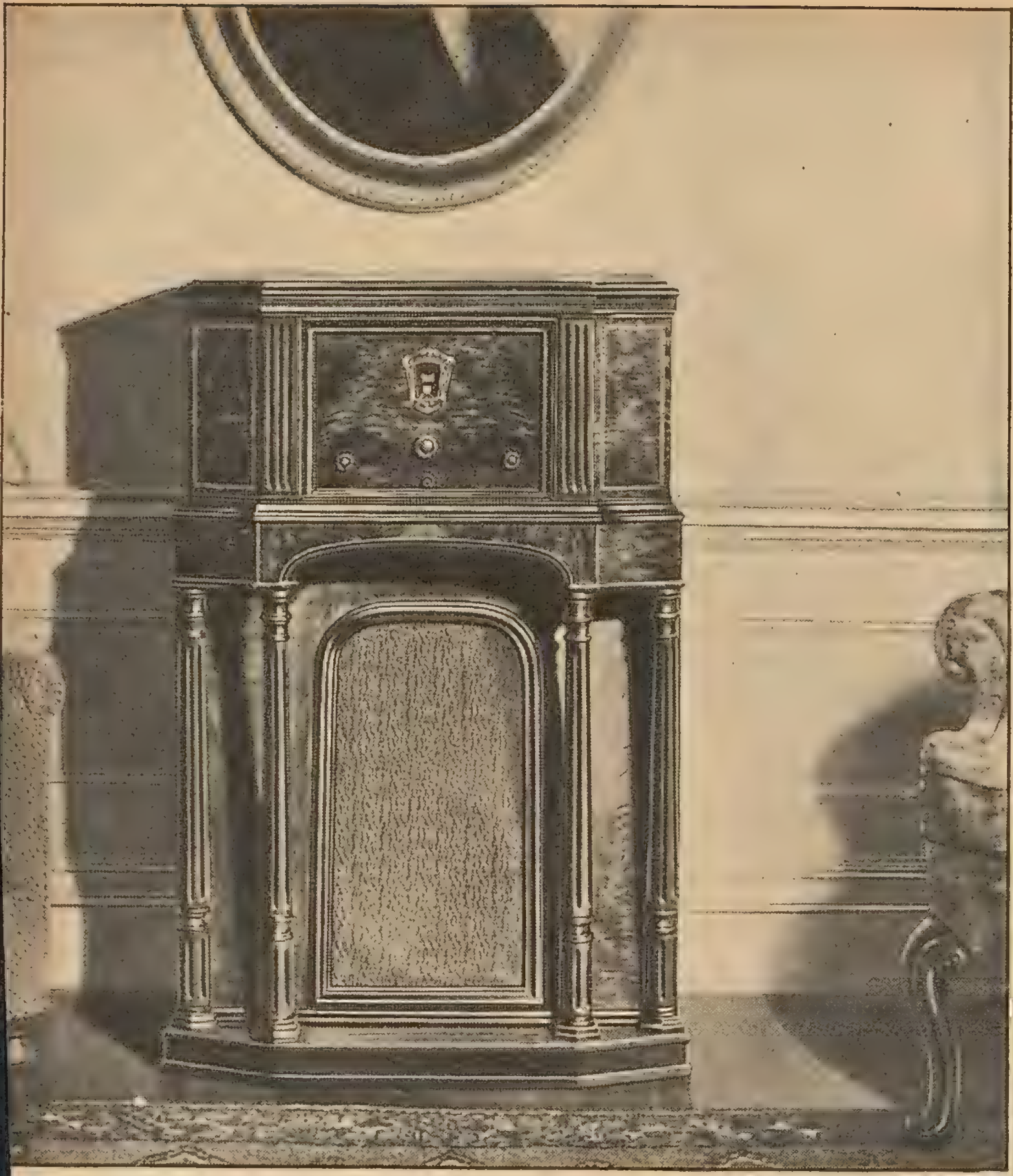


5X—$150. Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers, Shadow Tuning, leven PHILCO HIGH EFFICIENCY TUBES including six entodes, Tone Control, Automatic Volume Control, Tuning ilencer, Distance Switch, Illuminated Station Recording ial, Illuminated Grille, and every other worthwhile nprovement in radio.

The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the st time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproiction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back events echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only om front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of und chamber affords clear unboxed tone. Patented.

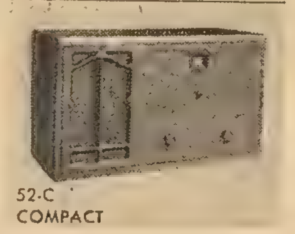
RADIO CLOCK—(not illustrated) which automatically turns your radio on and off, a perfect electric timepiece, genuine Mahogany cabinet $15.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK—$89.50. 7 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, Electro Dynamic Speaker. All-electric synchronous motor, perfect timepiece.

91L—$89.50. Twin Speakers, Shadow Tuning, Tuning Silencer, 9 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Automatic Volume Control, Curved Walnut Panels, etc.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK

91 L



52-C COMPACT

52 C—COMPACT—$39.50. 5-Tube Superheterodyne, Pentode Tube, Electro Dynamic Speaker, Black Walnut Cabinet, satinwood inlay, hand-rubbed.

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71 H

71H—$69.50. Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers, Automatic Volume Control, 7 Tubes, 4 Pentodes, Tone Control, etc. Sliced Black Walnut, Oriental Wood, figured Butt Walnut and Rosewood Inlay. With 8 Tubes for Direct Current $79.50.

LAZYBOY—$69.50. A distinctive radio in end table cabinet of American Walnut and Oriental Wood, 7 Tubes, 3 Pentodes, etc. Controlled by one double knob at top. Tune from your chair without getting up.

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71L—$59.50, 7 Tubes, Balanced Superheterodyne, Automatic Volume Control, Electro Dynamic Speaker. 7-Tube Battery Operated $69.50.

- Every PHILCO a Balanced Superheterodyne
- Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers
- Shadow Tuning
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- Automatic Volume Control
- Pentode Tubes (6 in 11-Tube sets)
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What the Republican Platform *Must Stand For* This Year

Senator Simeon D. Fess, Republican Whip in the Senate, Says the G. O. P. Will Stand on the President's Record and Indicates What His Party's Chief Planks Will Be

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 19 minutes 45 seconds.)

"THE individual citizen and the individual community have no right to escape their responsibility by thrusting their burdens upon the broad shoulders of Uncle Sam. The law of supply and demand, like the law of gravity, cannot be supplanted by governmental decrees. Kings may command, but the oceans refuse to obey."

Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, the Republican "whip" in the Senate, spoke quietly, but his lips tightened with determination.

Fess was the "keynoter" of the Republican Party in 1928. He will be one of the men who hammer into shape the platform upon which President Hoover seeks his reelection. Many look upon him as the voice of President Hoover. Fess indignantly denies that he speaks for anyone except himself. But even he cannot deny that, whereas men like Borah represent the Progressive wing of the Grand Old Party, he enunciates the creed of the Fundamentalists. And the Republican Party will stand pat. Its platform will be written by men like Fess. It will not be written by Borah, Brookhart, Norris, or La Follette.

"The United States," the senator insists, "must solve national problems in accordance with certain fundamental principles without regard to erratic theories or the emotional appeals of the moment." In that respect Fess finds himself one with President Hoover.

The Republican Platform as Forecast by Senator Fess

THE platform will indorse the achievements of the Hoover administration, stressing: the war-debt moratorium; the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other banking reforms; the President's prevention of strikes; his leadership against the depression.

The platform will favor—

- Expansion of public works and public building, limited to things that are necessary and things that will eventually pay for themselves.
- Agricultural relief along the lines of coöperative marketing.
- Federal power regulation, also regulation and reconstruction of railroads.
- Limitation of war veterans' bonuses to "emergencies."
- Prohibition law enforcement.
- Philippine independence—"in the future."

And it will oppose—

- Any emergency increase of the power of the President to deal with depression problems.
- Any dole. "The municipalities and the states should take care of their own unemployed."
- Recognition of Soviet Russia "at present."
- American participation in the affairs of Europe, beyond "good will" and a possible safeguarded adoption of "the machinery of the World Court."

The platform will indorse the Farm Board and the Tariff Commission. It may be expected to declare that Muscle Shoals "must be worked—if possible, privately"; to favor selective immigration; and to favor limiting the power of the courts to interfere in labor disputes by injunction.

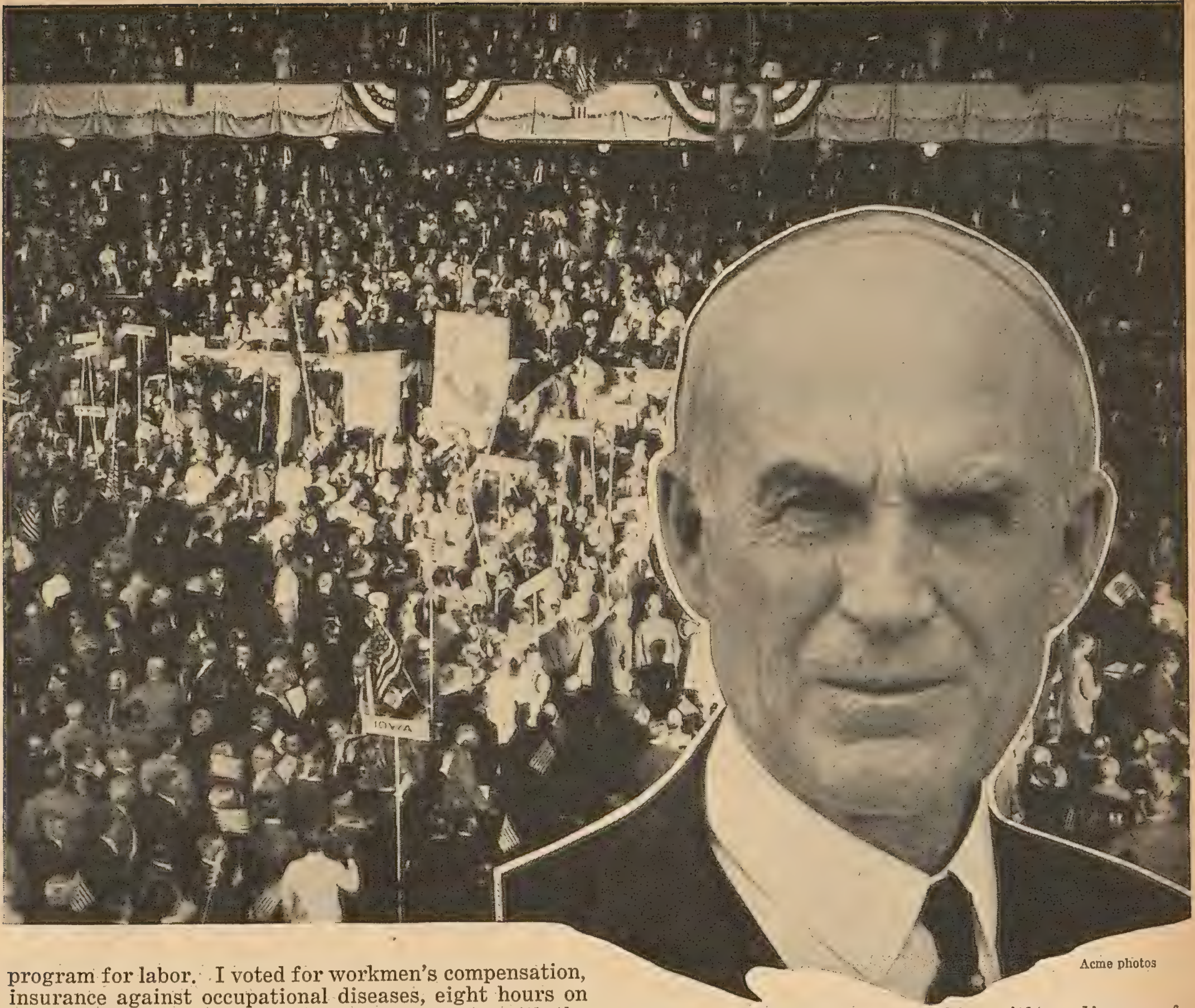
"Will this," I asked, "be the keynote of the Republican platform?"

"The Republican National Convention," Fess replied, "will write its own platform."

But it is safe to make certain predictions with regard to its fundamental planks after talking to Fess. Fess is a standpatter, by the standards of the postwar age. It may be that, to the men who ruled the Republican Party in the days of McKinley, Fess would seem a dangerous radical. He has no objection to a mild inflation held in check and controlled by agencies of the government, and he has sponsored a bill to guarantee bank deposits.

Senator Fess refuses to be called a standpatter.

"As vice president of the Constitutional Convention in Ohio in 1912," he remarked to me, "I supported the primary system, woman suffrage, state prohibition, and the initiative and referendum. In fact," he added, "I headed the voluntary committee which wrote the initiative and referendum into the constitution of my state. I took the leading part in the



Acme photos

Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, with a glimpse of the demonstration in the Republican National Convention of 1928 that acclaimed the nomination of Herbert Hoover for President.

program for labor. I voted for workmen's compensation, insurance against occupational diseases, eight hours on public works—in fact, for the entire program, with the single exception of the minimum wage, which I opposed as economically unsound. I also secured a modification of the tax system. All these measures were regarded as outstandingly progressive. It is difficult for me to realize that anybody could legitimately call me a standpatter."

"Compared with Borah and Norris," I interjected, "you are the standpattest of the standpatters."

"I think," Senator Fess replied somewhat quizzically, "I am called a standpatter only because I have not played the part of an insurgent. A firm believer in party responsibility, I have always been a member of the team to carry into effect the platform adopted by the convention upon which the election was conducted and the President elected. This is the basis of the charge of standpattism against me. In reality there is not a man in either House of Congress whose legislative background is more constructive than mine."

SENATOR FESS has no patience with men of little faith in America.

"Our fields," he continued, "are still fertile, our industry is still efficient. Our gold reserve is the largest of any country. Our transportation system is suffering only from an embarrassment of riches. If it has broken down, it is not for lack of transportation agencies. It is only hurt by their multiplication. We have four-fifths of the banking resources of the world. We control a greater amount of gold than has ever been within the limits of our country.

"Our banking resources are here. Our manufacturing plants are here. Our ability to manufacture is here. We have the same captains of industry. We have the same ingenuity in industry that we have ever had. And we have the finest skilled labor that produces more to the unit than any other country in the world.

"These are the basic elements at the foundation of any great prosperity, and they are here. What is lacking?"

The senator's blue eyes seemed to pierce mine.

"Confidence!" he exclaimed. "The confidence that is necessary to support a sound credit system. That is the thing we lack. We need a prophet to convince our people that their institutions of credit are sound. President Hoover is the voice that leads us out of the wilderness of economic despair.

"From the first President Hoover has had a very definite program carefully planned for the future as well as for the present. It was he who used every possible effort to cushion the shock from the collapse of security prices in the stock market, to relieve unemployment and distress, and to restore the economic balance shattered by the war and correct the economic dislocation that followed the war.

"Hoover's motives have been judged too narrowly. When in the beginning he called the leaders of labor as well as of capital for consultation, he safeguarded the country from disturbances which might create opportunities for Bolshevist propaganda. In our last period of depression, during 1921 and 1922, the country bled from two thousand wounds caused by over two thousand strikes. Owing to Mr. Hoover's timely intervention, there have been practically no strikes in the present crisis.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM MUST STAND FOR THIS YEAR
Continued from page thirty-five

He told both employers and workers that upon their decision rested something infinitely more important than profits—public order and the stability of the Republic. Both employers and employees accepted this decision. Wages declined, but not with the suddenness that would have imperiled the social structure.

"The President realized that the depression would take a long time and that the task would be too much for the federal government. He therefore set all local and municipal forces into action."

"But, senator," I remarked, "the President assured us that the crisis would be soon over and that prosperity was around the corner."

Senator Fess shrugged his shoulders.

"The President was mistaken, like everyone else. I might say that the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Mr. Raskob, predicted that the depression would be over within a year. The greatest financial experts were misled."

"Hoover is not a superman," I said. "He suffers now because he was exploited as such."

"No," Fess admitted, "Hoover is not a superman. He is merely an exceedingly able man confronted with a situation that demands superhuman ability. Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and George Washington rolled into one could not have solved the problems created by the unprecedented dimensions of the World War. Similarly, no one man, no combination of men, could solve all the problems presented by the economic cataclysm that shook the world.

© Harris & Ewing

Senator George W. Norris, one of Fess's antagonists.

"Hoover has borne a superhuman burden practically from the day he took the oath of office. For even then the difficulties which confront us now were slowly gathering. Six months after his inauguration the business cyclone affecting every nation on earth struck the United States. From that day to the present he has waged, almost single-handed, a contest against adversity.

"The plans which he has promulgated have unquestionably lightened the burdens of our people. They are without counterpart in history. Night and day at the helm, he never idles. Leaders of this nation and leaders of other nations have come to him for guidance. He is upheld in the midst of destruction by his faith in the American destiny. Because of this faith he clings tenaciously to the fundamental principles upon which the Republic rests, without regard to clamors for new and untried and un-American experiments.

"This is the fifteenth serious crisis through which the United States has passed in the span of one hundred years. Herbert Hoover is the first President who corralled the strength of the nation in a great movement to mitigate the suffering and to wage war on every front against the forces of depression. It is upon his record that the Republican Party will wage its fight."

"CAN you," I asked, "forecast to me in detail the most important planks of the platform?"

"I can only give you my personal slant. I cannot speak for the President or the convention."

Senator Fess drew forth a memorandum.

"Undoubtedly," he remarked, as he glanced over it, "the party platform will indorse emphatically one of Hoover's greatest achievements—the war-debt moratorium. The Hoover moratorium saved Germany and Europe from complete collapse. 'The whole face of the world was changed in half an hour by the dramatic announcement of President Hoover's offer,' according to the British Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald. Heinrich Bruening, Chancellor of Germany, characterized the President's act as 'an historical event of the very greatest significance.' Mussolini called it 'a magnificent gesture.'"

"The American people," I interjected, "fear that the moratorium was the first step to cancellation."

The senator's face hardened. "To renew a man's note," he said, "does not mean that it is canceled."

"Will the Republican Party countenance further entanglements in Europe?" I questioned.

"American participation in Europe," the senator replied, "will be confined to good will. The American people have decided by overwhelming majorities against entangling alliances and Leagues of Nations. That is no reason why we should not, with certain safeguards, adopt the machinery of the World Court. Arbitration of international disputes is sound American doctrine."

"Will the Republican Party change its attitude on the recognition of Soviet Russia?"

"The platform will probably oppose Russian recognition at present."

"What of Philippine independence?"

"It will support Philippine independence—in the future."

THEN, hurriedly glancing over the page, he continued: "There are certain predictions that can safely be made. The platform will be favorable to federal power regulation and to the regulation and consolidation of railroads. It was Hoover who called the heads of the railroads together. If the dream of a unified system is realized, we shall be indebted to him.

"The platform will, no doubt, indorse various banking reforms sponsored by the administration and passed with the coöperation of both parties: the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, with resources of two billion dollars to furnish necessary credits otherwise unobtainable under existing circumstances, and to assure the maintenance of our commercial fabric; the strengthening of the federal land-bank system in the interests of the farmer; the creation of a system of home-loan discount banks, country banks, savings banks, and building and loan associations; the development of plans with the full financial assistance of the federal government to assure early distribution to depositors of closed banks, and the revision of our banking laws to safeguard depositors more effectively in the future; the maintenance of public finance on a sound basis by drastic economy; the creation of a five-hundred-million-dollar national credit association; and other constructive measures whose full importance will not be realized perhaps until we view the Hoover administration in historical retrospect."

"What," I said, "of the tariff?"

"The Republican Party stands for the Tariff Commission."

"And what of Muscle Shoals?"

"Muscle Shoals," Fess replied, "must be worked. If possible, privately. If not, then by the government."

"Will the platform demand the expansion of public works and public buildings as a measure of counteracting the depression?"

"Undoubtedly. We are spending today three times more on the erection of new buildings than ever before in our history. The amount devoted to this program in a single year is equal to the total expense of building the Panama Canal. Federal construction, I take it, should be limited to that which has a reproductive element. We should not put somebody to work to do a thing that we may not want or may not need, but should limit our efforts to things that are necessary and things that are sound, things that eventually will pay for themselves."

"What of legislation affecting war veterans?"

Again the senator's features hardened.

"Bonuses should be limited to emergencies."

"And what will be your attitude on unemployment? Would you favor direct aid for the unemployed under any circumstances whatever?"

"If"—the senator bristled—"starvation could not be prevented without direct intervention of the federal government I would favor that step, but we have not reached such a pass. Once we take that step, we shall never reach the end of the road. The unemployed will regard it then as their right to demand of the government work or food. Taxation will become intolerable.

"The money needed to supply a permanent fund for the unemployed will stagger even the richest country in the world. Great Britain is now paying a dole to two and one-half million people. It is the dole that broke England's back financially and compelled her to desert the gold standard. Germany, for the same reason, is on the brink of bankruptcy. Human nature is the same in this country as in Europe.

"The municipalities and the states should take care of the needs of their own unemployed. The moment the federal government makes such appropriations, our feet sink in a morass of limitless expenditures. The very distance of the source of the aid deadens the sense of obligation and the sense of responsibility of the individual recipient."

"But," I said, "we freely lend federal funds to banks and to railroads."

"These are loans which we expect to collect; not doles. If we enter upon the practice of feeding the American people, or any considerable portion of them, out of the federal treasury, any time that any community suffers unemployment it will immediately run to Washington for relief. The politicians will respond to the demand and relief will be offered irrespective of its permanent effect on the government. If this matter is thrown into the hands of the politicians, God save the United States!"

The senator paused; then, quietly, he continued:

"The economic crisis that overwhelms us at present is the progeny of the war, which made us ignore temporarily economic laws that cannot be defied with impunity.

"The call went out to all the world: 'Grow wheat to feed the soldiers.' And the call went out to conserve wheat, irrespective of the law of supply and demand. As a result the world was choked with wheat.

"Recently eleven nations met to deal with the surplus of wheat. Three of them could produce all the world's demand without calling upon any of the others. Is it surprising that wheat dropped to the lowest price known to any man living today? Similarly, rubber and coffee became drugs in the market.

"Industry, under the spur of war, likewise outraced consumption. Formerly we abided by the homely suggestion: 'Work and Save.' Then the formula changed to: 'Work and Spend.' That is fine—as long as we get the work, but serious when work ceases.

"There have been many suggestions as to what should be the remedy of the new problem of unemployment growing out of the new efficiency of the machine age. Some advocate a shorter day or a shorter week. That principle may be sound, but industry itself must apply it. I do not relegate it to the government. No governmental measure can take the place of individual initiative. But individual initiative can do much to set the machinery going. We shall yet whip the depression."

SENATOR FESS is silent on prohibition.

"What conclusions," I asked, "will the Republicans draw from the report of the Wickersham Commission?"

The senator shook his head.

"I cannot discuss that. Personally, I am a dry."

The Republican platform will piously indorse law enforcement. No President could run on a platform of nonenforcement of the law. But a clever candidate, desiring to please the wets, could pledge himself to enforce all laws impartially, without undue emphasis upon the Volstead Act or the Eighteenth Amendment.

Mr. Hoover, like Fess, is a dry. The wets can look for little comfort from them. Nevertheless, the feeling prevails that the Republican platform in 1932 will be less arid than in 1928. But no inkling of such an admission passed through the senator's tightly closed lips.

"The platform," he remarked, "will, no doubt, favor selective immigration as heretofore. It will be favorable to legislation limiting the power of the courts to interfere in labor disputes by injunction. It will stress agricultural relief along the lines of coöperative marketing, and will stand by the Farm Board. It will recommend a federal guaranty of reclamation and drainage district bonds. It will support the strengthening of home-building loan banks. And it will take the traditional stand against any deviation from the gold standard."

"You would not," I said, "give the President more power to deal with the problems arising from the depression?"

"The President has gone to the farthest limit under the law. There are limits beyond which we cannot go."

"But," I said, "there is a popular demand for more decisive action."

"Some of the remedies suggested," he sternly retorted, "are worse than the disease. America will pursue the sound economic and constitutional course, respecting the law of the land in government. Even today we do not suffer as some other nations do. We were the last to come into the shadow of the depression. We will be the first to get out of it."

Acme photo

Coolidge as President was Fess's admiring friend.

FESS fights the Democratic minority, and never runs away from a fight with rebels within his own party. He may not be the equal of Borah in debate but he is his equal in pugnacity.

"I have long since passed the place where any vote of mine would be given because it might be a popular thing to do," the senator grimly remarked. "I refuse to support any measure that does not seem sound to me."

The combativeness of the senator from Ohio becomes understandable in the light of his childhood.

"I have always had to fight for everything I achieved," he confessed to me, turning his horn-rimmed glasses upon me.

His smile, like a wintry sun, lit up without warming his countenance.

All his life Fess has battled and whipped adverse fates. His friends point out that, like Lincoln, he was born in a log cabin. Simeon was one of seven children. He was hardly more than a babe when his father died. Mother Fess found it hard to feed seven hungry mouths. Often the children went to bed without dinner.

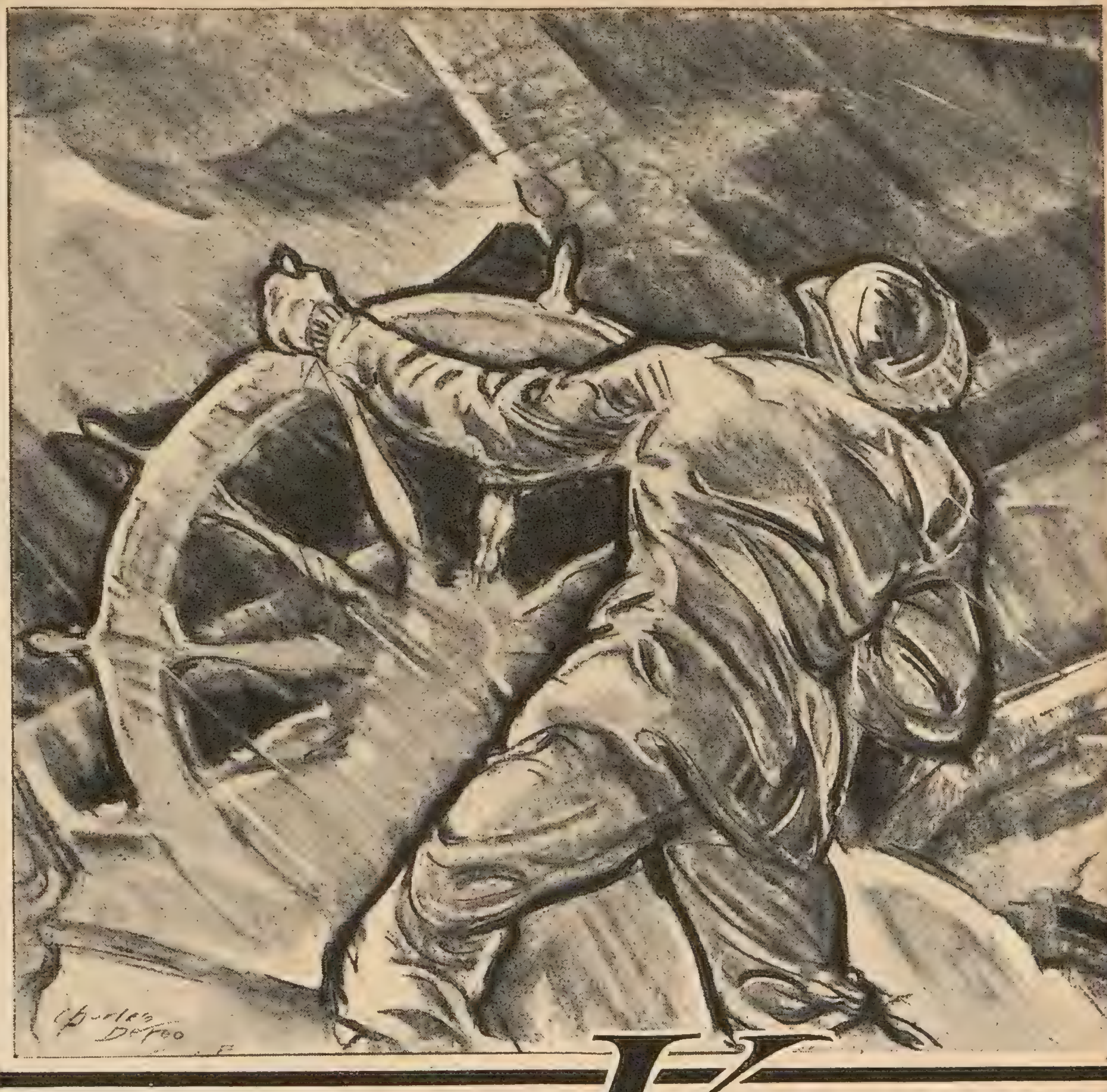
Thirteen years passed before Simeon was conscious that his mind was starved. Hungry for knowledge as he was for bread, he wrestled with fate for an education. Before he was twenty-eight he was professor of history at Ohio Northern University. Fess is a doctor of law. Civics and history are his specialty. By 1907, at the age of forty-six, he became president of Antioch, the college made famous by Horace Mann.

Eager to translate his political theories into practice, Fess turned from education to politics. He entered the House in 1913, the Senate in 1923. His public activities won the recognition of six Presidents—McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Coolidge warmed up to him more than to any other member of the Senate. Hoover, like Coolidge, honors Fess with his friendship; and Washington, in spite of his protest, regards him as the mouthpiece of the administration. In accordance with his hard upbringing and his Methodist conscience, Fess does not hesitate to advocate unpopular causes. It seems curious that a poor boy, who knew what hunger meant, should oppose federal relief for hungry men. Perhaps the very rigor of his fight conspired with his education to make him despise sentimentalism.

The senator can be genial enough when he trims the roses on his seven-acre farm, but when he discusses affairs of state his blue eyes freeze. He remembers his textbooks on politics, and immolates emotion upon the altar of principle. No revolutionary plank will be smuggled into the Republican platform, except over the dead body of Simeon D. Fess.

THE END

Pictures by
CHARLES DE FEO



KIN

A Drama of the Sea that Was

By CAPTAIN

(Reading time: 24 minutes 44 seconds.)

WHITE heat of sun, and the throat-catching reek of guano. Bleached, worn decks, scarred and rusted iron, and forlorn gear all shrieking the requiem of sail.

Under an awning aft, threadbare and sun-dried, but white-scrubbed, and taut as a clipper's bowlines on a wind, Ben Jollif fidgeted on uneasy feet, his cap in his twisting fingers, trying not to seem eager while waiting at the chart-room door for his mail. It was the last mail bag expected before the Forfar sailed for home. Captain Porteus stepped out, ignoring Ben, looking forward, a letter in his hand.

"Shall I take it, sir?" offered old Ben brightly. Old Ben was expecting a letter with all the strings of his soul stretched to cracking. He dared not ask the captain if he might possibly have overlooked it.

He licked his dry lips and winced when Porteus said with quite unnecessary brutality: "Get to hell for'ard! You're too anxious to handle other men's letters." And, turning aft, called to the mate: "Can you not find work for this old sojer? What's he hanging about here for?"

Ben Jollif climbed aloft with a slush pot. His bones creaked with rheumatism, and his gnarled fingers had knobby knuckles which often threatened to refuse to support him up there on the dizzy heights where younger men should be.

Ben never grumbled. The mates were easier on him than the skipper. But even the indifferent hands in the forecastle noticed that he was put upon—one shrewd rascal, who had known Ben years ago, said that Captain Porteus hated to have a seaman under him who had been mate of a crack clipper when Porteus was still swinging on a gate in short pants.

From fore truck to topmast head, then from main truck, and from mizzen truck, Ben greased all the topgallant and royal masts, and when he clambered stiffly down the sun was almost gone. The men had all but finished their supper. Ben didn't care much about that. He was too weary to feel hungry. He was tired and disappointed. He broke biscuit, dipping it in his nearly cold bitter tea. It was all tasteless to him. Why was there no letter?

The second mate came to the forecastle door.

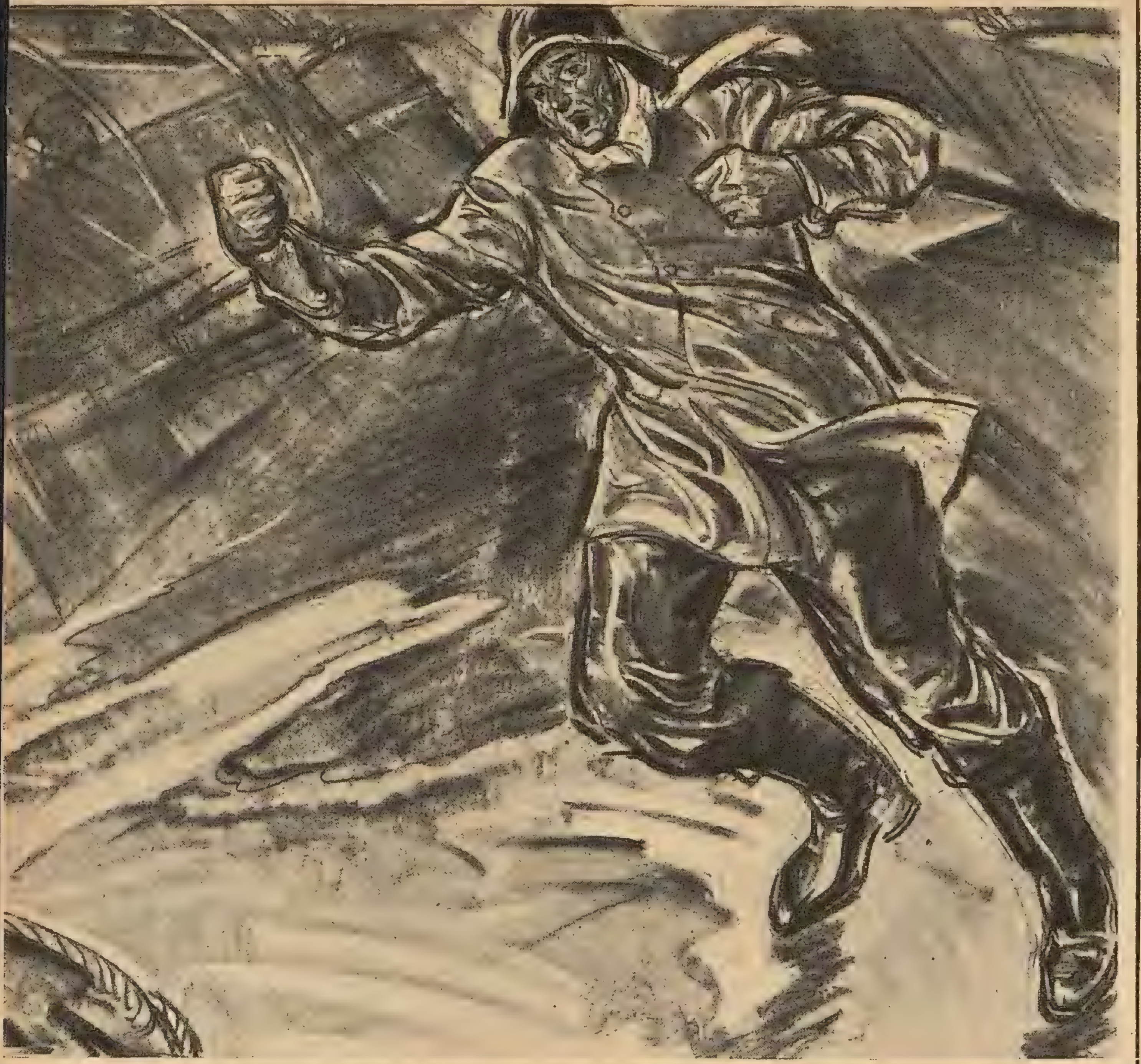
"Where's Jollif? Still eating? Proper old sojer you are—sleep and eat. Here's a letter for you."

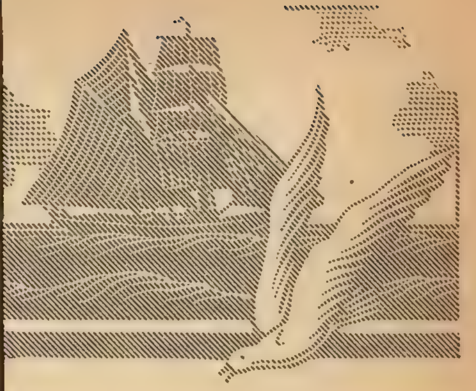
Ben knocked against the stanchion table in his eagerness, upsetting the teakettle. He'd have to clean up that mess! The men laughed at him.

"I found it on the chart-room table, after the captain went ashore," the second mate remarked.

Ben crouched under the smoky lamp for hours after the other men were asleep. He read his precious letter, and read it again, and when at length he rolled himself in his tattered gray-cotton blanket he fell asleep with a smile of utter peace on his worn old face; the letter lay against his breast, pinned to his shirt for safety. Not once did he permit himself to blame Captain Porteus for causing him those unnecessary hours of dejection.

The ship got her anchor in the early morning. Ben was sprightly and cheerful. The anchor had taken a good grip, after holding on against a couple of hard gales. The Forfar boasted no steam windlass.





PORTEUS lurched out on deck. "What are you doing with the ship? Trying to roll her over?" he screamed.

SHIP

Born in Two Great Loves

DINGLE

"Come on, me sons! We'll sing it loose!" yelled Ben, and, himself doing the work of two men, led the rousing chantey:

> "Oh, fare you well, we're homeward bound!
> Good-by, fare you well, good-by, fare you well.
> We're homeward bound for Liverpool Town—
> Hooraw, my boys, we're homeward bound!"

"What's bitten you?" growled the mate. "The old woman taken in another lodger?"

Ben grinned, though a moment of pain stabbed his eyes.

"I haven't had an old woman for ten years, sir," he answered, then sprung his weight on his handspike again. "Give it lip, boys!"

When the ship roared foaming south, and the sun lost heat and the winds took on a bite, misery lived forward. Sailing-ship profits allowed for no such luxury as coal for a forecastle stove. The deck leaked; the ports leaked; in the eyes of her, where the bowsprit jutted out, the calking had loosened, and every time she stuck her sharp stem into a green sea cold jets of water spurted in and drenched the bunks. Few of the crew possessed bedding or blankets. Ben came forward, after a prolonged trick at the wheel, shivering.

"I'd see 'is neck as long as my sanguinary arm 'fore I'd let 'im keep me at the wheel double tricks!" stated Rufe Sayers.

"You don't know everything about a shipmaster's worries, my son," said Ben gently.

"Ain't 'e paid for 'em?" retorted Rufe, and went up on lookout, his thieving body clad against the cold with a stolen blanket wrapped under his oilskin jacket.

ANOTHER youngster entered, unable longer to endure the bone-chilling cold outside. His teeth chattered. The lad was blue.

"You ain't finding much romance in it, eh, laddie?" smiled Ben.

"If it wasn't so cold—" the lad chattered. "I thought we could buy clothes from a slop chest or something."

"That was when ships were ships and masters had no worry," said Ben sagely. "Nowadays you have to help yourself. Come here and I'll give you a tip."

From his own insufficient store of hoarded newspapers Ben took half. He showed the shivering youngster how to put homeward-bound stitches into the job, lining his jacket and trousers with paper.

"You got to be careful, my son. Paper ain't canvas," said Ben. "Handle 'em easy and they'll keep you warm as long as they hold together." When the lad went out again to face the blowy sleet, Ben stitched the rest of the papers into his own clothing.

In a blinding flurry of snow that began toward evening of a day when Cape Horn should be sighted, Captain Porteus called Ben back to the wheel after he had done a full watch already.

"He's done two tricks, sir," protested the second mate. "His eyes are getting old, like he is. Can't he get his smoke? It's his watch below."

"Are you telling me my business?" Porteus glared and his face was heavy with angry blood.

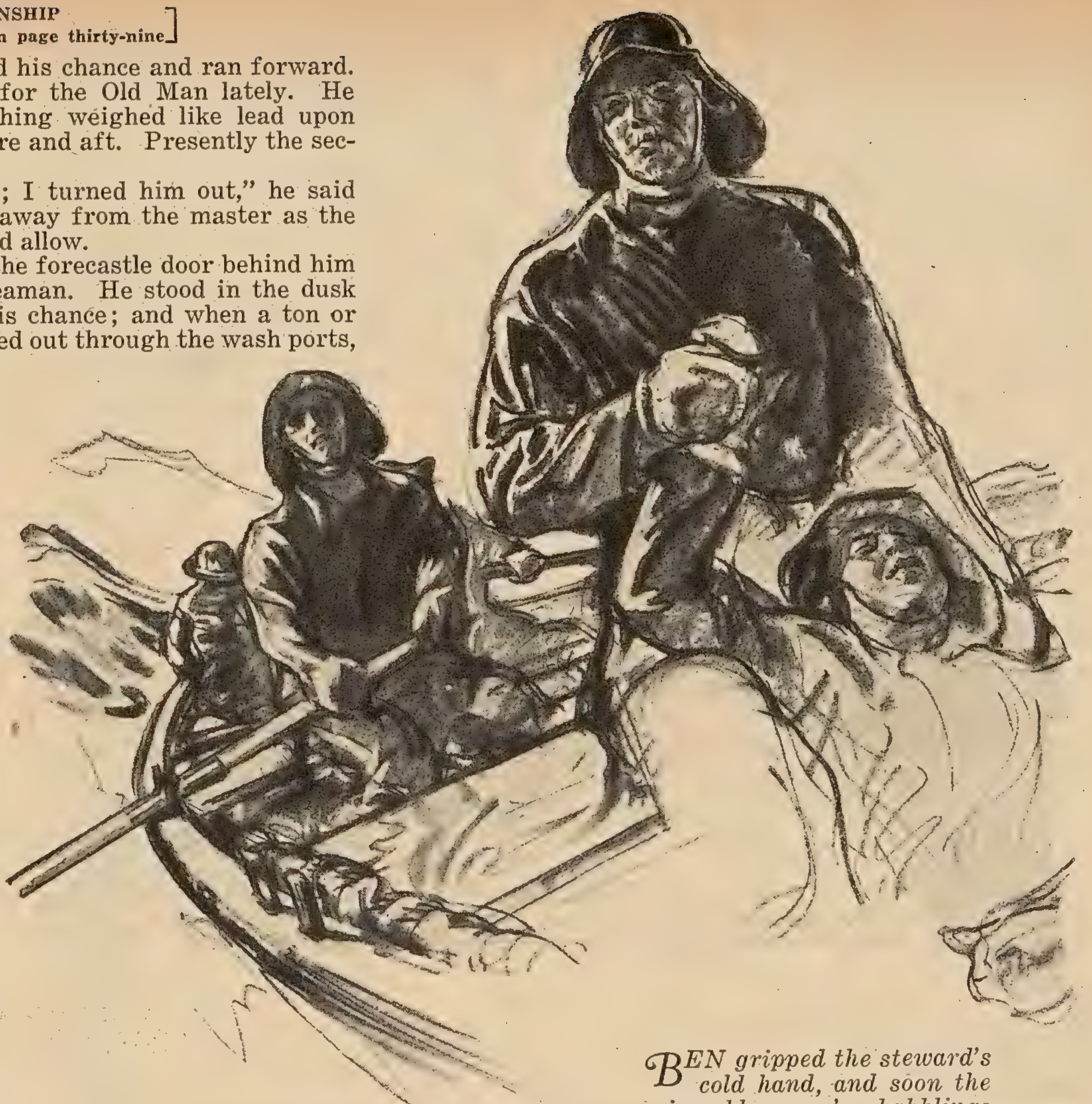
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

KINSHIP
Continued from page thirty-nine

The second mate watched his chance and ran forward. There was no accounting for the Old Man lately. He was not drinking. Something weighed like lead upon him. It was hell for all, fore and aft. Presently the second mate reappeared.

"He was turned in, sir; I turned him out," he said curtly, and walked as far away from the master as the area of the short poop would allow.

Ben appeared, shutting the forecastle door behind him with the care of a good seaman. He stood in the dusk for a moment, watching his chance; and when a ton or two of freezing sea had rolled out through the wash ports, he made his shambling, rheumatic run for the poop ladder. And a sea caught him under the boat skids. It filled the main deck rail-high, lifting Ben up like a yellow cork, and smashed him cruelly against the ironwork of the gallows. It rolled him and hurled him and left him bruised and drenched to the skin midway up the ladder he had been aiming for.



BEN gripped the steward's cold hand, and soon the miserable man's babblings ceased.

HIS priceless newspapers were pulp. He had no more. He dragged himself on to the poop and went to the wheel, Porteus apparently oblivious to his mishap or his appearance. The second mate swore. He wanted to grab a coat from inside the chart room and throw it to Ben. But that would never do. That would violate the code of good second mates in sail.

The captain spared himself no more than he spared others. He stood foursquare to the blinding gale, sniffing for the land, gripping the rail until his hands were all but frozen to it. Now and then he walked to the binnacle, watched the card, watched the drive of the sea and the lift of the swollen sails, watched the grim old seaman steering.

Ben's clothes were solid ice. His deeply weathered face was gray. From his soul-and-body lashings to his feet he was shapeless with ice, and only his ceaseless effort to control the fighting helm kept his upper part mobile. His eyes shone out from under frosted brows with the fiery light of stubborn courage undimmed by any resentment. Porteus entered the chart room and remained there a while. Presently the steward stumbled out on deck, cringing in the sudden appalling cold, and ran to the wheel.

"The Old Man sent this. Go on, get it down! Gawd! I'm froze!" he said, and shoved at Ben a mug of hot grog.

The second mate stared as if he suddenly saw an iceberg hanging over the mastheads. Ben coughed as the scalding, powerful liquor trickled through him. He handed back the mug, and met the second mate's eye.

"Captain Porteus is very kind, sir," grinned Ben happily.

"Kind! My lad, you're due for another double trick!" growled the second mate, who knew what he knew. He was a bit resentful, too. Hot grog! Not bad, but why half freeze a man before offering it? He drifted over to the chart room. Any watch officer was permitted to look at the chart. Besides, when Porteus gave a seaman grog it was odds on his having some himself. It wasn't likely that he'd offer some to a deck officer on watch; but if one might catch him indulging, one might hold—

The second mate was but human. He hoped to catch the Old Man soaking it up. He stepped inside the dark room, where only a reflected oil lamp shone on the chart table; and Porteus was indeed taking a hot drink. Rum in it, too. Porteus swayed at the chart table, his eyes puckered, peering downward. One hand gripped the table edge; the other waggled a half-empty mug from which rich steam arose. He looked up as the officer entered, and his expression changed abruptly. The mug was banged down, slopping the contents over the chart. He swept up from the chart a letter, thrusting it into his pocket, and his eyes were fierce with anger.

"WHAT the hell are you doing, leaving the deck?" he yelled, and burst past the second mate like a black squall, to stamp and roar and curse mate and helmsman and weather together.

"Thank you, sir, for the rum," smiled Ben, when the noise ceased.

Porteus glared at him. Ben's smile died, though he still felt warmly grateful inside. The second mate said something about the weather, and Porteus told him things which no self-respecting second mate hears and forgets.

Eight bells was struck and the watches changed, and still Ben Jollif stayed at the wheel. The mate had him relieved, and the Old Man called Ben back. It was too much. Even the mate spoke of it. True, the captain himself remained on deck all that time, but it was his own responsibility. Ben was a seaman and entitled to his due of rest. Ben was dropping with fatigue when the mate fetched him.

"I be damned if I'd turn out! You're bein' worked up!" said Rufe Sayers boldly. "I wouldn't, not if both the bloody mates was to come after me!" Rufe rolled into his comfortless bunk, defiant of the mate's scowling rage.

“Come on, my lad,” said the mate, handling Ben.

“Hold on, sir. I don't need dragging,” said Ben cheerfully but firmly. “Got to find some new soul-and-body lashings. I got properly wet last watch.” He rummaged in a tangle of small stuff. “I'll be with you in a minute, sir.”

“Aye, you will!” grumbled the mate. “Looking for more hot rum, you are!”

“Rum?” gasped Rufe, jerking his head forward.

The mate stepped out, and Ben stumbled after him. Rufe never slept a wink that watch. He woke other men to tell them what he had heard.

At the wheel Ben Jollif stood on sturdy legs, holding the ship to her course, his breath hissing between set teeth, chilled below the waist and sweating above. A lifetime of hard training enabled his body to stand to duty when every fiber in his being screamed for rest.

Ben had been chief mate of better ships than this—years ago. It was his misfortune that steam supplanted sail at a time when he had lost the ambition and the ability to study for the change. He had never got a master's ticket.

When sailing ships had all but vanished, those few that were left were carefully nursed by the men who already commanded them; other masters were glad to go mates of them; for those fine seamen who were no more than mates, little remained but the forecastle. In the Forfar both mates had been masters.

Ben knew ships, and he never lost that mysterious sea sense which transcends all book learning. He steered, never grumbled, and listened, sniffed, and peered through the blinding blizzard that enveloped the ship.

CAPTAIN DINGLE *author of this story, was born in England, son of a retired whaler who had turned itinerant preacher. The captain joined his first ship at the age of fourteen and spent nearly twenty-five years at sea, in which time he was wrecked five times and had one ship blown up under him.*

SAID the mate to his junior, who was older than he: “Hot rum! That's nursing an old sojer if you like! Just because that cunning old has-been was mate of the Seahorse half a lifetime ago—it's favoritism!”

Said the second mate:

“I don't see it that way, mister. Any sailorman who's kept at the wheel a full watch, then dragged out again without a smoke, just because there isn't another full man in both watches, earns all the rum he gets, hot or cold. If you ask me, the Old Man's working Jollif up out of jealousy. He's done it all the voyage. Look how he held out that letter last day in port. The old chap just aching to get a line from home, and told there was no letter, when it was laying on the chart table all the time and Porteus knew it. Small, I call it, mister.”

In the chart room Captain Porteus drank scalding black coffee, whipping his tired nerves to remain awake. He regarded the barometer gloomily. Now and then he strode to the chart table and pored over it. Trouble rode him like a black dog. But when he returned to the settee, and took out and read for the twentieth time a long letter in a schoolgirl scrawl, the trouble would leave him for a moment—until he came to that part which he had been reading when Ben Jollif came inquiring for letters many weeks ago. Then not only the black dog of trouble climbed back upon him, but a hyena of fury too.

“. . . and, daddy, I've made friends with a splendid girl here. Bertha Jollif, her name is. Her daddy is in your ship, she says, and we are pals—”

“BLOODY upstart!” snarled Captain Porteus, crumpling the letter and shoving it into his pocket.

He swallowed the rest of his coffee and buttoned up his oilskins. After sweating blood to put his girl to a fine, select school, where she would meet the daughters of fine, select people, she must go through all the crowd and make a chum of the pauper brat of a broken mate, put and kept at the school by benevolent friends of old Ben Jollif's palmier days! And that withered old fool, her father, never missed a chance to look at him with an eye which said plainly: “My brat's a pal of your daughter's, sir! Isn't that fine?”

Porteus lurched out on deck, and sidled along to the wheel.

“What are you doing with the ship? Trying to roll her over?” he screamed.

Ben glanced up at him, shaking his head. Ben's face was grayer; his lips quivered from sheer dropping fatigue; but a ghost of a smile struggled into life.

“Arms getting a bit stiff, sir—been here over five hours,” Ben gasped hoarsely.

Porteus heard none of it. All he saw was that flickering smile—the smile that said boastfully: “Our girls are chums, sir! Isn't that fine?”

“Don't you laugh at me, you old sweep!” he snarled, and, overpowered by fury, raised his fist and struck Ben under the ear.

Ben had little strength left. He pitched headlong from the gratings and crashed against the lee rail. The mate was looking forward and did not see. The ship, hard held for hours, yawed wildly, the squall shrieked, and she broached to in a thunder of leaping seas.

Her foremast went. No wheel could save her then. She rolled over, over, until her main deck was a welter of broken water and her hatches were submerged.

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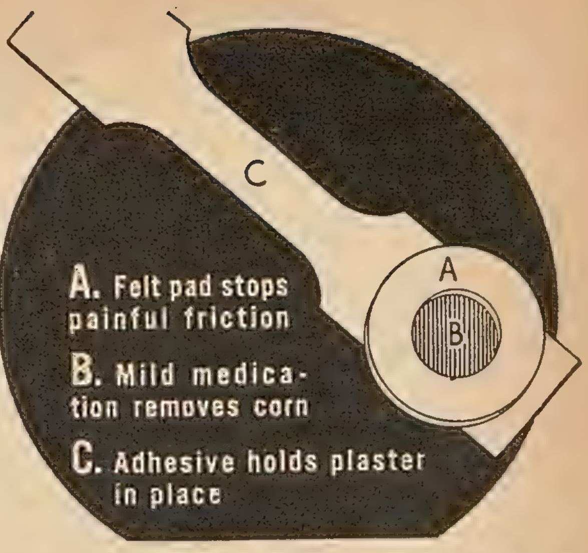
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KINSHIP
Continued from page forty-one

"All hands aft!" yelled the mate; but no hands answered.

The foremast, of steel, lay across the forecastle doors. Porteus clung to the useless wheel, his legs in water. Ben Jollif, abruptly shocked back to consciousness by the immersion, dragged himself out of the lee wash by the uncoiled end of the weather vang.

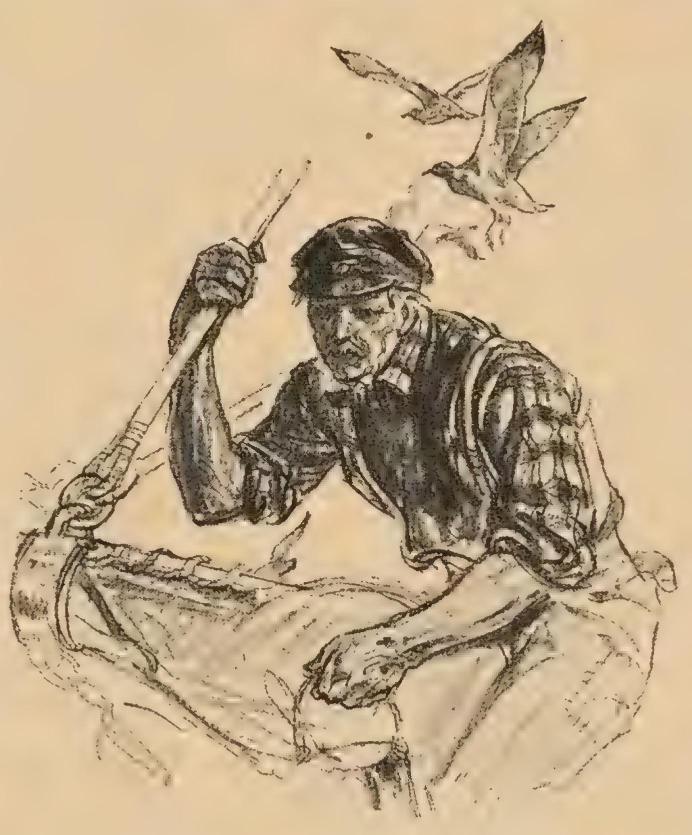
"She's going!" bawled the mate. "You old wooden man, you've murdered us all!" He shook his fist at Ben.

The second mate crawled out from the chart-room door, hauling the quaking steward after him. Up through the skylight of the galley clambered the cook and two seamen wild with panic. The cabin cat scrambled up, misjudged a leap for the steward's back, and went spitting into the leeward fury. Instinctively Ben Jollif reached for the wheel, though he knew how futile that was. As for getting the ship before the wind, the rudder had no grip at the angle at which it lay, and without forward sail the ship had already taken up a position side to wind.

"Take in the mizzen topsail!" screamed Porteus.

The gear all lay beneath ten feet of water. There were no men to obey. A sea roared over the ship, and a hatch cover burst. The sea poured into her. The forward house shifted. The galley went. And the boats, with the gallows that supported them, went drunkenly overboard.

"Save yourselves, men!" shouted the skipper, rising to his responsibilities now the end was sure. "Make for the longboat. She has stores. Luck to you, lads," he added, with a gulp.


Ben Jollif climbed aloft with a slush pot. His bones creaked with rheumatism.

Another sea crashed over the stricken ship. When it passed she was swept clean. The galley and the longboat floated together, and the forward house rolled free, capsized, and sank—but in going spilled out the carpenter and sailmaker. Right into the longboat they were spilled. There clung the shivering steward. And one by one there floundered along the mate and Ben Jollif and the cook, all beaten and all but drowned by the broken shards of the second boat that burst about their heads.

"WHERE'S the Old Man?" whimpered the steward, who could not imagine life at sea without a captain.

"Get busy and bail!" growled the mate, thrusting at him the bailer.

Ben Jollif already had out an oar, swinging the boat about head to the sea. Men flung water from the half-full boat with their hands and sou'westers.

The ship was about to turn bottom up. Two figures remained, clinging to her mizzen chains—the second mate and the master, the one trying to force loose the hold of the other, who clung stubbornly, bound to self-destruction. A sea roared over them. Then the ship was gone. One of the figures was gone. The other came rushing down upon the longboat, borne on the crest of the murdering sea. They pulled him aboard—the master, bloody of head, cursing the sea for ruining him and refusing him peace. The second mate went past on the same sea, far beyond reach of those who would have saved him.

Porteus sat holding his bloody head, staring at his feet. Once he glanced up at the oarsman next to him, and his gaze fell before the sympathetic eye of Ben Jollif.

The longboat rode to a sea anchor, made by bridling the mast and sail rolled into a bundle. She drifted fast to the northward, and the sea made sport of her leaky seams. Spray froze as it fell. The steward had collapsed, and lay beneath the thwarts, asking to be hove overboard to end it all, and screaming with terror at a touch.

"What d'you want to do, sir?" demanded the mate sullenly. He had done all that seamanship called for, with the means at hand; but the safety of the men was the master's concern, not his. Porteus looked sick, and his bandaged head with frosted eyebrows under gave him a weird aspect. He stared broodily at Ben Jollif, huddled in the boat's bottom, dead beat and sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

"Do?" he snarled back. "Do as we must, you fool! Can we pull in this sea with two oars? A damned smart mate you are—no gear in the boats!"

"And a damned smart skipper you was!" screamed the steward, suddenly sitting upright and pointing a shaking finger at Porteus. "Sockin' the helmsman—"

Porteus kicked savagely, and the man fell back whimpering again, but must spill what was in him. "Yes, and drownded a fine gentleman, too! I'll tell the board how smart you are!"

The mate regarded Porteus queerly, saying nothing. Ben Jollif slept as if in his bunk, snug and warm, instead of coated with ice adrift in a leaky lifeboat. Now and then a flicker which was almost a smile passed over his gray face.

The steward handed the tin opener to the skipper. "I ain't havin' nothing to do with it!" he muttered.

THE store of food was pitifully scant; of water there was one bareca, filled in the guano port and far from sweet. Porteus silently took charge of the stores and fed his men, mentally calculating rations for the future. The mate issued water in the half of a bully-beef tin. There was no oil in the boat lantern. Night came, the gale blew harder, and the boat drifted to leeward in the blind whiteness that was worse than black darkness.

Ben Jollif crouched in the lee of a gunwale, keeping a lookout. Dawn was near; the wind was bitter. The steward babbled about daisy fields and gripped Ben's knees in a frenzy of confidence.

"I was in the chart room, I was, Ben. I saw him punch you in the jaw, Ben. I'll tell 'em all about it, I will. He'll lose his blessed ticket, no error! I'll settle him, Ben."

"You're talking like a silly newchum, steward," said Ben quietly. "Men don't talk guff like that, my son."

He gripped the steward's cold hand, and soon the miserable man's babblings ceased. When the bleak day broke, the steward lay stiff and cold, his eyes staring up at Ben, his hand fast held. Ben didn't know the hour of his dying.

A murmur went about the boat. The cook said openly that Porteus had let him die because of what he had said. Ben shook his head.

"Talking slush'll never get us home, laddie," he said. "Men ain't let die because of what they say in shipwreck, or we'd all stand a moldy fine chance, wouldn't we? The steward said nothing sensible. He was raving from the minute the ship went."

Porteus regarded Ben with strange intensity. Ben avoided his eye. They slid the body overboard. One mouth less for stores.

The snow ceased, though the gale blew on. Standing on a thwart, the mate stared around the leaping gray seas. Nothing. He stumbled down, and sat as far forward as he could get, his scowling eyes fixed upon Porteus' face. The water in the keg froze, bursting the keg. Ben took the boat ax, chopped the wood clear, and stowed away the ice, covering it with the steward's jacket, taken before the burial.

Porteus aroused himself to make a rough calculation, and then shook his head. There was nothing that could be done except let the boat drift until the gale blew out.

Luckily, she drifted in the only direction where possible help lay.

At noon he issued scraps of frozen bully beef. The sailmaker made no move to take his. Chips took it for him, and later ate it—then announced that Sails was stiff.

"Aye, and that's how we'll all be, you ——!" the cook raved, shaking his fist at Porteus.

Ben dragged him down, soothing him. The cook forced his way, like a frightened puppy, under the bow thwart, whimpering. Chips stole the boat ax and slipped it up his jacket. Ben gently took it from him and laid it beside Porteus. As if it was his rightful place, Ben shared the stern sheets with the master, and from time to time chipped off bits of ice and handed them to the other men. And night came again.

A man cursed hysterically, tortured by frostbite. The mate cursed him, and shouted aft the assurance that Porteus might come through this, but he'd never command another ship to murder men. Ben felt Porteus shiver beside him.

The gale fell away to a strong breeze; a mildness crept into the air. A man awoke, laughing, swearing that he heard music. Another man struck him savagely, bidding him get on with his dying. Ben stood up, curious, for he too had heard music. Suddenly he shouted:

"There's a vessel, sir! Get up, lads! Here's help!"

There, a mile away, the blaze of a liner slipped across the sea. Like a street it was. And music came from it. Little marionettes moved athwart the lights. People danced in a snug glass-sheltered promenade. A pleasure liner, world-cruising, showing her people the terrors of the sea by taking them through Magellan Strait to the bleak Falklands.

"Shout, lads!" barked Porteus.

They shouted. They shouted long after the swift liner vanished into the night. Then they fell back into their broken boat, hopeless.

"They'd find it hard if they were here, sir," said Ben.

"Damned good for them to be here!" growled Porteus.

The wind was but a moderate breeze at dawn. Ben crept forward to where the mate lay with the cook huddled between his legs.

"We could haul in the spars and make sail, sir," said Ben.

"Tell the Old Man about it," muttered the mate. "He's in command, ain't he?"

"He isn't well. His head's troubling him," said Ben.

"Good for him! He'll be troubled worse, yet!"

BEN crawled aft again. Porteus was shaking. His battered head tortured him. To Ben's suggestion he only moved his head from side to side. So Ben tried to rouse the men. They huddled closer together. He dragged in the makeshift sea anchor himself, grinning with rheumatic pains. The washing of the sea had kept the canvas and gear from freezing, and he got it aboard and stepped the short mast. The boat all but capsized as he hoisted the lugsail and swept her around before the wind with the steering oar. He asked the course, and Porteus muttered, "North!" Ben knew better than that. The skipper was all in and indifferent. The boat was headed toward where Ben believed the land lay, and a watery sun shone out to say it was well.

The sun shed a little warmth at noon. Men stirred. The mate gazed darkly at Ben and smiled. Ben saw that smile, and made bold to suggest that the mate relieve him at the steering. Porteus dozed.

"You're a wise old dog!" said the mate, agreeing. "We'll get him home and let the board have a whack at him, eh? Serve him right!"

Another night. Ben issued food and bits of ice. He had kept the ice from melting when the sun shone by wrapping it in his own oilskin coat. He had hoped to see land before dark. But there was no land. He sat at the steering oar, hissing between set teeth. Porteus lay motionless; had not moved for hours. A sliver of pallid moon was sliding after the sun, and the air was cold again. Near midnight Ben nodded at his tiller.

The carpenter had been muttering to the mate. He crept aft, and Ben roused up to find him raising the ax to strike the skipper.

"None o' that, my lad!" growled Ben quietly, and, scarcely moving, drew in his oar and thumped the carpenter in the stomach with the butt of it. The carpenter sat down with a grunt. The boat sailed on.

Toward dawn Ben stood on a thwart and scanned the sea. He remained for a long time, then resumed his seat gloomily. He found the skipper steering; and as he sat down their eyes met squarely.

"I heard what the mate said," whispered Porteus. "I can't blame you. Let the board settle me." A pause. Then: "They'll do that without a doubt."

"On a crazy steward's ravings? And him dead?" Ben returned sharply.

Porteus gazed at him with eyes burning feverishly, and Ben avoided his gaze. In mid-forenoon the mate stood up to look about him. In a minute he flung up his hand with a yell:

"Sail ho! Here's a steamer, boys. She's seen us!

Porteus showed no eagerness. The steamer was slowing down not half a mile away. Ben rallied him. Rubbed his legs, adjusted his bandage. Spoke quietly to him.

"Buck up, sir. No board'll ever blame a shipmaster for losing his ship the way the Forfar went. There's the steamer's master looking at you, sir. Give him a wave."

"I don't understand—I don't understand," muttered Porteus vaguely. "You—"

"Hush! Your girl's my girl's chum. You ought to see the letter I got just before we sailed. Why, if it wasn't for Nancy Porteus my lassie would have a thin time in that school. Everybody knows she's kept there by old friends of mine, and young girls can be cruel as the sea. Here's the boat, sir. Try to chuck a chest. Let the men chatter. I was on deck when the ship was hove down, and I never saw a thing out o' place. There's a sort o' kinship— You know all about it."

Porteus heaved himself painfully into the steamer's boat.

"I didn't, but—I'm learning," he said humbly.

THE END

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For Uncles

UP to now, although the Olympics have had contests for wrestlers, swan divers, pole vaulters, and mountain climbers, nothing has ever been done about that athlete known as the uncle. It is an established fact that every uncle enjoys playing *Ups-a-Daisy* with his nephews, so this summer they will all be given a chance to compete in an *Ups-a-Daisy* Marathon. The chap who ups the greatest number of daisies will win the title of Uncle World.

For Men Who Detest Training

THE greatest drawback of past Olympics is that competition has been restricted to men who like training. Nontrainers have felt so badly about this that now the committee has announced a sport designed especially for them: the *Human Sling Shot.* Anyone showing up is eligible, even if he has played poker the whole night before. All the hard work of pulling back and letting go is done by a professional pull-backer and let-goer, a Mr. Butch Harrigan. Any chap lucky enough to go between the cactus branches has a perfectly swell chance of winning the laurels.

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Olympics

SEUSS

an Olympic Champion

Competitions That Are TO ALL

For Girls Who Can't Ski-Jump

THIS year, besides the usual athletic events for women, the Olympics will inaugurate a competition for less rugged ladies: the *Society Matrons.* The one thing, the committee decided, that these ladies do best is to sit around holding lap dogs. The girl, therefore, who can seat the *greatest number* of lap dogs will be crowned World's Champion Society Matron. (In case of a tie, there will be a play-off, using mad dogs instead of the conventional Pekes and Pomeranians.)

For Those with Nimble Digits

AT last, after years of delay, the most popular sport of all time—*Thumb Twiddling*—has been recognized as an Olympic contest! The rules for the game are liberal: one may twiddle either forward or backward, so long as he twiddles 75 revolutions per minute. Thus far the majority of the enrolled competitors are Wall Street brokers, who have been kept in excellent practice ever since the crash of '29.

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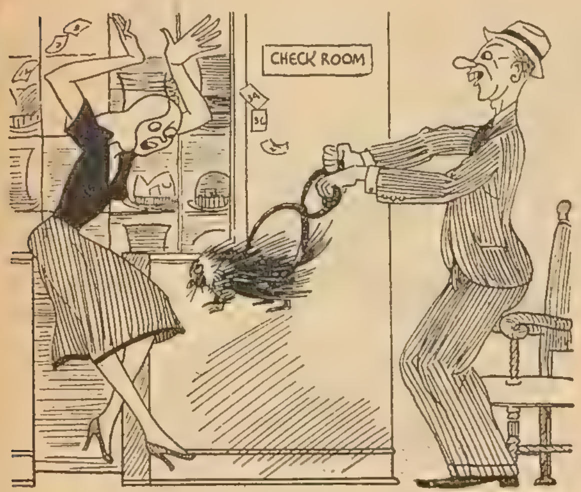
Vox

Take a Tip, Tom, Don't Try It

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'm still boiling after reading Renée Carroll's glorification of her racket, in her article, "Checking Up on Broadway." I've always thought of the hat-check game as one of the grandest grafts that big cities are cursed with.

I gather Miss Carroll objects to "thin dimes" as tips. Poor girl, poor girl! Her having to take dimes instead of quarters would jerk tears from a rattlesnake's eyes, and they say rattlesnakes don't cry easy.



Now, let's do a little arithmetic. Suppose you buy a hat for five bucks, early in the fall. Suppose you eat at restaurants fifty times during the fall, winter, and spring, and give a fifteen-cent tip each time you check your hat. By the end of spring you'll have handed out seven dollars and a half, just in tips—and you only paid five berries for the durned hat in the first place!

Mommer, what a racket! Listen, Renée! If I ever go to your restaurant and you get a worn-off nickel out of me, you'll be lucky. And I'd like to give you a healthy porcupine to check, instead of my hat.—*No-Tip Tom.*

Speaking of a Certain Mr. Smith . . .

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Jay Franklin certainly seemed to know his political onions in his article, "Does Al Smith Hold the Winning Cards?"

It's hard enough to think of the East Side slums and Tammany Hall in harmony with the Presidency—but it's a laugh to picture Al Smith in the rôle of magician, pulling the horn of plenty out of the little old brown derby!—*K. Kunis.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—I have just finished reading Mr. Jay Franklin's article, "Does Al Smith Hold the Winning Cards?" While I agree with him in many statements he makes I cannot agree with his estimate of what the South would do should Smith again become the Democratic nominee for President.

That a goodly number of preachers and religious radicals would again rise up and wave the red shirt of religious bigotry I doubt not, but I am sure that it would not be anything to compare with what happened four years ago.

Preachers and religious radicals have suffered tremendously on account of their morbid activities in that campaign and they will think a good many times before they become the champions of such religious hatred again.

It has also been very expensive to them and they have lost prestige and respect and realize that to repeat the orgy would spell their ruin.

It is gratifying to know that many of them have changed their opinion of Al Smith and many of those who fought him four years ago would support him. —*Will M. Ramsey.*

WHITEVILLE, N. C.—In regard to Jay Franklin's article on Al Smith, who paid for it—you or Al? Or maybe Al's pen name is Jay Franklin.—*A Non-Voting Democrat.*

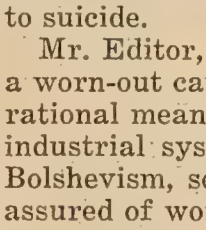
CHICAGO, ILL.—Atta boy! Give us stuff about Al Smith. Jay Franklin's article was O. K., but did not go far enough in praise of Smith.

Why, I just love that man! If he doesn't get to be our next President I'll eat my new hat—and I like the hat.—*Just Jane.*

Looking for Worries

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—Read your editorial, "Staggering Blows at Business."

You mentioned the worry and responsibilities attached to great wealth. I would willingly assume a fair share of those burdens. You mentioned the hard work and slavery attached to the successful accumulation of such wealth. I can name several men who have worked fourteen hours a day, besides their regular chores, since being old enough to raise a hoe; men who are today out of work; men who do not have the worries of golf dues, yachts, and summer homes to drive them to suicide.


Lynn Ordway

Mr. Editor, I believe you are backing a worn-out cause. Surely there is some rational means of reorganization of our industrial system, without resorting to Bolshevism, so that the laborer may be assured of work, play, and a slight pursuit of happiness.—*Lynn Ordway.*

Sorry to Have Met You

FRESNO, CALIF.—I'm just writing this to give your magazine a break, because you sure need one.

There is no sense to this letter and, as there is no sense to Liberty, we're all even.—*Flut.*

Discovered: Common Sap in the Family Tree

JANESVILLE, WIS.—Just finished reading your article, "Mongrels All," by Albert Payson Terhune, and I must say that a bigger piece of truth was never written.

I have never enjoyed anything so much in all the years I have been reading Liberty. Mr. Terhune certainly told them a mouthful.

All these aristocratic blue-bloods that boast so much about their wonderful family trees just make me plain sick, and it did me good to see that someone had the nerve to tell them that they are just plain mongrels.

What does anyone really know of his ancestors?

Poor little Sally Jones who works for a living as parlor maid in the elegant home of the Van Swanks or the De Swaggers, and is snubbed because of her position, is probably a direct descendant of Napoleon or of Joan of Arc, while her so-called blue-blooded employers may be the great-great-grandchildren of a half-breed slave. Mr. Terhune is perfectly right! I am glad that someone finally told the truth about this.

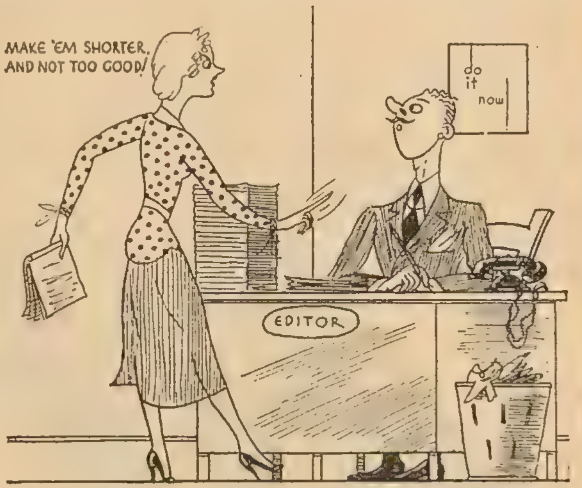
Perhaps we will see a few noses descend a foot or two in the air. I hope so!—*Just a Mongrel.*

Shucks, Blondie, Make Him Buy Fifty Libertys Next Time

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Say, have you no pity at all on poor life insurance stenographers?

Taking a great interest in my work, I carefully cut out and tacked up in my office your editorial, "Life Insurance or Death Insurance."

Presto—along comes the big boss from the main office and reads it and (here's where I come in) requests that I make a copy (no carbon copy, either, for it smears) for *each one* of the salesmen in his agency!


MAKE 'EM SHORTER, AND NOT TOO GOOD!
do it now
EDITOR

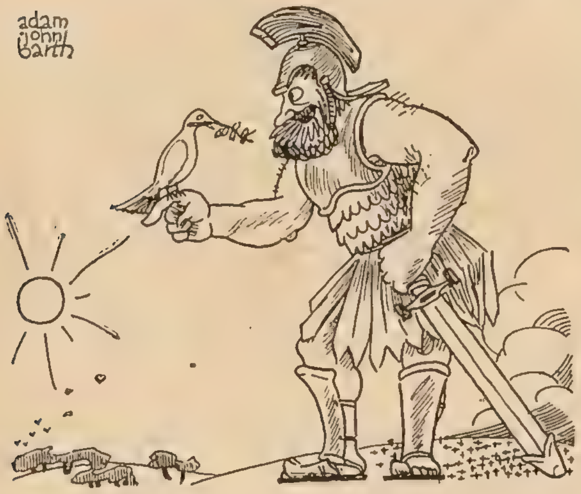
Am on the thirty-third now—only seventeen more—and am sure tired, so, please, the next time when you write an editorial so good that it must be copied, will you make it shorter?—*Blonde, the Stenog.*

Pop

What Are You Trying to Do? Laugh Up Both Sleeves at Once?

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—I note that our President, and others, are spending much time, thought, and public money on world peace, disarmament, and naval limitation. I also note that articles in Liberty have discussed these same issues, and that Vox Pop has put on a debate between pacifists and advocates of preparedness.

Why have not our religio-political advisers shown us the simple way out of this dilemma? Merely amend the Constitution and pass a law forbidding all, including peace officers, from possessing or bearing arms. Such a law would immediately curb the human urge to fight and shed blood, make the most bloodthirsty killer meek and docile as a lamb, and put Mars and the dove of peace on the chummiest terms.



Other nations, seeing the result of this move, would immediately sink their battleships, disarm their soldiers, and pay off their overdue war debts.

In support of this argument, just see what the Great American Experiment did. It killed and abolished the liquor habit of centuries, emptied our prisons, brought prosperity to a saloon-controlled nation of drunkards, and, finally, put a fowl in every man's pot.—*Walt Lawson.*

A Farmer Talks about Farms

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—May I have a word with these Vox Poppers in regard to the back-to-the-farm movement? I have been a farmer all my life, and let me tell you it requires as much skill to operate a farm successfully as it does any other business.

For instance, here is John who never worked on a farm in his life. He is unemployed. Now, will some of those write-it-on-paper farmers explain how John is to get the money to buy a farm?

But suppose he could get hold of five hundred dollars. Suppose he buys a cheap little farm for two thousand. He pays his five hundred down, but must pay interest on fifteen hundred dollars.

Well, he must have live stock, implements and tools. Where is he to get them? He must also buy and sow seed before he can raise his own seed. A Vox Popper said that plowing a crop of something under will answer for fertilizer. This is good as a body builder but fertilizer must be used in addition.

Let these fellows learn farming first, then tell us farmers how to do it.—*A Farmer.*

Defense Against Death on Wings

BALTIMORE, MD.—The most impressive feature in Liberty for May 7 was your editorial, "The Horrors of Aërial Warfare." This editorial cry of "wolf" is not new, yet it is ever timely, and it is to be hoped that Liberty, with its vast circulation, will continue to beset the government at Washington with the demand for some definite action that will safeguard the people of this nation from practical annihilation in the event of war.

Our lack of preparedness, so far as aërial defense is concerned, is a national disgrace, and the responsibility rests with Washington. Envious eyes are staring at us from across the seas. How long will it be before this hatred, intensified by the spirit of conquest, breaks forth with all the horrors of war against this benighted land?

Truly, we are living in a fool's paradise!—*W. B. Kines.*

Meow!

OMAHA, NEB.—We go to town on Saturday and buy a dime's worth of salted peanuts and Liberty. You see, we take our Liberty with a grain of salt.—*Tom Katt.*

Why That Last Crack?

MARS HILL, N. C.—I am a constant reader of your magazine and I sure get a kick out of your aviation stories, and the comments on them in Vox Pop. Of late, Liberty hasn't been giving us enough of such stories. Go on and print a few more, because they're my dish.

Paul A. Moorhead

Liberty has made a reputation for itself, among men who fly, by its articles, stories, and editorials on matters aërial. Sometimes you've given us the thrills, and sometimes the facts of flying, but, whether you were being romantic or literal, you were always air-minded.

Let's hear from Dick Grace again—the man who made Liberty worth a nickel.—*Paul A. Moorhead.*

What's Her Number?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I've answered so damn' many of your contests that I know your New York post-office number better than my girl's phone number.

How about winning one?—*D. E. S.*

Photograph of a Man Whose Brain We Save Weekly

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am an outcast. Children point a scornful finger at me wherever I go. Mothers hide their babies when they see me coming.

Edwin Otto

I'll tell you why. I am a fiend! I can't live without my weekly dope. I sit here, tearing my hair out by the roots! Waiting! Waiting from week to week.

I'm going mad. Mad, I tell you! I cawn't stand it. I cawn't stand it! (Quick, Watson, a Liberty!)—*Edwin Otto.*

Shortish Shout about Shorts

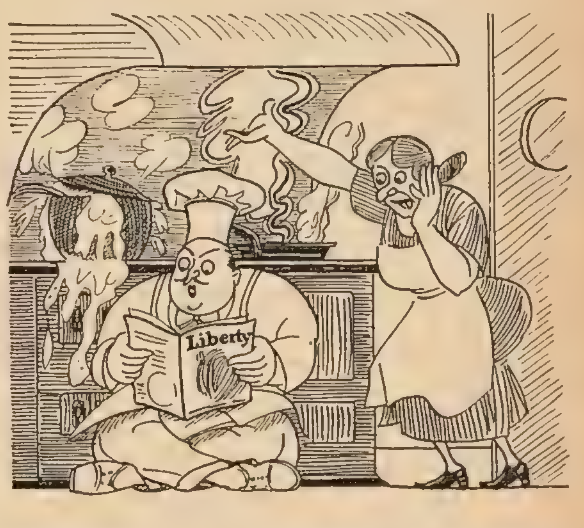
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—This—to help offset various crabbies who don't like short shorts.

Listen! The only reason I buy Liberty—the only reason I have ever bought it, for weeks and weeks and *weeks*—is because of Liberty's short shorts!

I'm busy—I haven't time nowadays to sit down and digest whole-course dinners in stories. That's why I like the one-page fare even if the Vox Popping George R. Leithe does find them "only a bite." I like a swiftly moving yarn, short, finishing with a punch. And that, dear editor, is why I find short shorts the answer to a busy woman's prayer.—*Gladys W. Pinney.*

Take Cooking Lessons, Become Head Cook, Then You Read Liberty

EDMONTON, ALTA., CAN.—I sure like your Liberty, but give me some information on how to treat someone who likes it better than I. I am hired as second cook, and I have a man with me who calls himself a "*chef*," but just as soon as Liberty comes along he is no more *chef.* He sits and reads and reads the darned thing until I'm sorry the magazine was ever printed.



Please give me some short articles on how to work and read your precious book at the same time.—*R. G. C.*

"Oh, for some Skip-Flea!"

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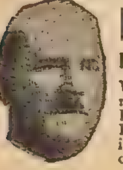

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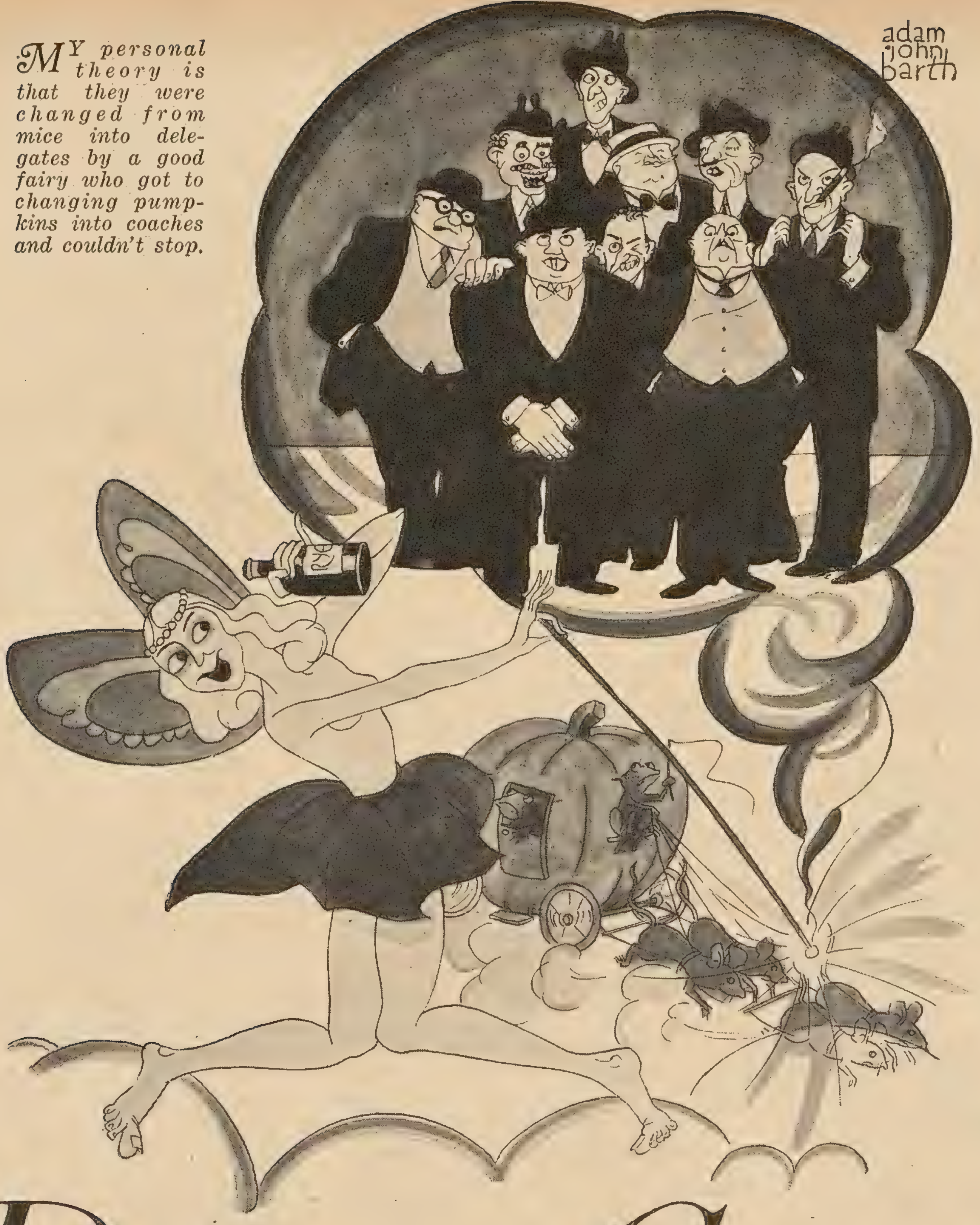
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 5

1—General Ulysses S. Grant.
2—Potiphar's wife.
3—Cathay.
4—The height on a mountain at which the growth of trees stops.
5—The Dutch colonists under Peter Minuit.
6—A famous Italian violinist.
7—New Zealand.
8—The Ten Commandments.
9—The Latin word *novem*, meaning nine, the month being the ninth of the old Roman year.
10—A ladder reaching to heaven, with angels ascending and descending.
11—The feast of the archangel Michael, celebrated on the 29th of September.
12—The seventh.
13—To kill snakes.
14—The ear.
15—Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe.
16—Brief or concise.
17—Graphite; often called black lead.
18—An insincere utterance or expression; one not sustained by conduct or character.
19—Cosset.
20—Literally, gilded youth; young persons given to prodigal living.

MY personal theory is that they were changed from mice into delegates by a good fairy who got to changing pumpkins into coaches and couldn't stop.



Picture by
A. J. BARTH

Defying the Conventions

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

(Reading time: 6 minutes 44 seconds.)

WITH the advent of the political conventions there are three courses left open to the General Public (recently reduced to Major General Public on a private's pay). The private citizen who is not impressed by these two great gatherings of nominators may (1) tell the boy to stop leaving the morning and evening papers until further notice; (2) go up into the attic and hide in a trunk until it is all over; (3) go to the conventions in person, take a seat well up front, and when, if ever, there comes a moment of comparative quiet, deliver a long and resounding "bird," using one of those rubber contraptions especially designed for the purpose. Perhaps if enough private citizens went to the conventions in person there would be no room for the delegates and then we wouldn't have to have any election!

But since there is small chance of getting enough volunteers to crowd out the regulars, we might as well brush up on the details of how, according to the Constitution (the document, not the frigate), our Presidential candidates are nominated. We learned all about this in school, of course, but we also learned how to erect a square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle and prove something by it—and where did *that* get us? I could entertain you for hours telling you where my geometry got me, but this is a political treatise.

According to the Constitution (the frigate, not the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

document), "each state will appoint, or shall cause to be appointed, or shall appoint to be caused, or shall go jump in the lake, as the legislature thereof may direct—" I guess that isn't the clause.

Anyway, every four years (it seems oftener, but that is because time passes so quickly when you are enjoying yourself), every four years a mysterious list of names appears in the papers, names of people who claim to be "delegates," seemingly empowered to go to the conventions, eat nuts, and vote for candidates for the Presidency. Just how they became "delegates" nobody seems to remember, but there must have been some ritual gone through with at *some* time, otherwise they would be just ordinary citizens like the rest of us. And when I say "ordinary," do I mean *ordinary!*

There is one explanation of the problem of where their delegates come from in the theory that they are chosen by taking the names that were left over in the hat after the drawings for the Irish Sweepstakes. Another school of political economists claim that they were the first ten to send in post cards making the greatest number of words out of "K-L-E-E-N-C-H-I-N Toothpaste—No More—No Less." My personal theory is that they were elected by being changed from mice into delegates by a good fairy who got to changing pumpkins into coaches and couldn't stop.

At any rate, along about February every four years they spring up and begin giving off hints as to which one of the candidates they favor, or, as the kidding phrase goes, "are pledged to." The pledge of a delegate to a national convention is embossed on tissue paper and, when rolled up, can be exploded by pulling little strings at either end. Inside will be found a motto reading: "If in January you were born, then blow a toot upon this horn. I love you." This makes it clear which candidate they are supporting. The rule is that each candidate must either keep his pledge or else give it to someone who will keep it for him until he gets back.

AT the conventions, the main feature is the marching around the hall. No one can be a delegate who cannot march around a hall and sing, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" This is what is known as the dignity of Democracy. There has been some talk of dispensing with the delegates entirely and just getting the Boys' Fife and Drum Corps of each community to go to the conventions bearing signs reading, "We want a touchdown!" and "Kiss me again!" thereby giving the same effect as the delegates and yet maintaining a certain feeling of genuine youth. If the idea is just to be boys again, why not get *real* boys and not fifty-year-old men in Ferris waists? A good convention of sixteen-year-old boys, with their girls, would be a relief. Then we should know where we stood.

The party system in the United States is rather complicated right now, owing to there being no parties and very little United States. The Republican and Democratic parties, ancient rivals, do not exist any more as such, there being more fun watching Harvard and Yale. This has brought about a condition where Republican conventions are sometimes attended by Democrats by mistake, and Democratic conventions attended by Republicans on purpose. The only way to tell them apart is by the condition of the hotel rooms after the convention is over. The Republicans leave more gin bottles and the Democrats seem to have gone in more for rye.

The hotel room as a factor in the political conventions can hardly be overemphasized. The main assembly hall or auditorium (so called because no one can hear anyone talking in it) is used chiefly for the marching and fist-fighting, with an occasional round dance or hockey game. It is here also that all the photographs are taken. In the 1936 conventions it is planned to use the photographs of the 1928 and 1932 conventions and not use the auditorium at all, just sticking to the hotel rooms where the real work of the session is done. In fact, in 1936 it may not be necessary for the delegates to go to the convention city at all. They can just stay at home and march up and down in their own rooms until instructions come from the leaders as to how they are to vote.

BUT, you may say, what about the applause? How can there be a convention without the regulation applause which lasts ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes as each candidate's name is mentioned? This is a tough one, but there ought to be some way around it. Each delegate, if he stayed in his own home town, could send a telegram reading, "I am applauding for fifteen minutes," or "Consider that I am giving the name of George W. Glib an ovation."

This, however, will probably never receive the support of the newspapers, as attending political conventions is the only form of fun that many reporters get. In fact, if it weren't for the newspapers there would be no convention at all. With a man from each paper or news syndicate to cover the political angle, the personality angle, the woman's angle, the ginger-pop angle, the angle angle (that word is beginning to look as if it weren't spelled right), the resultant unemployment among newspaper men if the convention were abolished would be frightful and might end up in a revolution. It has been estimated that at this year's conventions there will be more newspaper men than delegates, many of them depending on the hand-outs from the various headquarters for their sandwiches and coffee for the coming year.

A revolution of half-starved and wholly parched convention reporters would be the biggest thing since the Union Square riots.

Thus we find that, for the present at any rate, it will be necessary for the so-called "delegates" to take their instructions right in the convention city itself.

And when the whole thing is over and the radio programs have settled back into the regular run of pancake recipes and Oh, Sweet Mystery of Life, At Last I've Found You without being broken up by Alabama's twenty-four votes being announced every five minutes, and when all the bottles and sevens of spades have been picked up off the floor along with some of the older delegates who haven't been able to stand the heat, and when two candidates have been chosen to carry the banners of their respective parties in the great 1932 Presidential campaign —then we can start reading the papers again.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

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Half Past Midnight

A Short Short Story

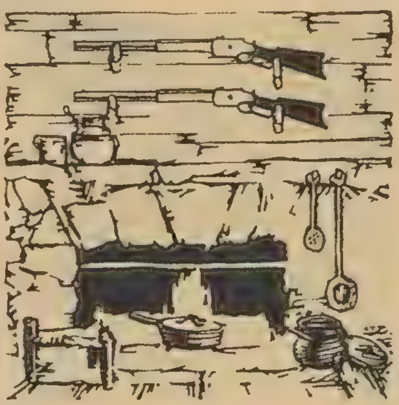
(Reading time: 5 minutes 44 seconds.)

By MILDRED HARRINGTON

BIG LEM MARTIN pushed his thick white cup across the table to his wife. He jerked his head toward the coffeepot steaming in its nest of hot ashes on the hearth.

"Fill her up again, Phœbe. I'll need something to warm my in'ards tonight."

As she reached for the cup, Phœbe Martin's blue eyes sought the window through which the forked lightning played fitfully against the mountainside. Even in the ruddy glow of the lightwood-knot fire, her young face was white and strained. But the gauntness which overtakes mountain women so tragically early had not yet touched her. The contours of her cheek and breast were firm and round.



"I hate for you to go out tonight, Lem," she said when she had replenished his cup.

Big Lem smiled grimly but with the underlying tenderness he always reserved for Phœbe.

"What a man *wants* to do an' what he's *got* to do air sometimes horses of two different colors," he allowed quietly.

Phœbe sighed.

"Sartin Lonny'll be a-waitin' fer you?" she asked.

"Sartin. Lonny broke jail yistiddy night. He air jest got time to make the hide-out me an' him picked back of the big rock yander side of pap's old place."

"Hit ain't right fer Lonny to drag us into his trouble," protested Phœbe with the evenness of desperation.

"Lonny was born fer trouble," said Big Lem slowly. "I don't hol' with makin' licker outen corn, but Lonny done so, an' I got to stand by him. I promised pap on his dyin' bed I would. I don't aim to see my own blood an' kin crowded down empty-handed like a varmint in a hole. I aim to git some victuals an' his gun to Lonny tonight."

Big Lem stood up and stretched.

"Time to git goin'," he said. "That storm ain't a-goin' to keep Sheriff Cagle an' them revnooers home."

He reached up and took down two guns from the rack above the mantel.

Pausing only to scrape the leavings from her plate for the big gray cat scratching at her shoes, Phœbe filled a small tin pail with scalding coffee. Quickly fitting it inside a larger pail, she packed on top of it a chunk of boiled fatback and a cake of corn pone smoking fresh from the ashes. And now that her chore was nearly done, her movements became slower, more reluctant. . . .

Much too soon it was time for Big Lem to start.

He rested both guns in the crook of his left arm and picked up the bucket of food in his right hand. But suddenly he set the pail back on the table and caught Phœbe's slight body to him in an awkward hug.

"Nary cause fer worry," he told her gently. "I'll be back afore midnight an' settin' right thar in pap's old rockin'-cheer t'other side the hearth."

"Efn you ain't home by twelve I'll be plum' crazy with misery." She drew in her breath sharply. "I'll be sartin you're—kilt!"

Big Lem chuckled indulgently at her womanish fears.

"Give me a little leeway, Phœbe gal," he bantered. "Make it *half past* midnight. Efn I ain't hyar on the stroke o' the clock, I'll send my ghost to keep you company."

"Hit's no time fer foolish talk, Lem," reproved Phœbe. But, in spite of herself, she was heartened by his teasing.

Big Lem gave Phœbe another bearlike hug, slipped the steaming pail on his free arm, and, unlatching the door, edged softly out into the night.

The storm grew in violence. Once the lightning struck close by. Huddled by the fire, Phœbe drowsed, nodded. When she awoke, the hickory backlog had died down to a mere glow. The asthmatic whir-r-r of rusty springs warned her that it was midnight. Like a wheezy old man getting ready to cough, the clock was preparing to strike.

One, two, three . . . ten, eleven, twelve.

The door rattled. She sprang up, all eagerness. It was only a gust of wind.

The minutes passed with intolerable slowness; then with intolerable swiftness.

Suddenly her taut nerves gave way. Shaking with a strange terror, she fled to the big bed in the end of the room and threw herself face downward upon it. Something dreadful had happened to Lem. She would never see him again!

Once more that warning whir-r-r, distinctly audible in the lull. Briefer this time, for the old clock was going to strike the half hour. She held her breath. The single stroke rang out like the crack of doom in the darkness. Her lips parted in a scream.

But suddenly a new sound froze her with fresh terror.

Her whole body strained toward that dim corner on the far side of the hearth. Yes, there it was! The rockers of pap's old chair were moving slowly back and forth across the bare boards.

The loose plank that Lem was always promising to peg down for her squeaked with the regular rhythm of the swaying chair.

Tick-tack . . . tick-tack. . . . It was too dark to make out the movement, but the sound was unmistakable.

Lem had said he would come back, dead or alive. He had kept his word. It was a sign.

Tick-tack . . . tick—

MERCIFULLY, a belated fusillade of thunder swallowed the appalling noise. The next moment the door swung back on its hinges, and there, limned faintly against the wet night, were the dear familiar outlines of Lem's figure. Phœbe screamed and buried her face in a huge feather pillow.

The figure stepped across the threshold, closed the door, and moved toward the fireplace.

"Hi, 'fraid-cat!" called Big Lem's voice. "Think I was a ghost?"

Fearfully Phœbe crept toward him. Fearfully she put out one small cold hand and touched his sopping-wet coat, his stubbly chin from which drops of water were still falling.

Then she flung both arms around his neck and clung there as if she would never let go.

"Oh, Lem," she sobbed, "air you truly alive?"

Big Lem's laugh filled the room. "Shorely am," he told her, "an' feelin' as peart as a two-year-old. I talked Lonny into givin' hisself up an' facin' his medicine. He's on his way to the sheriff's now."

With one arm Lem reached for a lightwood knot and tossed it on the hot ashes, where almost instantly it lay smoking, ready to burst into flame. With the other arm he scooped up Phœbe's slight body and moved with her toward the rocking-chair. As he sat down, a bloodcurdling shriek split the air!

Big Lem stood up and, reaching behind him, held aloft a bundle of squirming, spitting gray fur.

"That danged old cat o' yourn!" he chuckled, and dropped the writhing creature to the floor.

THE END

Wild Hearts

The Man in the Secret Cave—Jane's Desperate Game—Wildfire of First Love—Black MacDonald Makes New Plans and His Woman Gets a Shock

By

VINGIE E. ROE

(Reading time: 33 min. 25 sec.)

THIS is the story of the Gleason family's feud with Black MacDonald and his cutthroats who were terrorizing Sweet Waters Valley. Bob Salters, one of Gleason's riders, loved Jane, Gleason's daughter, and was fearful for her safety. He did not know that an impudent stranger had kissed her against her will. And no one knew it when Jane, riding Gray Hawk, came upon the same stranger mysteriously wounded.

First helping him on to Gray Hawk's back and later supporting him on foot, Jane struggled toward the haven of Old Coyote's Cave.

PART FOUR—THE BREAKING POINT

THE first wabbling step took them into the mouth of the little trail, for Jane had begun operations as near to the Rim as possible to conserve the small strength that was in the man she was helping. The earth fell away before them and the vast gulf of Sweet Waters Valley yawned beneath, dark as a monstrous sapphire, as mysteriously lighted by the afterglow. Jane leaned forward, taking his weight as much as possible on the small of her sturdy back, and, rocking from side to side to help lift his heavy feet in their fine stitched boots, crept down the face of the Wall.

Step, lurch, rock—step, lurch, rock!

She could hear his sighing breath, feel the increased sway of him with every crawling movement. If he should lose his dim consciousness again, fall outward from the Wall— But Old Coyote's Cave was just ahead—she could see its darker mouth—and she set her lips and strained ahead. One more long, slow pull—and just as she leaned in around the edge of the opening she heard, high and thin and far away, the pealing, clear call of her people.

" Ye-ee-ee—oo-oo-oo-oo! " it sang.

The Sweet Waters men were out after her.

One more effort, and she sank to her knees, untied the blanket, and let her burden down upon it. Swiftly she rolled him toward the cave's shallow back, lapped the warm blanket snugly over him, and, leaning close, strove to see his features. They shone pearly white in the darkness, and anguish swelled in her once more.

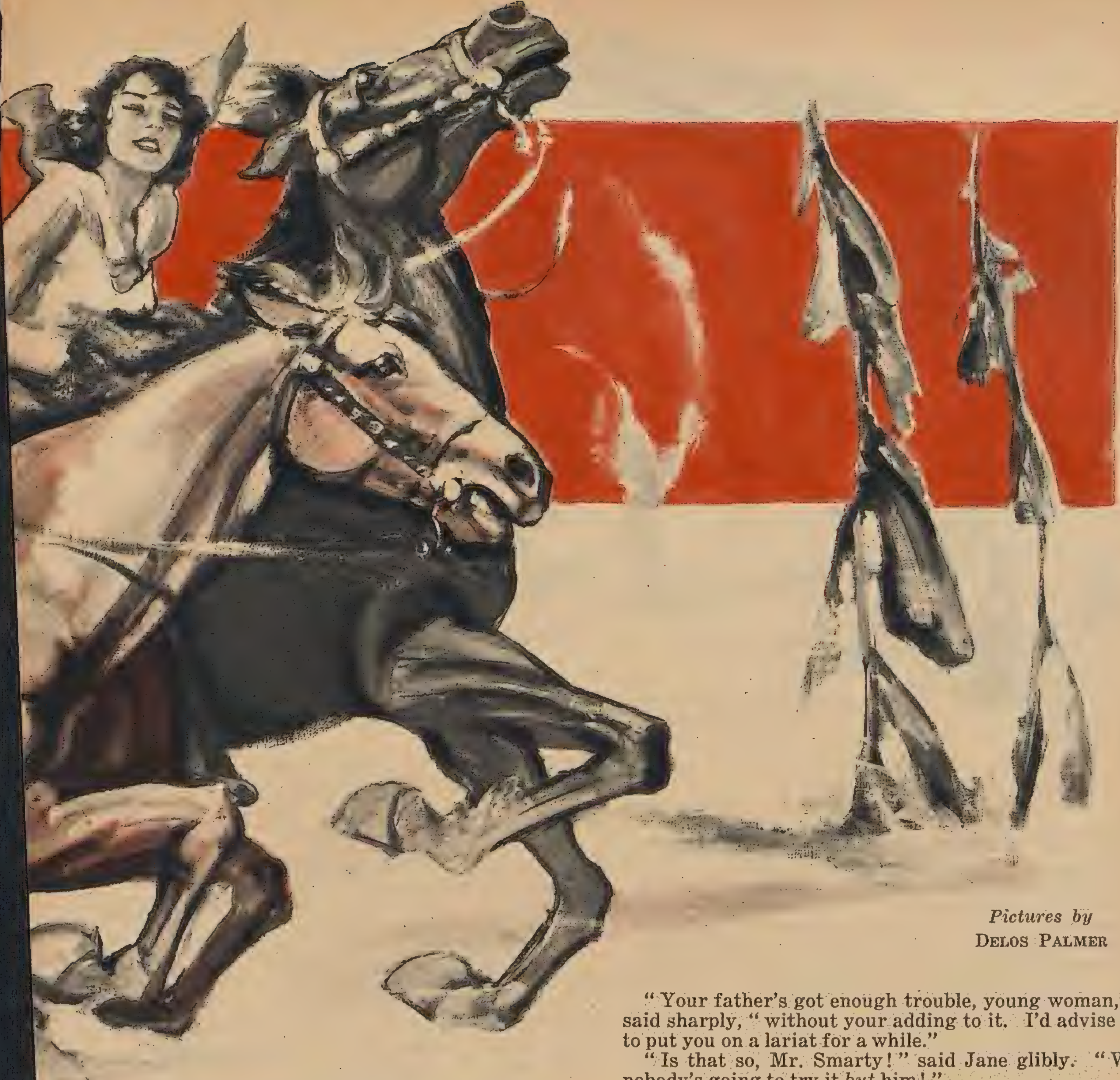
" Can you hear me? " she said sharply. " Can you understand what I say? "

" Yes," he whispered.

" Then listen. My folks are hunting me—I heard them calling in the sage. I've got to go, and go quick. But I'll be back. Whatever happens, I'll be back! Just as soon as I can make it. But it won't be for some hours. Lie still. Don't move—not an inch. There's a thousand feet of space under the cave's lip."

Back along the ledge, up the short trail, Jane went, scrambling in her haste.

She caught up Gray Hawk's rein, and with one long leap was in the saddle and heading for the road at a run. She wanted no one to find her riding the Rim this night—not even John Gleason. For some strange reason, last of all him. At intervals she could hear the call. It was Barb. She knew his inflection, the music of his barytone voice.



"LET'S let them out a bit." They lifted rein with a simultaneous motion and thundered away along the Sweet Waters.

Pictures by
Delos Palmer

She spoke to Gray Hawk, and though the stallion had been far that day and under double burden, he lengthened his stride and they sailed along the sage like a dim silver arrow. Once in the faint road that threaded the uplands, Jane swung north and, standing in her stirrups, sent out an answering cry. At the "Yip-yip-yip-yip-yip!" that came back she knew she had been heard. A little later she called again, got the answer, and presently she met three riders loping out of the shadows—her father, Barb, and Bob, all armed and riding close together.

"Girl," said Boss John, with a sigh of vast relief, "you gave us a scare again."

Jane rode in beside him as they all turned, and her heart smote her. For the first time in her loyal life she dissembled, was not "coming clean" to him.

"I'm a dirty ingrate, John," she said contritely, "and I've no business to do you this way. But there's nothing in the world like twilight on these plateaus, with Gray Hawk under me."

Bob and Barb had ridden in silence, but now Bob spoke.

"Your father's got enough trouble, young woman," he said sharply, "without your adding to it. I'd advise him to put you on a lariat for a while."

"Is that so, Mr. Smarty!" said Jane glibly. "Well, nobody's going to try it *but* him!"

Bob, after his sharp outbreak, fell silent; and there was something in this silence which made her glance at him in the starlit dark with a premonition of unease. A keen man was Bob Salters, quick to catch the unusual. She must look out for him.

Saying one thing, thinking another—a hundred others!—she rode slowly down the long steep road and into the sanctuary of Big Lot.

AS she swung from her saddle a cold chill went over her from head to foot. *Her saddle blanket!*

"I'll take the Hawk," said Bob, reaching for her rein. But she held it away from him like a spoiled child.

"You will not," she said. "I'll tend him myself. Besides, I like to rub him down after a long ride."

She set about her work in the dark stable with a thankful heart. A narrow squeak in the very first hour!

As she hung up her saddle she reached quietly for another blanket and hung it under the saddle on the peg. With a sigh of relief, she passed out and went up the path to the house.

The lamp was shining over the table, and Belle had her belated supper all ready in place, her quiet brown face no whit disturbed by a wait of nearly two hours.

At the meal's end the men rose with scraping of boots

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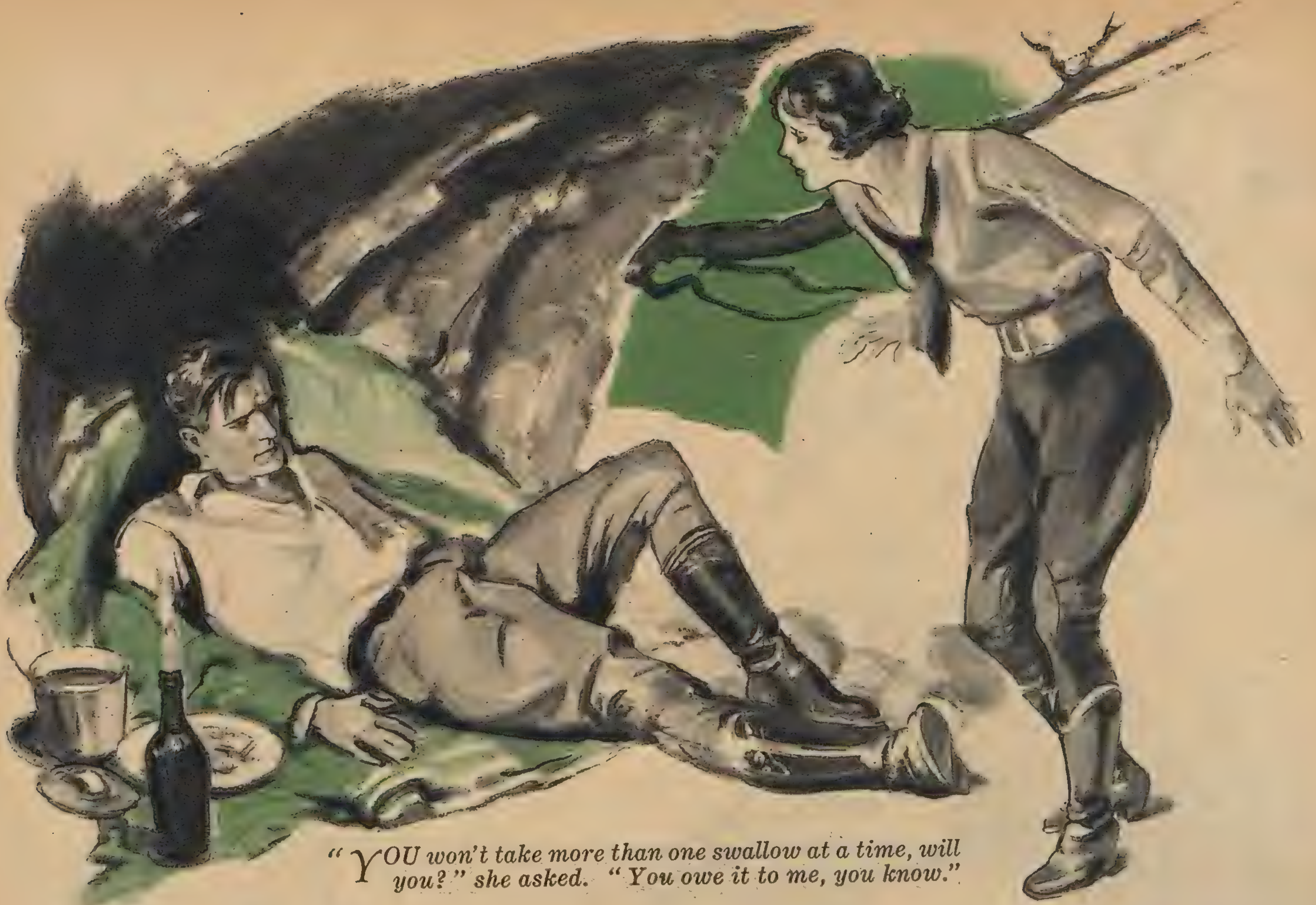

"YOU won't take more than one swallow at a time, will you?" she asked. "You owe it to me, you know."

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-three

on the bare floor, and all went into the big room, after their habit.

"Play for us, girl," said the boss, letting his great frame down into his big chair by the window.

Obediently Jane slid on to the long bench and laid her hands on the yellowed keys. She played as well as she had ever done—this and that favorite of her father's—but all the time it seemed as if another person did it; as if she were away, climbing down Old Coyote's trail, holding a cold form to her breast, listening for the faint sounds of returning life.

If only they would go to bed, these long boys sprawled, smoking, in the darkened room! Time was crawling—flying—a strange anomaly.

Presently she could stand it no longer and rose swiftly. "I think I'll turn in, John," she said soberly.

"All right, honey. And thanks."

As she passed him a pang struck her loving heart, and she stopped with a rush and laid her cheek to the top of his rugged head.

JANE went to her room and sat stiffly down beside the open window. She soon heard the creak of Boss John's chair as he heaved himself from it, the thump of boots as the boys went out to the bunkhouse. For a full hour after all was still about her she steeled herself to wait. Then, silent as an Indian, she opened the door and crept out to the big room.

On Boss John's desk she felt with careful fingers for the big key to the stable, put it safely in her pocket, and crept through to the kitchen. She filled a small covered pail with soup, got a canteen of water, laid out bread and meat.

All these she put into a flour sack, after tightly tying down the pail's lid, and was turning toward the big room again when Belle's low voice arrested her.

"Plenty milk in pantry," the Indian woman said. "Fruit jar hold it good."

"My heaven!" Jane breathed, astounded and frightened. "Belle, how did you know I was here? Did I make any noise?"

"No," said Belle. "I been wait long time. Saw your eyes, supper time. No know what you do, but something."

"You're right," said Jane. "And you're a wonderful woman, Belle. Can you keep a still tongue and help me?"

"Need ask that?"

"No, Belle. And I'm a blundering fool. Forgive me!"

"All right. What more you want?"

"A blanket—big, warm one, tied in a bundle, to put back of saddle. Bottle of sheep dip."

"Huh," said Belle. "Someone hurt!"

"Yes," said the girl straightly; "my Sam Four Sleeps."

WHEN Belle returned with the blanket they went together out the kitchen door and down the path to the stable. Jane unlocked the door and saddled Smoky. She tied the blanket behind her saddle, hung the flour sack from her pommel, and mounted.

"I'll be back a little after midnight, I think," she said. "You be here to keep the dogs quiet."

"Me, I wait," said Belle.

Then Jane was gone into the night, riding softly and slowly outside the road that ran toward the Wall. Once out of earshot, she put the young horse to the long lope that characterized the silvers, and was soon at the foot of Hanging Road. When they had gained the levels and she had let him stand five minutes to recover from the climb, she swung her rein and the tall gelding swung out in answer. They left the sandy road and struck in toward the Rim, and it was not long before the tip of Signal Rock began to march against the stars toward them.

At the lip of the cliff Jane dismounted, tied Smoky to the earth with hanging reins, and, taking the precious things from her saddle, once more crept down the little trail along the ledge.

At the mouth of the cave she stopped for a moment, fearful of what she might find, and her heart leaped at the sound of the weak voice which broke the profound silence of the place and hour.

"You did—come back," it said.

Instantly Jane was beside him, her hands upon his face, to find it warm and dry. The terrible chill, the damp of death, was gone.

"Sure," she said, "I'm back. Didn't I say I'd come? And here is water— *Careful! Stop it!*"

She caught the frantic hands that came clawing out of the darkness, pushing the surging form back to earth.

"Want to kill yourself—now?" she asked sharply.

Taking the screw top from the canteen, she poured into it a scant two tablespoonfuls of the precious liquid and held it to his swollen lips.

"Easy—let it trickle down," she warned him.

"Yes—but, God!—you don't know—"

"I think I do," said Jane gently; "but I want you to live."

He drew a long sigh and sank against her breast like a child. What a contrast he was now to that bold rider of the sage who had so high-handedly kissed Jane Gleason and boasted of his intent!

A little later she fed him the broth from the little pail, a sip at a time, at long intervals; and presently he became so ravenous for it that she had to put it away.

"You're no man of the open country," she told him, "or you'd know better than to take chances like that. All you want would kill you now."

He was silent a while, but presently he said bitterly, "Not so bad, at that."

"H'm. You talk like a fool. You're in bad some way—that I know, or think I do—but you're young and life is mostly before you. It's never too late to make another start."

He stirred uneasily and turned his face away from the warm contact of her breast.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty-four."

"Just a good start. I'm twenty myself."

"Twenty angels."

"ATTABOY!" said Jane. "Richard is getting to be himself again! When you begin kidding I know you're improving."

With careful hands Jane removed the bandages and, after making a solution in the lid of the little pail, soaked the small pads and bound them back upon the twin wounds. Then she put everything within his reach and made ready to go.

"You won't take more than one swallow at a time, just as far apart as you can stand it, will you?" she asked. "You owe it to me, you know. It would be a shame to undo what I've been at some pains, I'll have you know, to do. Don't want to come back and find you dead."

"I promise, Miss Gleason," he said gravely in his husky whisper. "I can only thank you so."

"That's the way! Now, use up all the soup first. It should last, *properly used*—get that?—until tomorrow noon. By then you can have the bread and meat, but still only a little and far between. I'll be back as soon as I can make it—maybe tomorrow, maybe in the night. But remember that *I'll be back.*"

He did not answer; but Jane felt his slow hand groping, and presently it clasped hers and drew it up against his gaunt cheek. For a silent moment he held it so; and then the girl drew it away, tucked the blanket snugly about his shoulders, and rose.

It was nearly two of the clock when she entered the kitchen and found Belle waiting with both dogs curled beside her. She bent and touched her softly.

"O. K., Belle," she said. "I've done what I set out to do. Heaven knows I may be wrong, but I had to do it. I didn't seem to have any choice."

"No," said Belle. "Old Man Life he don't give choice —not to a woman. He say 'do' and she do."

Jane put the key back on Boss John's desk and slipped like a shadow into her own room at the south of the big house. The first glow of false dawn was coming over the eastern ridge when she finally fell asleep. Even the deep tones of Gabriel announcing early breakfast did not wake her, and Pomo Belle, wise and faithful, came, shaking her shoulder.

"Better be up, like always," she said; "can sleep after."

When Jane took her place among her men-folk at the table, there was an unease in her for a while; a listening for any comment on Smoky, on his tracks beside the hard

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-five

road—on anything, in fact, that might point to her wild and dangerous adventure. But, keen as they all were, no one noticed anything strange, and the girl breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness.

She watched Bob saddling Sparkle out in Big Lot, and wondered where he was riding today. She went out on the back veranda and called to him: "Where you going, Bob?"

"Up to High Meadow. Want to come along?"

For a moment she hesitated. Then a sudden thought struck her. "Sure," she said. "Can you wait a minute?"

It would be much better if she rode in the daytime as usual, and with the boys, than if she gave up her rides too frequently. She hurried into her riding clothes and joined Bob where he had already saddled Gray Hawk and was standing with the two bridle reins in his big hands.

He watched her come with a little smile in his blue eyes. "Thought you'd about quit coming along with me," he said. "'Fraid I'll scold you some more?"

"No. Wouldn't matter if you did. I'd go on doing as I please anyway," she answered lightly.

"How well I know it!" said Bob.

Jane had felt, when Belle shook her awake, as if she could scarcely hold up her head, she was so weary from excitement and loss of sleep; but with the first jogging mile on Gray Hawk's back the shadows lightened in her brain.

"Let's let them out a bit," she said.

They lifted rein with a simultaneous motion and thundered away along the Sweet Waters.

IT was after noon when they got back to the ranch house, but Belle had saved them a substantial meal.

When the night drew down, Jane waited for the quiet of the house, filled her pack with Belle's help, stole out and saddled Smoky, and when the midnight stars were overhead she slid down the narrow trail. This time she was eager, knowing that life, not death, awaited her. And she was right, for a low voice spoke as she stooped within. "Light-in-dark-places," it said. "O pearl-of-all-women!"

"Bunk!" cried Jane happily. "You'd kid from the edge of the grave, wouldn't you? Now let's get busy. I've brought a candle this time and more food. How did the other hold out?"

"Didn't hold out. All gone. Priceless stuff."

Jane lighted the candle and stuck it in the bottle she had brought for the purpose, and squatting back on her heels looked at him in the tiny glow. It was a ghastly face she saw; but the wild beauty which had enthralled her that first day on the sage caught at her heart now with the gaze of the black eyes.

"How have you been? Have you had much pain?" she asked.

"A little. Not too much."

"Good. Must expect some. Now let's take a look."

She laid out her little kit of first-aid things, cotton, bandages, more antiseptic, and, putting the candle close, laid back his shirt.

"This shirt," she said, "is a menace. I've brought you a clean one. Also another blanket."

Bending down she studied the wound in his breast, and what she saw did not reassure her. It was angry and red, a sinister thing. She turned him carefully and looked long at its mate. This one was better, a larger but whiter wound. Talking lightly, she made her solution as strong as she dared and bathed them both long and thoroughly; bound them again with compress and bandage. With a dampened cloth she washed his face, his hands, noticing how long and slim the latter were, the skin fine-grained. And all the time those wide dark eyes were on her face.

She had seen a dog look so once—a ghastly skeleton weaving above a trap. She had loosed it and let it tumble into her arms, had held it, dying, against her breast. And she had never forgotten the look in its dumb eyes—the joy, the peace, of rescue; above all the almost articulate sorrow of too lateness.

Fixing the broth which Belle had given her over some crumbled bread, she took his head in the bend of her arm and fed him with a spoon.

The heart in Jane's breast beat heavily against the shoulder pressed against it. She knew that he could feel it, and she knew too that, schooled as he was in the ways of the world, he would know its meaning. And she did not care!

When the broth was finished she laid the cup aside, made to slip him back upon the pallet. But he put his hand on her arm and looked up at her.

"Let me stay," he said softly, "a little while."

Almost fiercely the girl tightened her hold of him.

A lump strained in her throat; her lids smarted. He was so lost from his high estate of arrogance. He was helpless, like a very little child.

Presently his hand slid down her arm, groped for her hand and clasped it.

They remained so for a long time. At last he turned his face away, stirred in her arms uneasily.

"Be still," said Jane.

"I wish to God I could!" he cried out. "There's peace in your touch—and I can't take it."

"If I give it you can," said Jane calmly, "and I give it."

"But you don't know—"

"I don't want to know. I'm not asking, am I?"

"No! And I know you for what I never hoped to find in this world—a true woman. With honor and strength—and—and a pure heart. Oh, my God!"

He rolled his head away from her throat and put his hand over his eyes. His body tensed, and Jane Gleason knew that he was entering some Gethsemane of the soul.

Gently she drew him to her once more, held him in silence. After a long time the form in her arms relaxed, she heard him sigh, the black head shook slowly against her breast. "You mustn't come here so often. You don't know the risk you run!"

"Don't I!"

"No. And I'm not worth it. Not worth a single hour's worry, or effort, from you. I who insulted your every instinct that—that day on the sage. I've wished a hundred times I'd dropped dead before I did it—not only since you brought me back to life. I want you to know that I felt that way before I saw you again—that I recognized you that first day for what you are, and hated myself for my wildness, my unforgivable insolence."

For a while Jane did not reply. Then she said gravely: "Would it help you any to know that that was the first kiss I ever had on the lips? And that I've not been able to forget it or you for one single moment since? That I pumped breath into your apparently dead body for almost an hour, praying with every motion for your life?"

"No!" he said miserably. "It hurts me worse than anything that ever happened to me in all my life! If I deserve punishment for my sins, I have it now—in this!"

"And I," said Jane fiercely, "have paradise."

Bending her head, she shifted him a trifle and kissed him solemnly on the mouth. A sweat of travail was standing on his flesh.

"Now good-by," she said. "Do all you can to help yourself get well. Look for me when you hear me coming, and be sure it will be in good time, though I'm never certain. I have to slip away after my family is asleep."

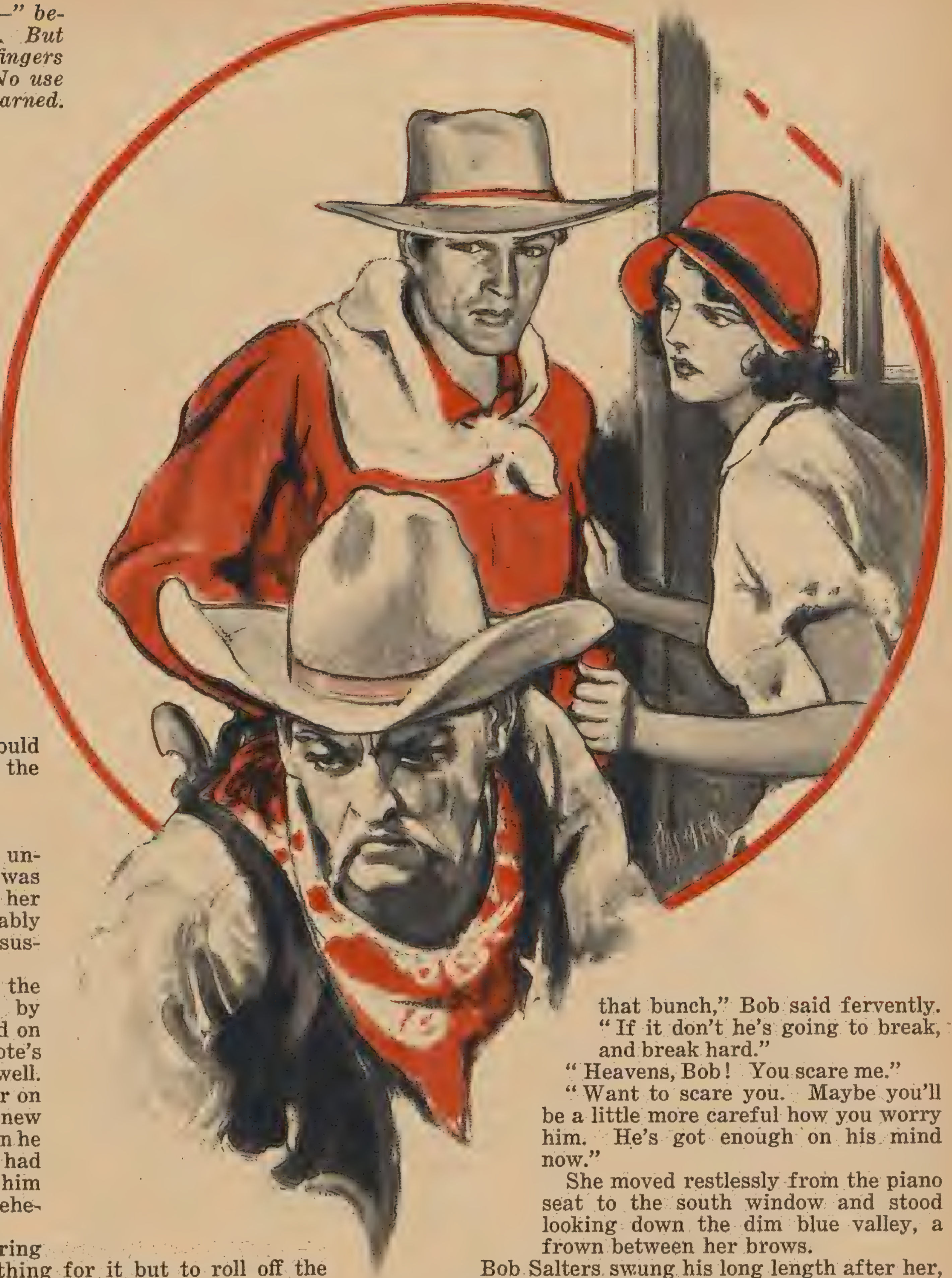
"Good-by," he said. "I'll remember—everything."

II.

THE ride back along the high plateau was a magical time to Jane. The stars in the dark sky, the little blowing winds, the smell of the sage were part of that mysterious beatitude and glamour which drown the young spirit when love first comes to it. She felt mysterious herself, deep and clear and beautiful within. She loved him and he was her man—she knew no more, cared for no more. He loved her, and that was enough. He had not even told her so, but she knew.

Wildfire was in her blood, lighting her soul with dan-

“WELL, of all the—” began Barb hotly. But Jane slapped her fingers against his arm. “No use starting things,” she warned.



ger and glory. And she would not have it otherwise for the world and all it held.

. . . . . .

Days passed as in an unreal dream to Jane. She was constantly on a strain, her mind working interminably to keep her men from suspecting her.

She took to riding in the mornings, getting back by noon. That angry wound on the pale breast in Old Coyote's Cave was not doing well. There was a flush of fever on the bearded cheeks. She knew he was suffering more than he would admit. Once she had begged him to let her get him to a doctor, and he had vehemently refused.

“If you attempt to bring one here—there'll be nothing for it but to roll off the ledge. And I beg you to forgive me.”

The tragic pleading of the big eyes in their hollows went into her heart like flaming steel.

“Very good,” she said. “I'll do the best I can. But if you roll off that ledge I'll follow you.”

At that calm covenant of love and death he fell to weeping, his gaunt shoulders heaving with the hard tears of soul's sorrow.

. . . . .

Back at Sweet Waters, Jane watched her father and thought the brooding over Ben Sask's death was telling on him. A deal of gray was coming at his temples; there were new lines in his strong and kindly face.

The hatred that had burned in his eyes now and again at mention of Black MacDonald seemed always present now. He was aging fast.

Bob knew this, too, and they spoke together of it in the big room one night when Boss John and the others were out at Big Lot.

“I hope something happens soon to give us a chance at that bunch,” Bob said fervently. “If it don't he's going to break, and break hard.”

“Heavens, Bob! You scare me.”

“Want to scare you. Maybe you'll be a little more careful how you worry him. He's got enough on his mind now.”

She moved restlessly from the piano seat to the south window and stood looking down the dim blue valley, a frown between her brows.

Bob Salters swung his long length after her, put his arm softly about her shoulders.

“Didn't mean to hurt you, Jane,” he said soberly. “I'm only anxious. About Boss John. About things at Sweet Waters. About you.”

HIS low voice was so sweet, his tall form beside her so comforting, that the girl had a wild desire to fling herself against his breast and cry out the excitement and trouble that strained at her heart.

But she stood quietly, holding herself tensely; and presently Bob dropped his arm and, turning abruptly, went out of the room.

He knew that she had repulsed him, even though she had said no word, made no move to withdraw from his light touch.

And Jane was more miserable than she had been since all the desperate intrigue began.

“A Sam—and a Bill,” she told herself sadly. “Why must there be always a Bill to make one's heart ache?”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-seven

III

BLACK MACDONALD was back at Stone House. His gang was with him and hilarity marked the careless days. There was much liquor in evidence and it flowed like water among them. They ate prodigiously and Black Mac's woman was constantly at work in the kitchen. None paid her the scant attention he might a timid dog.

Black Mac snarled his orders at her, and she fulfilled them to the letter, swiftly, tremulously. She was a beaten thing, creeping along existence, poor of joys, of loves, of all that makes life worth the living.

But she was not all dullness. The ears under the masking headgear were sharp and lightly tuned. They could catch an inflection in her master's voice at its first faint inception, could interpret it before his words were done. She knew so much about Black Mac!

She feared him with a deadly fear because of this knowledge, and she had good reason. Many a night there had been a look in his black-fringed eyes which told her unerringly he was weighing it and what it might some day do to him against her perfect service. So far the service had won the argument. It might not always do so.

She knew now that Black Mac was up to something, some new villainy, some under-cover *coup* for which some innocent victim would suffer.

She heard the old scraping of chairs drawn together, the low murmur of Black Mac's voice, the frequent thunder of his fist upon the table, the laughter when his plans were made.

"There'll be nothing in this for you bozos," she heard him say. "It's my affair. But you'll stick, every man jack of you, and see it through. At least, I'd advise you to. That's all."

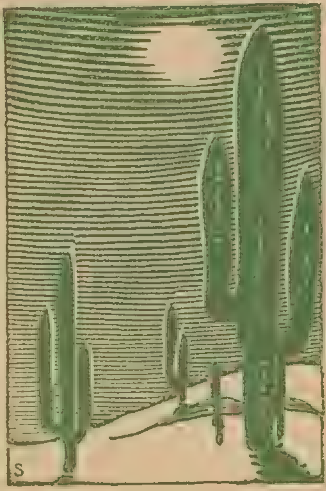
"But when?" asked Bissard.

"You'll know when the time comes," MacDonald answered, "and you'll want all your nerve—especially in your gun hand. They're a steady bunch, damn 'em, and good shots all. Even that long-legged girl of theirs. I've seen her hit a hawk sailing level with the Rim from the valley floor—and that's a hell of a long shot—with a rifle ball. Also, from what I know of her, she'll ride and shoot with the rest. She ain't above shootin' blind—through the willows—because she heard a horse squeal, young hellion! I'd advise we take less chance with her than any."

"I ain't seen her," said Polk, "but she sounds excitin'. If ye'd like to get her out of th' country, boss, you might give her to me an' head me south. Th' border an' a woman like that sound good to me."

"Shut up!" said MacDonald. "I think, after I get through with them, they'll all go, and be glad of the chance, without your help."

"O. K.," said Polk, subsiding.



The woman in the sunbonnet behind the big door put a bony hand up to her throat. She stood so, leaning against the wall, until the card-playing began again and she knew the conference was over.

The day passed with so much drinking that by night there was peace all round—the peace of men gone silent in the stupor of drunkenness—and the woman breathed more freely. MacDonald himself was dead to the world, stretched on their bed in his clothes, his booted feet on the clean quilt.

He was good for ten hours on end, and in the safety thus provided the gaunt woman went outdoors to sit against the wall under the stars, with her tired hands folded in her lap. She closed her eyes and sat still as the dead for more than an hour, just drinking in the darkness, the quiet, and the peace of the eternal heavens lighted by their stars.

IV

JANE GLEASON was in a world of trouble. Her newfound universe was threatened with annihilation. The man in the cave at the Rim rock's edge lay low in the balance of life, wasting with fever, tossing on his blanket bed. The angry wound in his thin breast was angrier, blue about its edges. It seemed to Jane's strained and anxious eyes that she could see a change each time she came to him. But he was game—very game. Always his hot eyes smiled at her, and when she asked him how he had been he had always the same bright answer:

"Pretty good. Who wouldn't be, with all these comforts and your face to dream of in the silence?"

And Jane would shut her mouth and tend him deftly, blinking back the mist that dimmed her eyes.

"Atta boy!" she told him. "The will to live is half the battle—and don't you dare to lose it."

"Only a yellow pup would lose it now," he said simply. "I'll fight, Miss Gleason. I've fought in less worthy causes," he finished bitterly.

"But that's over," said the girl, with such a savage note in her voice that the man looked up, startled. "You just bet it's over! If I pull you through this, I'll lay such a mandate on you that you'll walk the straight-and-narrow from now on, or I'll know the reason why."

He dropped his eyes, and Jane saw his lips strain together like those of a child who must not cry.

Presently he swallowed difficultly and turned his head away, after his fashion when things got too deep for words.

"O. K.," he said after a while.

But Jane, making her secret and hazardous trips at irregular intervals, was racked by the agony of fear.

AND then she went where she had learned to go in trouble—to Pomo Belle. "Life is getting away from me, Belle," she said straightly. "My Sam Four Sleeps. That hurt—it was a bullet, Belle."

"I know," said Belle. "No good—bullet. Bad for blood."

"So. All blue—all red. Face hot with fever. Oh, Belle! Is he going to die?"

"Sure," said Belle again—"unless you do something."

"My heaven!" whispered the girl. "What can I do?"

"I do," said Belle quietly, untying her apron. She hung it on a peg and busied herself with laying out her sharpest knife from the table drawer, adding a little sack with a string to hang it from a shoulder. Then she blew out her wall lamp and came close to Jane.

"This time I go, you wait," she said. "I go to hills. Dig roots. Plenty good roots in Cedar Roughs. You keep hot fire—hot water."

She was gone three hours, and Jane knew by her weary breathing when she returned how far she had been.

"You think Bill Jacks will wonder?" she asked anxiously.

"No wonder, him," said Belle. "I told him go. He say, 'O. K., Belle.' Always O. K. to Bill. Now you get little pan from pantry. We work in dark. Too late for light. 'Bout 'leven 'clock."

"Just eleven—I looked a few minutes ago."

"We make this. Then you go your Sam Four Sleeps yet tonight. Make him drink six times day. You wash bullet hole, too. Put plenty in. Way down."

So once again Jane rode up Hanging Road, along the windy sage beneath the stars.

She carried her bitter brew to Old Coyote's Cave and followed Belle's instructions to the letter.

"It's Indian medicine," she told him, "and I have faith in Belle."

"One needs it," the long boy panted after his first taste. "This is certainly the—cat's whiskers—for flavor."

"Also for healing," she answered firmly. "Frequently what's good for us is hard to take. Often the bad is sweet."

"Wisdom—of Solomon—from young—lips," he said whimsically. "Could you find it—in your heart—to—kiss me once before you go?"

Without a word the girl knelt beside him, laying her lips to his mouth, to his forehead, to the sunken temple where the dark hair clung in sodden rings.

Then she was gone.

It was in the still small hours that she put Gray Hawk away inside the stable. She hung her saddle up and wiped the stallion down painstakingly from nose to fetlock, and, sighing, slipped out and locked the door. And all the time a tall figure had stood in a far corner and followed her every move.

When she was safely up the path, Bob Salters stepped noiselessly over and ran his hands down Gray Hawk's back, under his flank, under his mane.

"Um," he said to himself. "Been fairly far—and fairly fast."

Then he climbed up on a manger and wormed his slender body through one of the small windows in the stone wall, dropped down outside, and went silently away toward the bunkhouse. For several days thereafter there was so strange a light in Bob's eyes when he looked at Jane that she stared back at him uneasily.

ENERAL SUPPLY STORE

"Jane," said Boss John a few days later, "Barb and Steve are going down to Maulin for a load of supplies. Get your bonnet on, girl, and go along. Do you good. Buy yourself some goods for a new dress. Don't know when you've had one."

"But—I don't want to go, John," said Jane. "I'm perfectly satisfied right here with you and the boys, and the Hawk to ride. And I had two new dresses last year. Both good as new yet."

"Shucks! Then go anyway, if only to get you a dish of ice cream. I'd feel better if you went. Seems like I can't do anything for my young ones but hand them out trouble and the chance of war."

Quick as a flash Jane was beside him, her hand on his arm. "John," she said sharply, "are you weakening? Were you, or were you not, a Texas Ranger? Did you ever lie down under fire?"

"Nope," the old man said steadily. "And if you think I'm slacking now you don't know your own father. I'm only eaten with sorrow for you and all my blood, both natural and adopted." He waved a hand at Bob and Steve out at Big Lot.

"They're mine too," he finished simply.

"Right," said Jane. "And, unless I'm much mistaken, Ben Sask is the last one in this bunch that'll ever be shot from ambush. Stop fretting. I'm sure going down with the boys—and the bill I'll run at the store will give you heart failure!"

Jane hurriedly dressed herself in one of last year's dresses and was ready by the time the boys were. They rattled away along the valley toward the north in the disreputable old car.

THE two boys talked lengthily on the topic of alfalfa, and Jane's mind went back to Old Coyote's Cave and what it held. Unease was in her. Belle's medicine had worked, but it was slow. There was less fever in the wasted cheeks; the dark wound had become clearer, less sinister, and was closing at last. But, oh, the weakness in the long, slim body! The shaking of the thin hands!

She would lose this day, all of it, and the night as well, for they would not get home until after dark. Barb had a list of errands about the town—at the blacksmith shop, at the hardware store, and other places—that would keep him busy for several hours. The supplies at the big general store her father had intrusted to her.

It was close to noon when they rattled across the long bridge above the Deschutes River and climbed into the one long street that laced the straggling town to the hillside. Jane was eager to see what the store had of dainties that might tempt a sick man. She had money of her own, unspent from last year's trip. She would not be deceiving Boss John more than necessary in these small and surreptitious purchases.

"We'll park here, close to the middle of things," said Barb, angling the old car in to the board sidewalk, "and have dinner the first thing. I could eat some!"

"You ain't th' only one," said young Steve, grinning. "How about you, Janey?"

"Show me a beefsteak," said the big girl promptly, smiling back at him.

So they entered the grimy small restaurant and ate with the gusto of the young for strange food.

As they were leaving they met, just at the door, Sheriff Henter coming in. In deference to an older man and the law he represented, all three of them stepped aside.

"HOWDY do, Mr. Henter?" said Barb politely if somewhat stiffly, and touched his wide-brimmed hat.

Sheriff Henter, taken by surprise, stared at them widely and without a word passed into the restaurant.

"Well, of all the—" began Barb hotly. But Jane slapped her fingers against his arm.

"No use starting things," she warned as they walked away. "That man's against us. Let's be quiet as possible in this man's town."

"It's not all *that* man's town," Barb said. "Remember Ben's funeral."

"Yes; but we want to stand in favor if worse ever comes to worst. The town knows he's never done a thing about Ben. Give him rope."

At the big store Jane set about making her purchases from the list Boss John had given her.

She had about finished her selection when her glance fell upon the strangest figure she had seen in many years—namely, a tall woman, tall as herself, clad in a long dark calico dress which buttoned up the front, who was standing at the forward counter.

The lank form, the slightly stooping shoulders, the drab garment, all took her mind flashing back to her girlhood on the Texas plains and those gaunt women who inhabited them. There was something familiar about this stranger, and it had its climax in the thing upon her head—the slatted sunbonnet of the South.

Jane had stopped dead still, her penciled scrap of paper in her hand, her wide eyes fixed on the strange apparition from the past. The clerk beside her waited a moment; then, recalling her to the work in hand, spoke clearly in the resounding store: "Have we everything, Miss Gleason? Can you think of anything more? Soap? Notions? It's a long time between trips, you know."

But Jane did not answer; for immediately upon his words, as if an invisible hand had struck her, the woman at the counter clutched at its edge, her knees buckled awkwardly, and she sank down, still holding desperately to the counter.

What secret terrible knowledge made Black MacDonald's woman collapse? Next week you'll learn what happened in the dramatic moments that followed her collapse.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Out of the Mouths of Babes—

Mealtimes in a home with three small exuberant children are apt to be trying. One day at the end of a particularly hectic lunch mother sighed, "I almost wish I didn't have any children!"

"No, mother," came six-year-old Hill's quick reply. "The thing to do is to have children and then *tame* them."—Mrs. Hill Williams, 202 N. Eighth St., Pasco, Washington.

* * *

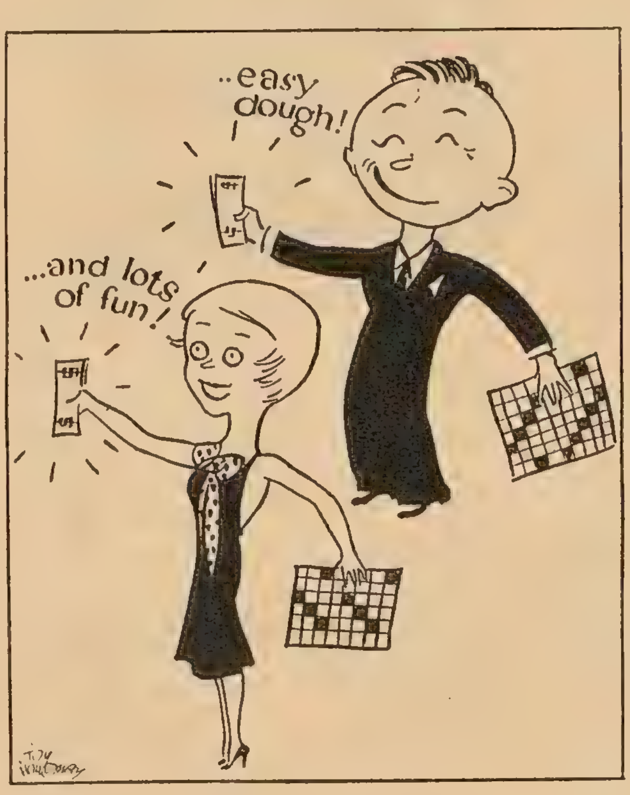
Sh-h-h-h!

One of my neighbors, an attorney, was called unexpectedly to the Tombs, New York City Prison, to see a client one Sunday morning. That afternoon his wife took their small son to the movies. During the picture, when the theater was very quiet, Bobby inquired in a loud voice: "Mother, why did daddy have to go to jail this morning?"—S. A. Conwell, 1332 Riverside Drive, New York City.

$500

CASH PRIZE CONTEST

for Cross-Word Puzzlers!


..easy dough!
...and lots of fun!

SOLVE this week's Liberty cross-word puzzle with a winning entry and Liberty will help you solve your problem of extra money! You can win any one of the sixty-eight cash awards. They range from $100 down to $5. Every one well worth the winning. And they must be won! Liberty is obligated to pay.

Your chance to be among the payees is excellent, provided you enter. And of course you'll do that!

What easier way to get extra money than to win it with the cross-word-puzzle solution that you'd be working out for fun anyway?

You don't often have the opportunity to play for pay. Yet here one is! You play and we pay.

No need for Liberty to point out the uses you can make of extra money. You know what they are better than we do. But we can point out exactly where some of that extra money awaits your claim.

The first prize this week is $100. Second money is $50, and the third award is $25. In addition to these major awards Liberty will pay $5 for each of the sixty-five entries to which the judges give the next highest ratings.

In order to compete simply solve Cross-Word Puzzle No. 7, which appears on the adjoining page, and send it in accompanied by a short letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."

The rules, below, explain clearly just how, when, and where to submit your entry. Follow the simple instructions and you will be in line for one of the prizes.

The names of the winners of this week's contest will be published in the issue of Liberty dated July 23, on sale July 14.

WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

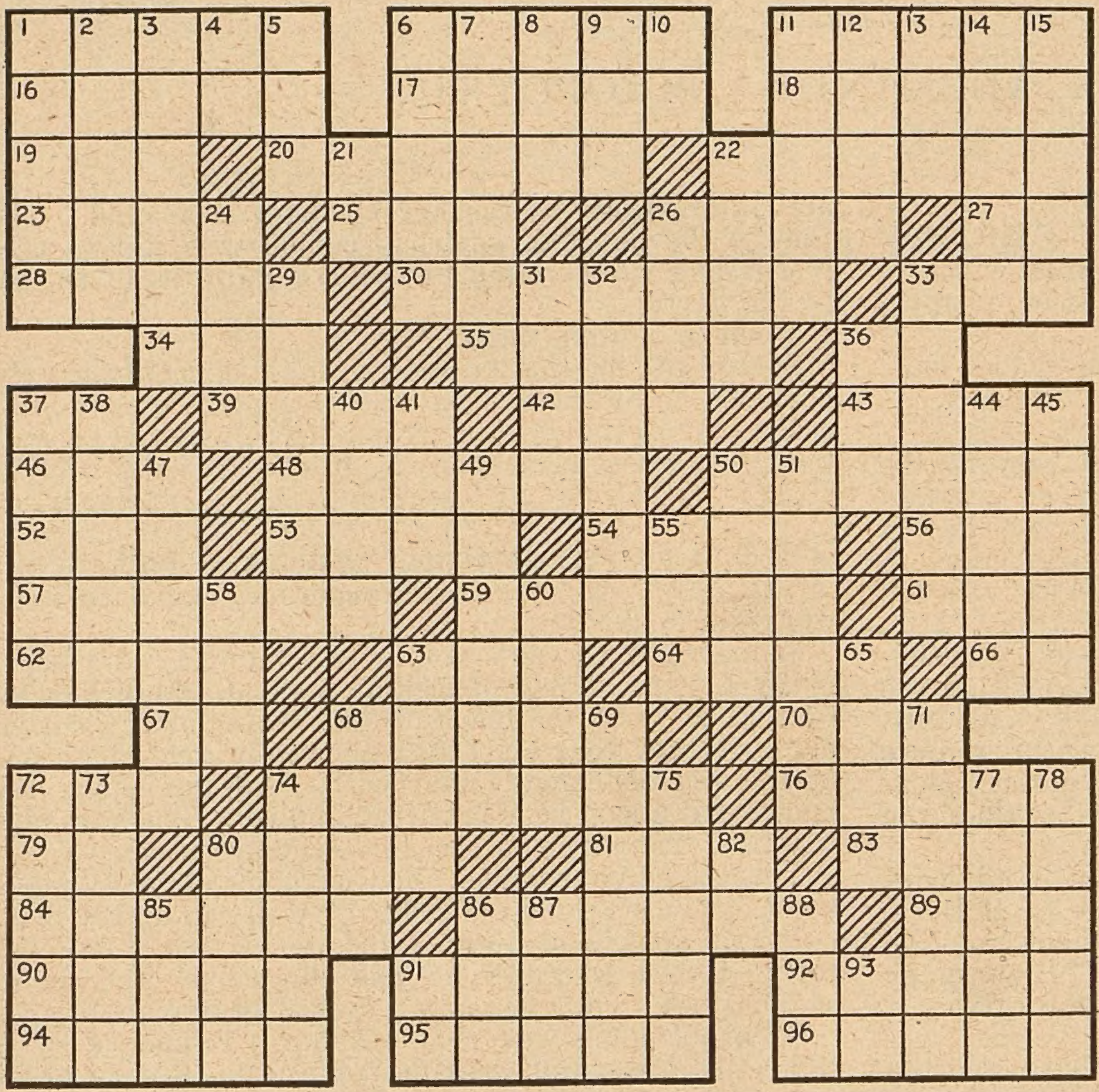
The CONTEST RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.
3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."
4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.
6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, June 6, 1932.

NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

Here Is Contest Puzzle

No. 7

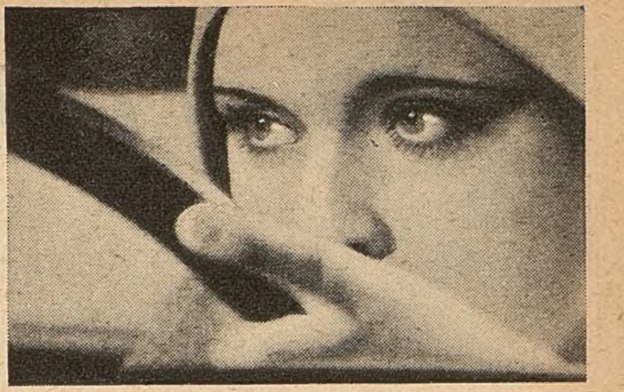


HORIZONTAL

1 Crippled
6 Species of poplar
11 Contour
16 Gone by (poetic)
17 Discontinue
18 Scraped with the forefoot
19 Seafaring man
20 Irrigates
22 Posted
23 Kind of jacket
25 Drowse
26 Nobleman
27 Egyptian deity
28 Refresh
30 Turn in the opposite direction
33 Equine
34 Billow
35 College officials
36 One hundred square meters
37 Business organization (abbr.)
39 Cubes
42 Sooner than
43 Plucky
46 Youth
48 Inn
50 Line used in weather maps
52 Form of to be
53 Level
54 Orient
56 Babylonian deity
57 Withdraw
59 Tottering gait
61 Spiteful woman
62 River in Germany
63 A metal
64 Distribute
66 Toward
67 Note of the scale
68 Minute orifices
70 Grassland
72 Owns
74 Integrity
76 Pickles in brine
79 Indian mulberry
80 No
81 Sandpiper
83 Dreadful
84 Re-cover an inner surface
86 Pointed weapons
89 An eternity
90 An instant
91 Absolute
92 Skull cavity
94 Charger
95 Divisions of a racing contest
96 Squander

VERTICAL

1 More recently
2 A size of type
3 Mentally subnormal persons
4 Type measure
5 Atmospheric moisture
6 Performer
7 Planted by strewing
8 Parity
9 Kind of worm
10 The symbol for an element
11 Lean
12 Salute
13 Pointed tool
14 Equals
15 Collections of old Norse tales
21 One indefinitely of a number
22 Religious service
24 Indigence
26 Bird of prey
29 Salver
31 Change direction
32 Acquired by labor
33 A Semitic language
36 Past
37 Light colored; said of cigars
38 Propelled
40 Cavern
41 Feminine personal name
44 Victim of Charlotte Corday
45 One of the Muses
47 Prevents
49 All; complete
50 Island
51 Goes stealthily
55 Augment
58 Anger
60 Cardinal number (plural)
63 Character of sound
65 A metal
68 Johnnycake
69 Thoroughfare
71 Foreigners
72 Stags
73 Watchful
74 Sharpened
75 Measures of time
77 A fish
78 Meaning
80 City in France
82 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
85 Recline
86 Pronoun
87 Edible seed
88 Compass point
91 Hush!
93 One of the United States (abbr.)



If Motoring Makes Your Eyes Burn . . .

do this for quick relief!

When you return from motoring or other outdoor exposure with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes, here's the way to get quick, safe relief. Simply apply a few drops of harmless *Murine* and the irritation and redness will disappear in a jiffy!

Remember, too, that Murine is the favorite eye clearer and brightener of famous stage and screen stars. Used daily, it keeps eyes *always* clear, bright and alluring. 150 applications cost only 60c at drug and department stores. Contains no belladonna!

MAKE THIS TEST! *Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

SELL *where your customers* BUY!

Census figures show that 69% of retail volume comes from cities of 10,000 population and over. In these *selling* cities Liberty places a greater percentage of its circulation than *any other* magazine. For distribution and sales where your customers do their buying—advertise in Liberty!

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY should be one of the most celebrated wives in America. She is certainly the most talented "celebrity's wife" I ever have met.

To her famous artist husband she is no end of help. She's his wife, his business manager, his friend, his model. They have been married for thirteen years.

When he painted Mussolini—Mussolini prefers the Christy portrait to all others of the hundreds of portraits that have been painted of him—Mrs. Christy kicked in with a brilliant suggestion. Mr. Christy was going to dramatize the dictator; would have posed him with his dark head lowered, frowning over crossed arms. Mrs. Christy said no. She said, "Concentrate on the eyes." She saw that the eye of Mussolini, closely and intimately viewed, has something more human in it, something more sympathetic and less forbidding than the complete Mussolini face.

Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy

Her husband took her advice—somewhat to the fatigue of Il Duce, who sent her a pathetic note from the model stand, asking, "How many times is necessary to pose for portrait with the eyes?"

Christy painted Coolidge in the White House, and the two families became the best of friends. Mrs. Christy captured Calvin's heart by baking apple pies. They are a specialty with her. During a two weeks' visit at the White House she baked five of them.

One day Mr. Coolidge was walking in Potomac Park with Mr. Christy. The President pointed to a red-brick building.

"That is our War College," said Mr. Coolidge. Dryly he added, "We can make as good a war in there as anywhere."

Friendship—and perfume bottles—are Mrs. Christy's hobbies. Nancy Christy has more women friends than any other woman I know. And she has more perfume bottles. One hundred and seventeen of them on her bureau. She has collected them from the four corners of the earth. Just the bottles. She doesn't like perfume.

She's blonde, blue-eyed, always on the go. Her father was English, her mother Virginian. She has a Southern-mammy cook who has been with her for thirty-two years.

THOSE clever Parisiennes are setting new styles with the tricks they invent for saving money this year. For instance, no more flowers on the dinner table. Flowers get to be a big item if you do much entertaining, so the ladies of Paris are decorating their festive boards with smart but inexpensive toys. As a centerpiece they'll use a band of miniature musicians grouped around a fuzzy toy palm—all made of glass. Little golfers and fox hunters are also in vogue.

"WHAT shall I do about the So-and-sos?" a friend of mine asked recently. "They are both such nice people separately, but when you get them together at a party they are terrible."

Some married couples do give their friends a lot of trouble socially. We all know couples like this, who seem to have a bad effect on each other in public.

There's the husband who is an interesting talker when you get him alone, but who turns into a dud if his wife is present. And there's the wife who is always amusing and interesting—unless her husband is around. Then there's the devoted, amorous couple who ignore other guests and simply cling together, regardless of the rest of the party.

What to do with them?

It seems to me that hostesses should demand the privilege of keeping these social misfits apart. If they blight each other to the discomfort of others, why not separate them—at least in company? It's their fault, anyway. They shouldn't go out together if they can't behave.

THE "leap-year petticoat" was a keen and cunning strategy. Our great-grandmothers employed it. It worked like this:

When leap year came around you put on a red petticoat—if you were a husband-seeking maiden. And when you wanted to "pop the question" to your young man you merely raised your skirt high enough to give him a peek at the red challenge underneath. All the young men knew what a leap-year petticoat implied. The next move was his. It was up to him to do the proposing.

That saved your pride. You were not obliged to come right out with a bold, unbashful "Will you marry me?"

It was good gold digging too, for if the young man rejected your advances he was obliged, by the custom of the times, to buy you a new dress "of fine quality."

Great-grandma was not so dumb. Today we smoke cigarettes instead of wearing petticoats. But do we get our man any more effectively than she did? And how about the new dress?

READ John Mulholland's book, Quicker Than the Eye, if you're interested in the lives of great magicians. Don't read it if you want to know how they do their tricks. Mr. Mulholland is fascinatingly uncommunicative. (Published by Bobbs-Merrill.)

CANAPES of *red* caviar are now the stylish cocktail titbit in London. The difference between black and red caviar, in case you haven't heard, is that sturgeon eggs make black caviar, while red caviar comes from salmon. The red is cheaper, and some people prefer its flavor; it's less oily.

Spread it, for canapés, on thin slices of rye bread. Add a squeeze of lemon juice at the last moment before serving.

Little cream-cheese balls rolled in black caviar make an attractive accompaniment to red-caviar canapés. The cream cheese should have a few drops of Worcestershire sauce in it. Place each ball on a tiny cracker.

TAKE the flowers out of your dining room and put them on your hat.

Paris commands it. Floral millinery is *the very thing* this season.

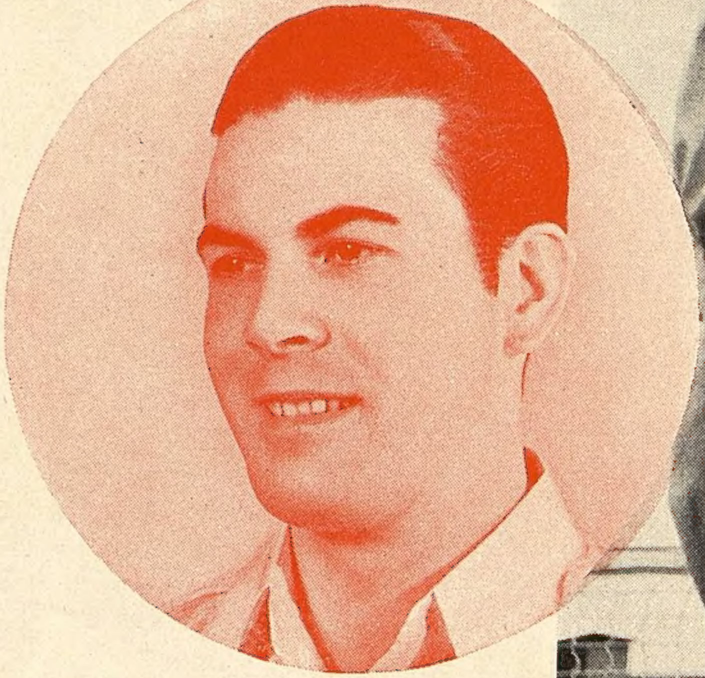
Black hats are bright with tiny field flowers—brilliant blue and red and yellow—halfway around the crown; black ribbon for the other half. A perky bow in front.

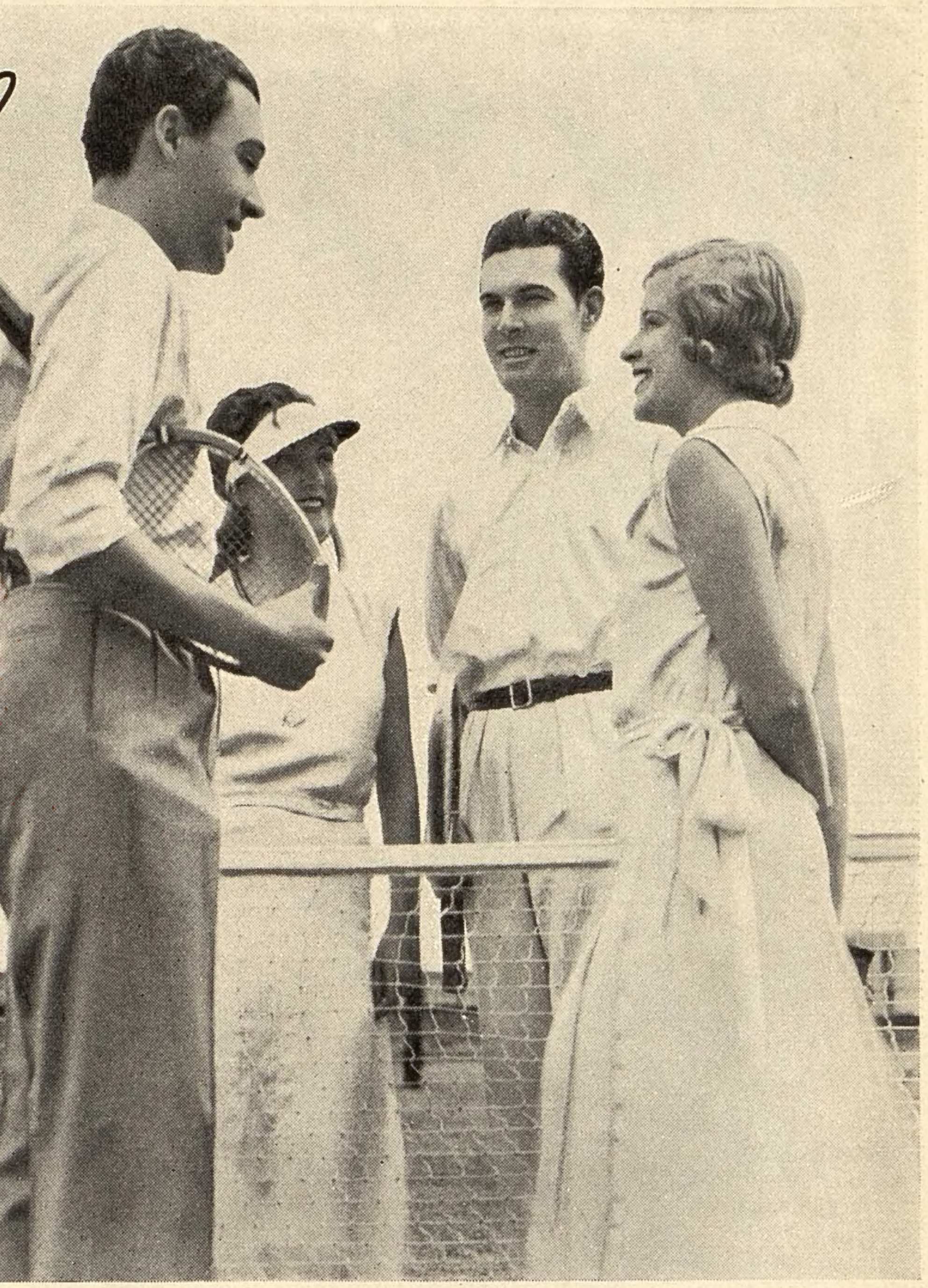
Corsages of pale pink artificial violets are very chic. So are hats trimmed with a great big bow of satin-bordered gauze ribbon.

Organdie blouses of Scotch plaid effect are being worn with blue suits. A linen scarf embroidered in a dotted pattern is another novelty. With black suits go the new copper-colored accessories—hat, gloves, scarf, and bag. But for some reason you *mustn't* add copper-colored shoes to this outfit.

White linen handkerchief, if you want to be up to the minute, with appliqué flowers in pastel shades.

Faces that laugh at weather *are shaved with* Barbasol





To Prevent Sun-Parched Skin
SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER

GUARD the net and back-court—nothing matters but the game, with a swift ball flying and lightning backhands dusting the baseline!

But smart players also guard the face from overhead sun-shots and burning returns from the white, glaring court.

Women do it with creams—and men SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER—they use Barbasol!

You've seen outdoor faces when they're as crackly as parchment, as dry as Sahara—but never shaved with Barbasol. Because it is a cream, free from harsh, biting alkalis, Barbasol leaves the skin soft, smooth and pliable for hours after shaving. And its wonderful ingredients furnish sure protection from sunburn and balm-like healing power.

With Barbasol, you need no brush—no lather—no rub-in. Like magic, this cool, quick shaving cream softens the beard instantly, yet holds the whiskers erect for a close, clean cut. And your razor, gliding through on a thin film of cream, whisks them off in a flash.

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these instructions and you'll follow the crowd.

1. Wet your face and leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol. (No need for a vigorous rub-in.) **3.** Wet a good blade—and SHAVE.

That's all there is to the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢, will quickly make you a Barbasol Believer, too.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed below.

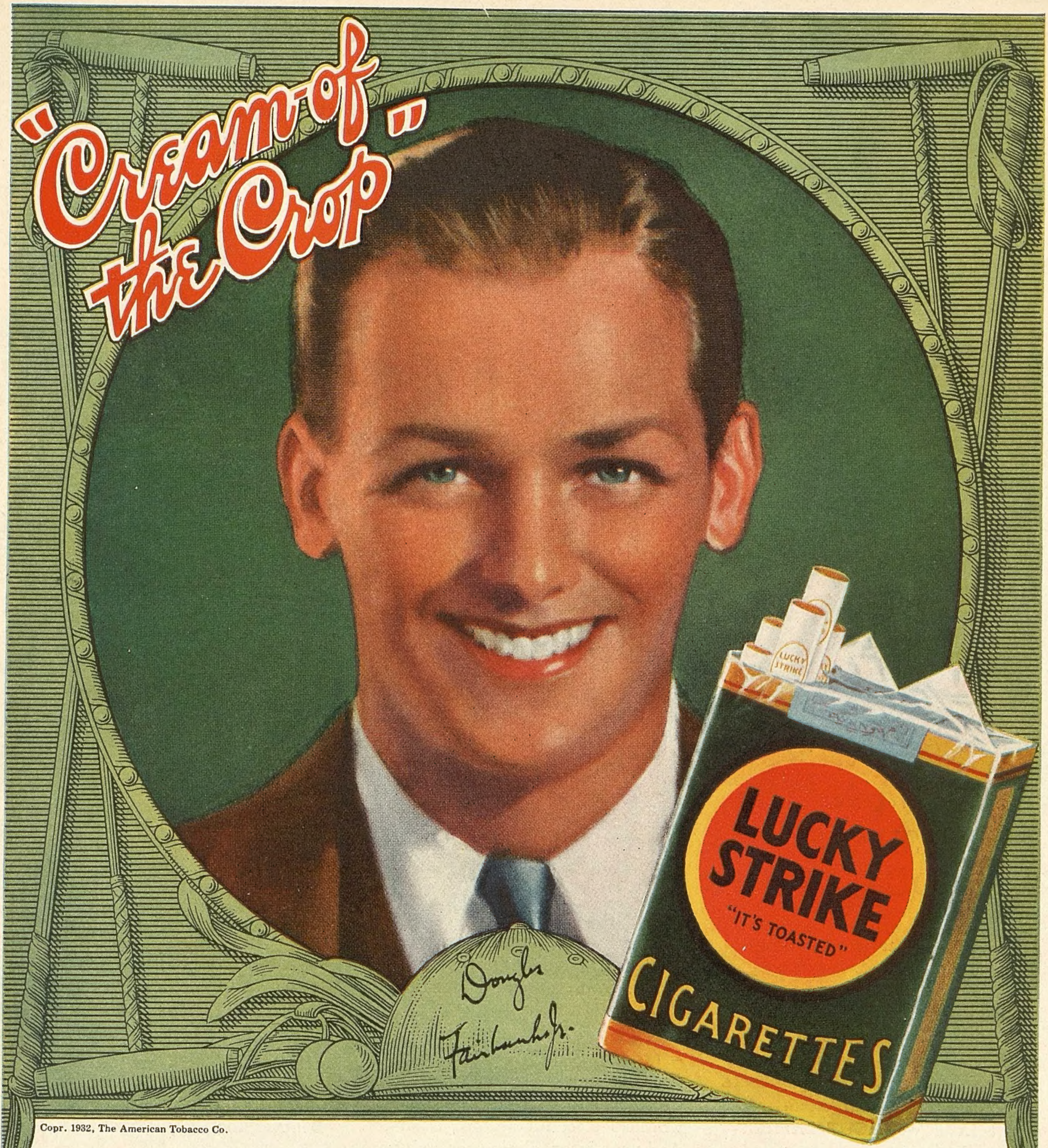
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather No Rub-in

BARBASOL RADIO BROADCASTS

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

The Old Singin' Master and his singers — mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue network, coast to coast.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations



Copr. 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"LUCKIES are my standby"

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK
Cash in on Poppa's famous name? Not Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.! For months he labored as a five-dollar-a-day "extra." Then he crashed into a part like a brick through a plate-glass window. See him in his latest FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, "IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS." Doug has stuck to LUCKIES four years, but didn't stick the makers of LUCKIES anything for his kind words. "You're a brick, Doug."

"LUCKIES are my standby. I buy them exclusively. I've tried practically all brands but LUCKY STRIKES are kind to my throat. And that new improved Cellophane wrapper that opens with a flip of the finger is a ten strike."

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh